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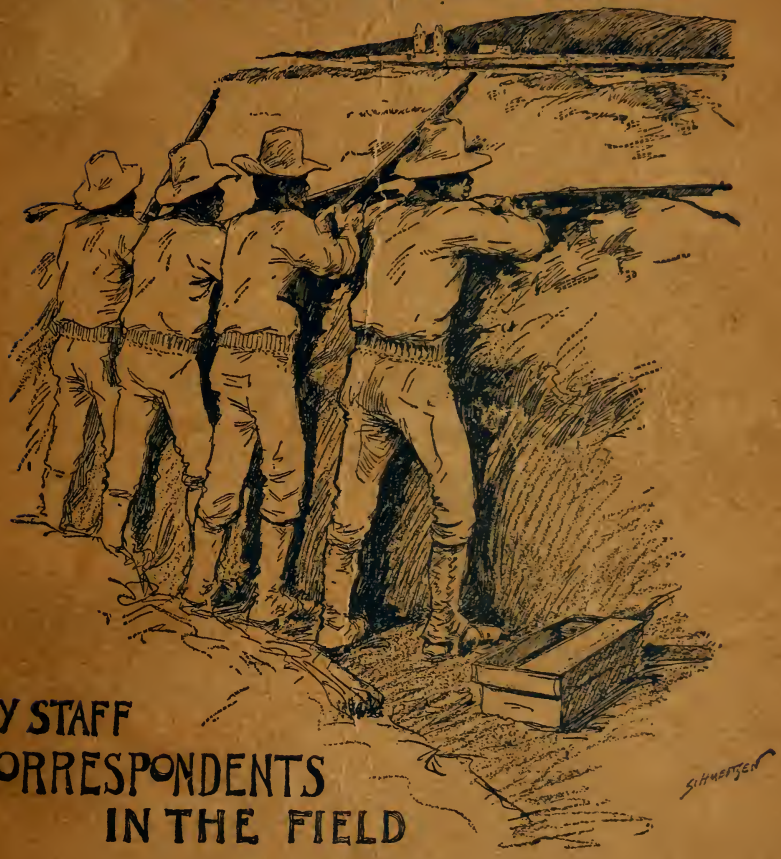
# THE CHICAGO RECORD'S WAR STORIES




## BY STAFF CORRESPONDENTS IN THE FIELD

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# THE CHICAGO RECORD'S

# WAR STORIES

BY

STAFF CORRESPONDENTS
IN THE FIELD.

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# PREFACE.

Several weeks before the United States declared war with Spain THE CHICAGO RECORD organized and equipped its war staff. Its correspondents were "at the front" long before the first gun was fired. During the progress of the war the entire field was covered—the Philippine islands, Cuba, Puerto Rico and the camps in the United States. A swift and stanch dispatch boat, used exclusively for THE CHICAGO RECORD, cruised in the waters of the West Indies, covering the movements of the American fleet and carrying dispatches from Santiago and Puerto Rico to the nearest cable stations. Wherever bullets flew the staff correspondents of THE CHICAGO RECORD were found on duty. The war stories printed in this book were written by THE RECORD'S correspondents in the field, except those which were sent from the front to The Chicago Daily News by the war correspondents of that newspaper.

Following are the artists and writers who made up THE RECORD'S war staff:

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.
WILLIAM SCHMEDTGEN.
MALCOLM McDOWELL.
DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.
KATHERINE WHITE.
HOWBERT BILLMAN.
TRUMBULL WHITE.
HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.
KENNETT F. HARRIS.

Following are the members of the war staff of the Daily News:

WALTER MARSHALL CLUTE.
GUY CRAMER.
JAMES LANGLAND.
CHRISTIAN DANE HAGERTY.

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PRESIDENT WILLIAM McKINLEY.

# THE CHICAGO RECORD'S WAR STORIES

## HOW THE WAR BEGAN.

War between the United States and Spain was declared by congress in a joint resolution hurriedly passed through both houses and immediately signed by President McKinley on the afternoon of April 25. This was the formal declaration of war, but as a matter of fact war existed from April 21, for on that day the first shotted gun was fired, throwing a six-pound shell from the United States gunboat Nashville across the bow of the Spanish steamer Buena Ventura, the first prize taken by Admiral Sampson's blockading fleet. Following is the declaration of war adopted by congress April 25:

**"A bill declaring that war exists between the United States of America and the kingdom of Spain.**

**"Be it enacted, etc.**

**"1. That war be and the same is hereby declared to exist and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the kingdom of Spain.**

**"2. That the president of the United States be and he hereby is directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several states to such extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect."**

—

This resolution was passed after congress had received a message from the president recommending a declaration of war against Spain. The message read as follows:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America: I transmit to the congress for its consideration and appropriate action copies of correspondence recently had with the representative of Spain in the United States with the United States minister at Madrid, and through the latter with the government of Spain, showing the action taken under the joint resolution approved April 20, 1898, 'for the recognition of the independence of the people of Cuba, demanding that the government of Spain relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and to withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters and directing the president of the United States to use the land and naval forces of the United States to carry these resolutions into effect.'

"Upon communicating with the Spanish minister in Washington the demand which it became the duty of the executive to address to the government of Spain, in obedience to said resolution, the said minister asked for his passports and withdrew. The United States minister at Madrid was in turn notified by the Spanish minister of foreign affairs that the withdrawal of the Spanish representative from the United States had terminated diplomatic relations between the two countries, and that all official communication between their respective representatives ceased therewith.

"I recommend to your especial attention the note addressed to the United States minister at Madrid by the Spanish minister for foreign affairs on April 21, whereby the foregoing notification was conveyed. It will be perceived therefrom that the government of Spain, having cognizance of the joint resolution of the United States congress, and in view of things which the president is thereby required and authorized to do, responds by treating the representative demands of this government as measures of hostility, following with that instant and complete severance of relations by its actions whereby the usage of nations accompanies an existent state of war between sovereign powers.

"The position of Spain being thus made known and the demands of the United States being denied with a complete rupture of intercourse by the act of Spain, I have been constrained, in exercise of the power and authority conferred upon me by the joint

resolution aforesaid, to proclaim, under date of April 22, 1898, a blockade of certain ports of the north coast of Cuba lying between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, and of the port of Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba; and further in exercise of my constitutional powers and using the authority conferred upon me by the act of congress approved April 22, 1898, to issue my proclamation dated April 23, 1898, calling for volunteers in order to carry into effect the said resolutions of April 20, 1898. Copies of these proclamations are hereto appended.

"In view of the measures so taken, and with a view to the adoption of such other measures as may be necessary to enable me to carry out the expressed will of the congress of the United States in the premises, I now recommend to your honorable body the adoption of a joint resolution declaring that a state of war exists between the United States of America and the kingdom of Spain, and I urge speedy action thereon to the end that the definition of the international status of the United States as a belligerent power may be made known and the assertion of all its rights and the maintenance of all its duties in the conduct of a public war may be assured. WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., April 25, 1898."

—

On the previous day President McKinley issued a proclamation calling for 125,000 volunteer troops, under authority granted him by act of congress, approved April 22, and on the day war was declared. The states and territories were ordered to furnish their respective shares of troops as follows:

Alabama—Two regiments of infantry and one battalion.

Arkansas—Two regiments of infantry.

California—Two regiments of infantry, two battalions and four heavy batteries.

Colorado—One regiment of infantry and one light battery.

Connecticut—One regiment of infantry, one light battery and two heavy batteries.

Delaware—One regiment of infantry.

Florida—One regiment of infantry.

Georgia—Two regiments of infantry and two light batteries.

Idaho—Two troops of cavalry.

Illinois—Seven regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry.

Indiana—Four regiments of infantry and two light batteries.

Iowa—Three regiments of infantry and two light batteries.

Kansas—Three regiments of infantry.

Kentucky—Three regiments of infantry and two troops of cavalry.

Louisiana—Two regiments of infantry.

Maine—One regiment of infantry and one heavy battery.

Maryland—One regiment of infantry and four heavy batteries.

Massachusetts—Four regiments of infantry and three heavy batteries.

Michigan—Four regiments of infantry.

Minnesota—Three regiments of infantry.

Mississippi—Two regiments of infantry.

Missouri—Five regiments of infantry and one light battery.

Montana—One regiment of infantry.

Nebraska—Two regiments of infantry.

Nevada—One troop of cavalry.

New Hampshire—One regiment of infantry.

New Jersey—Three regiments of infantry.

New York—Twelve regiments of infantry and two troops of cavalry.

North Carolina—Two regiments of infantry and one heavy battery.

North Dakota—Five troops of cavalry.

Ohio—Six regiments of infantry, four light batteries and two squadrons of cavalry.

Oregon—One regiment of infantry.

Pennsylvania—Eleven regiments of infantry and four heavy batteries.

Rhode Island—One regiment of infantry.

South Carolina—One regiment of infantry, one battalion and one heavy battery.

South Dakota—Seven troops of cavalry.

Tennessee—Three regiments of infantry.

Texas—Three regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry.

Utah—One troop of cavalry and two light batteries.

Vermont—One regiment of infantry.

Virginia—Three regiments of infantry.

Washington—One regiment of infantry.

West Virginia—One regiment of infantry.

Wisconsin—Three regiments of infantry.

Wyoming—One battalion and one troop of cavalry.

District of Columbia—One battalion.

Arizona—Two troops of cavalry.

New Mexico—Four troops of cavalry.

Oklahoma—One trooop of cavalry.

—

The states responded so promptly to the call that the work of mobilization began in some of them before the governors had received the telegrams from Secretary of War Alger. The declaration of war, call for volunteers and assembling of troops at the places designated by the war department marked the culmination of events which began when the United States battleship Maine sailed into the harbor of Havana on a friendly visit Jan. 25, 1898. No appreciable excitement attended her stay until the evening of Feb. 15, when an explosion destroyed the ship, which sunk in the harbor at her moorings, carrying down two officers and 260 men. It afterward was established by a court of inquiry that the Maine was destroyed by an exterior explosion, believed to be caused by a torpedo or submarine mine. Whatever the real cause was, the American people regard the destruction of the Maine as the beginning of the war. The average American dates the beginning of hostilities from 9:40 o'clock p. m. Feb. 15, when the explosion occurred.

MICHAEL MALLIA, BO'SUN'S MATE ON THE NASHVILLE—THE MAN WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT.

But the war had been coming for some time before the Maine settled down in the mud at the bottom of Havana harbor. Senators and representatives in congress had been agitating for the recognition of Cuban independence for months, for both of the great political parties had adopted planks in their national platforms declaring for Cuban independence. Some members of congress were in favor of armed intervention, and tangible substance was given the pro-Cuban feeling on Feb. 8, when Senator Allen of Nebraska, Senator Cannon of Utah and Senator Mason of Illinois introduced Cuban resolutions in the senate. Senator Allen offered, as an amendment to the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, a resolution recognizing the belligerency of the Cuban insurgents; Senator Cannon offered a resolution urging the president to notify the kingdom of Spain that if it did not recognize the independence of Cuba before March 4, 1898, the United States would recognize the belligerency of the Cubans and within ninety days thereafter would assert the independence of the Cuban republic; Senator Mason

offered a resolution requesting the president to notify Spain that the Cuban war must cease and declare the intention of the United States to restore and maintain peace in the island of Cuba.

—

On the day these resolutions were introduced the Cuban junta in New York made public a letter, written by Senor Dupuy de Lome, the Spanish minister to the United States, to his friend Don Jose Canalejas, the editor of Heraldo, Madrid, who at the time was in Havana. This letter had in it that which was an insult to the president of the United States, and at the same time conveyed the impression to the public mind that Spain was not sincere in her protestations that she was doing all possible to establish autonomy in Cuba. The letter, which at once became of national importance, and which undoubtedly had much to do in hurrying forward the events which led to war, read as follows:

"Legation de Espana, Washington, D. C.—Eximo Senor Don Jose Canalejas—My Distinguished and Dear Friend: You need not apologize for not having written to me; I ought also to have written to you, but have not done so on account of being weighted down with work and nous sommes quittes.

"The situation here continues unchanged. Everything depends on the political and military success in Cuba. The prologue of this second method of warfare will end the day that the colonial cabinet will be appointed, and it relieves us in the eyes of this country of a part of the responsibility of what may happen there, and they must cast the responsibility upon the Cubans, whom they believe to be so immaculate.

"Until then we will not be able to see clearly, and I consider it to be a loss of time and an advance by the wrong road, the sending of emissaries to the rebel field, the negotiating with the autonomists not yet declared to be legally constituted, and the discovery of the intentions and purposes of this government.

"The exiles will return one by one, and when they return will come walking into the sheepfold and the chiefs will gradually return. Neither of these had the courage to leave en masse, and they will not have the courage thus to return.

"The president's message has undeceived the insurgents, who expected something else, and has paralyzed the action of congress, but I consider it bad.

"Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness with which he repeats all that the press and public opinion of Spain has said of Weyler, it shows one what McKinley is—weak and catering to the rabble, and, besides, a low politician, who desires to leave a door open to me and to stand well with the jingoes of his party.

"Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it will only depend on ourselves whether he will prove bad and adverse to us. I agree entirely with you that without a military success nothing will be accomplished there, and without military and political success there is here always danger that the insurgents will be encouraged, if not by the government, at least by part of the public opinion.

"I do not believe you pay enough attention to the role of England. Nearly all that newspaper canaille which swarms in your hotel are English, and while they are correspondents of American journals they are also correspondents of the best newspapers and reviews of London. Thus it has been since the beginning. To my mind the only object of England is that the Americans should occupy themselves with us and leave her in peace, and if there is a war so much the better; that would further remove what is threatening her, although that will never happen.

"It would be most important that you should agitate the question of commercial relations, even though it would be only for effect, and that you should send here a man of importance in order that I might use him to make a propaganda among the senators and others in opposition to the junta and to win over exiles.

"There goes Amblarad. I believe he becomes too deeply taken up with little political matters, and there must be something great or we shall lose.

"Adela returns your salutation and we wish you in the new year to be a messenger of peace and take this New Year's present to poor Spain.

"Always your attentive friend and servant, who kisses your hands.

"ENRIQUE DUPUY DE LOME."

Senor de Lome resigned before the United States government could take action, although Minister Woodford was directed to demand the recall of the disgraced Spaniard. At first Spain seemed disposed to stand on her dignity and refused to apologize, but the Maine disaster placed the Spanish government in a perilous position and it disclaimed officially and in a positive manner the reflections contained in the De Lome letter.

—

While the naval board of inquiry was holding sessions in Havana and Key West, gathering testimony relating to the Maine explosion, the trend of daily events set unmistakably toward trouble with Spain. Congress took this view of the case, for on March 8 the house of representatives, by a unanimous vote, appropriated $50,000,000 to be used at the discretion of the president in national defenses. The next day the bill was passed through the senate and was signed by the president, and at once agents were sent abroad to purchase warships.

American warships were ordered to assemble at Key West. Congress authorized

AMERICAN SOLDIERS' GRAVES ON THE ROYAL ROAD—SANTIAGO.

the formation of several additional regiments in the regular army; contracts were let for coal for the navy, ammunition and war supplies; orders were issued by the war department to man all coast fortifications, and word came from the Philippine islands that the insurgents, encouraged by the turbulent prospect, had renewed the rebellion against Spain with increased vigor.

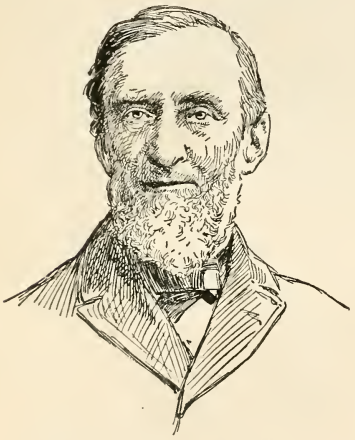
On March 14 the navy department announced that two cruisers, which were being built for Brazil in England, had been purchased by the United States. On the same day a Spanish torpedo flotilla set sail from

Cadiz, Spain, ostensibly for the Canaries, where Admiral Cervera's squadron already had assembled.

—

Senator Proctor, who had gone to Cuba personally to satisfy himself concerning the claims made by Cuban sympathizers that the Spaniards were killing thousands of Cubans through the reconcentrado system, made a speech in the senate March 17 which, it is generally conceded, stands as the best, most straightforward and most effective statement of Cuban conditions ever made in congress.

This speech aroused the country to the urgent necessity of doing something at once to put a stop to the "Cuban horrors," as they were called, and its influence was felt immediately in the house and senate. Senator Proctor's speech is given in full, because it



SENATOR REDFIELD PROCTOR.

had much to do with hurrying forward a war with Spain. The speech follows:

"It has been stated that I said there was no doubt the Maine was blown up from the outside. This is a mistake. I may have said that such was the general impression among Americans in Havana. In fact, I have no opinion about it myself, and carefully avoided forming one. I gave no attention to these outside surmises. I met the members of the court on their boat, but would as soon approach our Supreme court in regard to a pending case as that board. They are as competent and trustworthy within the lines of their duty as any court in the land, and their report when made will carry conviction to all the people that the exact truth has been stated just as far as it is possible to ascertain it. And until then surmise and conjecture are idle and unprofitable. Let us calmly wait for the report.

"There are six provinces in Cuba, each, with the exception of Matanzas, extending the whole width of the island and having about an equal sea front on the north and south borders. Matanzas touches the Caribbean sea only at its southwest corner, being separated from it elsewhere by a narrow peninsula of Santa Clara province. The provinces are named, beginning at the west, Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba. My observations were confined to the four western provinces, which constitute about one-half of the island. The two eastern ones are practically in the hands of the insurgents except the few fortified towns. These two large provinces are spoken of to-day as 'Cuba Libre.'

"Havana, the great city and capital of the island, is, in the eyes of the Spaniards and many Cubans, all Cuba, as much as Paris is France. But having visited it in more peaceful times and seen its sights, the tomb of Columbus, the forts, Cabanas and Morro castle, etc., I did not care to repeat this, preferring trips in the country. Everything seems to go on much as usual in Havana. Quiet prevails, and, except for the frequent squads of soldiers marching to guard and police duty and their abounding presence in all public places, one sees little signs of war.

"Outside Havana all is changed. It is not peace, nor is it war. It is desolation and distress, misery and starvation. Every town and village is surrounded by a trocha (trench), a sort of rifle pit, but constructed on a plan new to me, the dirt being thrown up on the inside and a barbed-wire fence on the outer side of the trench. These trochas have at every corner and at frequent intervals along the sides what are there called forts, but which are really small blockhouses, many of them more like a large sentry box, loopholed for musketry, and with a guard of from two to ten soldiers in each. The purpose of these trochas is to keep the reconcentrados in, as well as to keep the insurgents out. From all the surrounding country the people have been driven in to these fortified towns and held there to subsist as they can. They are virtually prison yards, and not unlike one in general appearance, except the walls are not so high and strong; but they suffice, where every point is in range of a soldier's rifle, to keep in the poor reconcentrados, women and children. Every railroad station is within one of these trochas and has an armed guard. Every train has an armored freight car, loopholed for musketry and filled with soldiers, and with, as I observed usually and was informed is always the case, a pilot engine a mile or so in advance. There are frequent blockhouses inclosed by a trocha and with a guard along the railroad track.

"With this exception there is no human life or habitation between these fortified

towns and villages, and throughout the whole of the four western provinces, except to a very limited extent among the hills, where the Spaniards have not been able to go and drive the people to the towns and burn their dwellings, I saw no house or hut in the 400 miles of railroad rides from Pinar del Rio province in the west across the full width of Havana and Matanzas provinces and to Sagua la Grande on the north shore and to Cienfuegos on the south shore of Santa Clara, except within the Spanish trochas. There are no domestic animals or crops on the rich fields and pastures except such as are under guard in the immediate vicinity of the towns. In other words, the Spaniards hold in these four western provinces just what their army sits on. Every man, woman and child and every domestic animal, wherever their columns have reached, is under guard and within their so-called fortifications. To describe one place is to describe all. To repeat, it is neither peace nor war. It is concentration and desolation. This is the 'pacified' condition of the four western provinces.

"West of Havana is mainly the rich tobacco country; east, so far as I went, a sugar region. Nearly all the sugar mills are destroyed between Havana and Sagua. Two or three were standing in the vicinity of Sagua, and in part running, surrounded, as are the villages, by trochas and 'forts' or palisades of the royal palm and fully guarded. Toward and near Cienfuegos there were more mills running, but all with the same protection. It is said that the owners of these mills near Cienfuegos have been able to obtain special favors of the Spanish government in the way of a large force of soldiers, but that they also, as well as all the railroads, pay taxes to the Cubans for immunity. I had no means of verifying this. It is the common talk among those who have better means of knowing.

"All the country people in the four western provinces, about 400,000 in number, remaining outside the fortified towns when Weyler's order was made, were driven into these towns, and these are the reconcentrados. They were peasantry, many of them farmers, some land-owners, others renting lands and owning more or less stock; others working on estates and cultivating small patches, and even a small patch in that fruitful clime will support a family. It is but fair to say that the normal condition of these people was very different from that which prevails in this country. Their standard of comfort and prosperity was not high, measured by our own. But according to their standards and requirements their conditions of life were satisfactory.

"They lived mostly in cabins made of palm or in wooden houses. Some of them had houses of stone, the blackened walls of which are all that remain to show that the country was ever inhabited. The first clause of Weyler's order reads as follows:

" 'I order and command: First, all the inhabitants of the country, or outside of the line of fortifications of the towns, shall within the period of eight days concentrate themselves in the town so occupied by the troops. Any individual who, after the expiration of this period, is found in the uninhabited parts will be considered a rebel and tried as such.'

"The other three sections forbid the transportation of provisions from one town to another without permission of the military authority; direct the owners of cattle to bring them into the towns; prescribe that the eight days shall be counted from the publication of the proclamation to the head town of the municipal district, and state that if news is furnished of the enemy which can be made use of it will serve as a 'recommendation.'

"Many doubtless did not learn of this order. Others failed to grasp its terrible meaning. Its execution was left largely to the guerrillas to drive in all that had not obeyed, and I was informed that in many cases a torch was applied to their homes with no notice and the inmates fled with such clothing as they might have on, their stock and other belongings being appropriated by the guerrillas. When they reached the towns they were allowed to build huts of palm leaves in the suburbs and vacant places within the trocha and left to live if they could. Their huts are about 10 by 15 feet in size, and for want of space are usually crowded together very closely. They have no floor but the ground and no furniture, and after a year's wear but little clothing except such stray substitutes as they can extemporize.

"With large families, or with more than one in this little space, the commonest sanitary provisions are impossible. Conditions are unmentionable in this respect. Torn from their homes, with foul earth, foul air, foul water and foul food, or none, what wonder that one-half have died and that one-quarter of the living are so diseased that they cannot be saved. A form of dropsy is a common disorder resulting from these conditions. Little children are still walking about with arms and chest terribly emaciated, eyes swollen and abdomen bloated to three times the natural size. The physicians say these cases are hopeless.

"Deaths in the streets have not been uncommon. I was told by one of our consuls that they have been found dead about the markets in the morning, where they had crawled, hoping to get some stray bits of food from the early hucksters, and that there had been cases where they had dropped dead inside the markets, surrounded by food. These people were independent and self-supporting before Weyler's order. They are not beggars even now. There are plenty of professional beggars in every town among the regular residents, but these country people, the re-

concentrados, have not learned the art. Rarely is a hand held out to you for alms when going among their huts, but the sight of them makes an appeal stronger than words.

"Of the hospitals I need not speak. Others have described their condition far better than I can. It is not within the narrow limits of my vocabulary to portray it. I went to Cuba with a strong conviction that the picture had been overdrawn; that a few cases of starvation and suffering had inspired and stimulated the press correspondents, and they had given free play to a strong, natural and highly cultivated imagination. Before starting I received through the mail a leaflet published by the Christian Herald, with cuts of some of the sick and starving reconcentrados, and took it with me, thinking these were rare specimens got up to make the worst possible showing. I saw plenty as bad and worse; many that should not be photographed and shown. I could not believe that out of a population of 1,600,000, 200,000 had died within these Spanish forts—practically prison walls—within a few months past from actual starvation and diseases caused by insufficient and improper food.

"My inquiries were entirely outside of sensational sources. They were made of our medical officers, of our consuls, of city alcaldes (mayors), of relief committees, of leading merchants and bankers, physicians and lawyers. Several of my informants were Spanish born, but every time the answer was that the case had not been overstated. What I saw I cannot tell so that others can see it. It must be seen with one's own eyes to be realized. The Los Pasos hospital in Havana has been recently described by one of my colleagues, Senator Gallinger, and I cannot say that his picture was overdrawn, for even his fertile pen could not do that. He visited it after Dr. Lessar, one of Miss Barton's very able and efficient assistants, had renovated it and put in cots. I saw it when 400 women and children were lying on the stone floors in an indescribable state of emaciation and disease, many with the scantiest coverings of rags, and such rags, and sick children naked as they came into the world. And the conditions in the other cities are even worse.

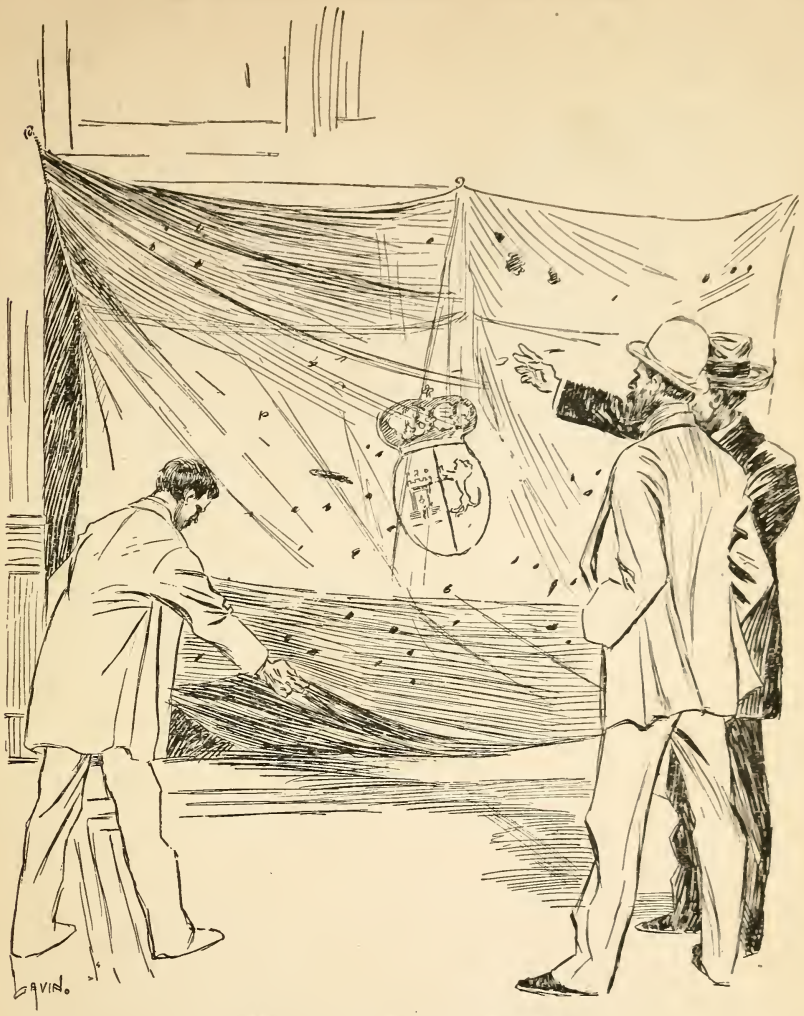
"Miss Barton needs no indorsement from me. I had known and esteemed her for many years, but had not half appreciated her capability and devotion to her work. I especially looked into her business methods, fearing here would be the greatest danger of mistake, that there might be want of system and waste and extravagance, but found she could teach me on these points. I visited the warehouse where the supplies are received and distributed, saw the methods of checking, visited the hospitals established or organized and supplied by her, saw the food distributed in several cities and towns, and everything seems to me to be conducted in the best manner possible. The ample fireproof warehouse in Havana, owned by a Cuban firm, is given, with a gang of laborers, free of charge, to unload and reship supplies. The children's hospital in Havana, a very large, fine private residence, is hired at the cost of less than $100 a month, not a fifth of what it would command in this city. It is under the admirable management of Mrs. Dr. Lessar of New York, a German lady and trained nurse. I saw the rapid improvement of the first children taken there. All Miss Barton's assistants are excellently fitted for their duties. In short, I saw nothing to criticise, but everything to commend. The American people may be assured that their bounty will reach the sufferers with the least possible cost and in the best manner in every respect.

"And if our people could see a small fraction of the need they would pour more 'freely from their liberal store' than ever before for any cause.

"When will the need for this help end? Not until peace comes and the reconcentrados can go back to their country, rebuild their homes, reclaim their tillage plats, which quickly run up to brush in that wonderful soil and clime, and until they can be free from danger of molestation in so doing. Until then the American people must in the main care for them. It is true that the alcaldes, other local authorities and relief committees are now trying to do something, and desire, I believe, to do the best they can. But the problem is beyond their means and capacity and the work is one to which they are not acccustomed.

"Gen. Blanco's order of Nov. 12 last somewhat modifies the Weyler order, but is of little or no practical benefit. Its application is limited to farms, 'properly defended,' and the owners are obliged to build 'centers of defense.' Its excution is completely in the discretion of the local military authorities, and they know the terrible military efficiency of Weyler's order in stripping the country of all possible shelter, food or source of information for an insurgent, and will be slow to surrender this advantage. In fact, though the order was issued four months ago, I saw no beneficent results from it worth mentioning. I do not impugn Gen. Blanco's motives and believe him to be an amiable gentleman and that he would be glad to relieve the condition of the reconcentrados if he could do so without loss of any military advantage, but he knows that all Cubans are insurgents at heart, and none now under military control will be allowed to go from under it.

"I wish I might speak of the country, of its surpassing richness. I have never seen one to compare with it. On this point I agree with Columbus, and believe every one be-



SPANISH FLAG CAPTURED AT CAVITE.

tween his time and mine must be of the same opinion. It is indeed a land 'where every prospect pleases and only man is vile.'

"I had but little time to study the race question and have read nothing on it, so can only give hasty impressions. It is said that there are nearly 200,000 Spaniards in Cuba out of a total population of 1,600,000. They live principally in the towns and cities. The small shopkeepers in the towns and their clerks are mostly Spaniards. Much of the larger business, too, and of the property in the cities, and in a less degree in the country, is in their hands. They have an eye to thrift, and as everything possible in the way of trade and legalized monopolies in which the country abounds is given to them by the government, many of them acquire property. I did not learn that the Spanish residents of the island had contributed largely in blood or treasure to suppress the insurrection.

"There are, or were before the war, about

1,000,000 Cubans on the island, 200,000 Spaniards (which means those born in Spain) and less than 500,000 of negroes and mixed blood. The Cuban whites are pure Spanish blood, and, like the Spaniards, usually dark in complexion, but oftener lighter, so far as I noticed, than the Spaniards. The percentage of colored to white has been steadily diminishing for more than fifty years, and is not now over 25 per cent of the total. In fact, the number of colored people has been actually diminishing for nearly that time.

"The Cuban farmer and laborer is by nature peaceable, kindly, gay, hospitable, lighthearted and improvident. There is a proverb among the Cubans that 'Spanish bulls cannot be bred in Cuba'—that is, that the Cubans, though they are of Spanish blood, are less excitable and of a quieter temperament. Many Cubans whom I met spoke in strong terms against bull fighting; that it was a brutal institution, introduced and mainly patronized by the Spaniards. One thing that was new to me was to learn the superiority of the well-to-do Cuban over the Spaniard in the matter of education. Among those in good circumstances there can be no doubt that the Cuban is far superior in this respect. And the reason of it is easy to see. They have been educated in England, France or this country, while the Spaniard has such education as his own country furnished.

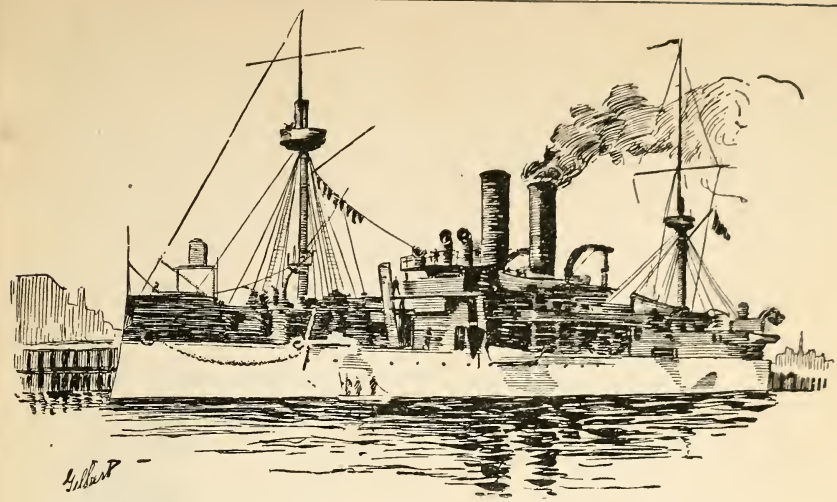
"The colored people seem to me by nature quite the equal, mentally and physically, of the race in this country. Certainly physically they are by far the larger and stronger race on the island. There is little or no race prejudice, and this has doubtless been greatly to their advantage. Eighty-five years ago there were one-half as many free negroes as slaves, and this proportion was slowly increasing until emancipation.

"It is said that there are about 60,000 Spanish soldiers now in Cuba fit for duty out of over 200,000 that have been sent there. The rest have died, been sent home sick and in the hospitals, and some have been killed, notwithstanding the official reports. They are conscripts, many of them very young and generally small men. One hundred and thirty pounds is a fair estimate of their average weight. They are quiet and obedient, and if well drilled and led I believe would fight fairly well, but not at all equal to our men. Much more would depend on the leadership than with us. The officer must lead well and be one in whom they have confidence, and this applies to both sides alike. As I saw no drills or regular formation, I inquired about them of many persons, and was informed that they had never seen a drill. I saw perhaps 10,000 Spanish troops, but not a piece of artillery nor a tent. They live in barracks in the towns and are seldom out for more than a day, returning to town at night.

"They have little or no equipment for supply trains or for a field campaign such as we have. Their cavalry horses are scrubby little native ponies, weighing not over 800 pounds, tough and hardy, but for the most part in wretched condition, reminding one of the mounts of Don Quixote and his squire. Some of the officers have good horses—mostly American, I think. On both sides cavalry is considered the favorite and the dangerous fighting arm. The tactics of the Spanish, as described to me by an eyewitness and participant in some of their battles, is for the infantry, when threatened by insurgent cavalry, to form a hollow square and fire away, ad libitum and without ceasing, until time to march back to town. It does not seem to have entered the minds of either side that a good infantry force can take care of itself and repulse everywhere an equal number of cavalry, and there are everywhere positions where cavalry would be at a disadvantage.

"Having called on Gov. and Capt.-Gen. Blanco and received his courteous call in return, I could not with propriety seek communication with insurgents. I had plenty of offers of safe conduct to Gomez' camp, and was told that if I would write him an answer would be returned safely within ten days at most. I saw several who had visited the insurgent camps, and was sought out by an insurgent field officer, who gave me the best information received as to the insurgent force. His statements were moderate, and I was credibly informed that he was entirely reliable. He claimed that the Cubans had about 30,000 now in the field, some in every province, but mostly in the two eastern provinces and eastern Santa Clara, and this statement was corroborated from other good sources. They have a force all the time in Havana province itself, organized as four small brigades and operating in small bands.

"Ruiz was taken, tried and shot within about a mile and a half of the railroad, and about fifteen miles out of Havana, on the road to Matanzas, a road more traveled than any other, and which I went over four times. Aranguren was killed about three miles the other side of the road, and about the same distance—fifteen or twenty miles—from Havana. They were well armed, but very poorly supplied with ammunition. They are not allowed to carry many cartridges—sometimes not more than one or two. The infantry especially are poorly clad. Two small squads of prisoners which I saw, however—one of half a dozen, in the streets of Havana, and one of three, on the cars—were better clothed than the average Spanish soldier. Each of these three prisoners, though surrounded by guards, was bound by the arms and wrists by cords, and they were all tied together by a cord running along the lines—a specimen of the amenities of their warfare. About one-third of the Cuban army are colored, mostly in the infantry, as the cavalry fur-



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP MAINE AT ANCHOR IN HAVANA HARBOR.

nished their own horses. This field officer, an American from a southern state, spoke in the highest terms of these colored soldiers; that they were as good fighters and had more endurance than the whites, could keep up with the cavalry on a long march and come in fresh at night.

"The dividing lines between parties are the most straight and clear-cut that have ever come to my knowledge. The division in our war was by no means so clearly defined. It is Cuban against Spaniard. It is practically the entire Cuban population on one side and the Spanish army and the Spanish citizens on the other. I do not count the autonomists in this division, as they are thus far too inconsiderable in numbers to be worth counting. Gen. Blanco filled the civil offices with men who had been autonomists and were still classed as such. But the march of events had satisfied most of them that the chance for autonomy came too late. It falls as a talk of compromise would have fallen the last year or two of our war. If it succeeds it can only be by armed force, by the triumph of the Spanish army, and the success of the Spanish arms would be easier by Weyler's policy and method, for in that the Spanish army and people believe. There is no doubt that Gen. Blanco is acting in entire good faith; that he desires to give the Cubans a fair measure of autonomy, as Campos did at the close of the ten-year war. He has, of course, a few cordial followers, but the army and Spanish citizens do not want genuine autonomy, for that means government by the Cuban people. And it is not strange that the Cubans say it comes too late.

"I have never had any communication, direct or indirect, with the Cuban junta in this country or any of its members, nor did I have with any of the junta which exists in every city and large town of Cuba. None of the calls I made was upon parties of whose sympathies I had the least knowledge except that I knew some of them were classed as autonomists. Most of my informants were business men who had no sides and rarely expressed themselves. I had no means of guessing in advance what their answers would be and was in most cases greatly surprised at their frankness. I inquired in regard to autonomy of men of wealth and men as prominent in business as any in the cities of Havana, Matanzas and Sagua, bankers, merchants, lawyers and autonomist officials, some of them Spanish born but Cuban bred; one prominent Englishman, several of them known as autonomists, and several of them telling me they were still believers in autonomy if practicable, but without exception they replied that it was 'too late' for that. Some favored a United States protectorate, some annexation, some free Cuba, not one has been counted favoring the insurrection at first. They were business men and wanted peace, but said it was too late for peace under Spanish sovereignty. They characterized Weyler's order in far stronger terms than I can. I could not but conclude that you do not have to scratch an autonomist very deep to find a Cuban. There is soon to be an election, but every polling place must be inside a fortified town. Such elections ought to be safe for the 'ins.'

"I have endeavored to state in not intemperate mood what I saw and heard, and

to make no argument thereon, but leave every one to draw his own conclusions. To me the strongest appeal is not the barbarity practiced by Weyler nor the loss of the Maine, if our worst fears should prove true—terrible as are both of these incidents—but the spectacle of 1,500,000 people—the entire native population of Cuba—struggling for freedom and deliverance from the worst misgovernment of which I ever had knowledge. But whether our action ought not to be influenced by any one or all these things, and, if so, how far, is another question. I am not in favor of annexation, not because I apprehend any particular trouble from it, but because it is not wise policy to take in any people of foreign tongue and training and without any strong guiding American element. The fear that if free the people of Cuba would be revolutionary is not so well founded as has been supposed, and the conditions for good self-government are far more favorable The large number of educated and patriotic men, the great sacrifices they have endured, the peaceable temperament of the people (whites and blacks), the wonderful prosperity that would surely come with peace and good home rule, the large influx of American and English immigration and money, would all be strong factors for stable institutions.

"But it is not my purpose at this time, nor do I consider it my province, to suggest any plan. I merely speak of the symptoms as I saw them, but do not undertake to prescribe. Such remedial steps as may be required may safely be left to an American president and the American people."

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On March 28 President McKinley sent to congress the full report of the court of inquiry into the destruction of the Maine, and this report gave convincing evidence that the battleship was blown up by a submarine mine in Havana harbor. The president's message which accompanied the report read as follows:

"To the Congress of the United States: For some time prior to the visit of the Maine to Havana harbor our consular representatives pointed out the advantages to flow from the visit of national ships to the Cuban waters in accustoming the people to the presence of our flag as the symbol of good will and of our ships in the fulfillment of the mission of protection to American interests, even though no immediate need therefor might exist.

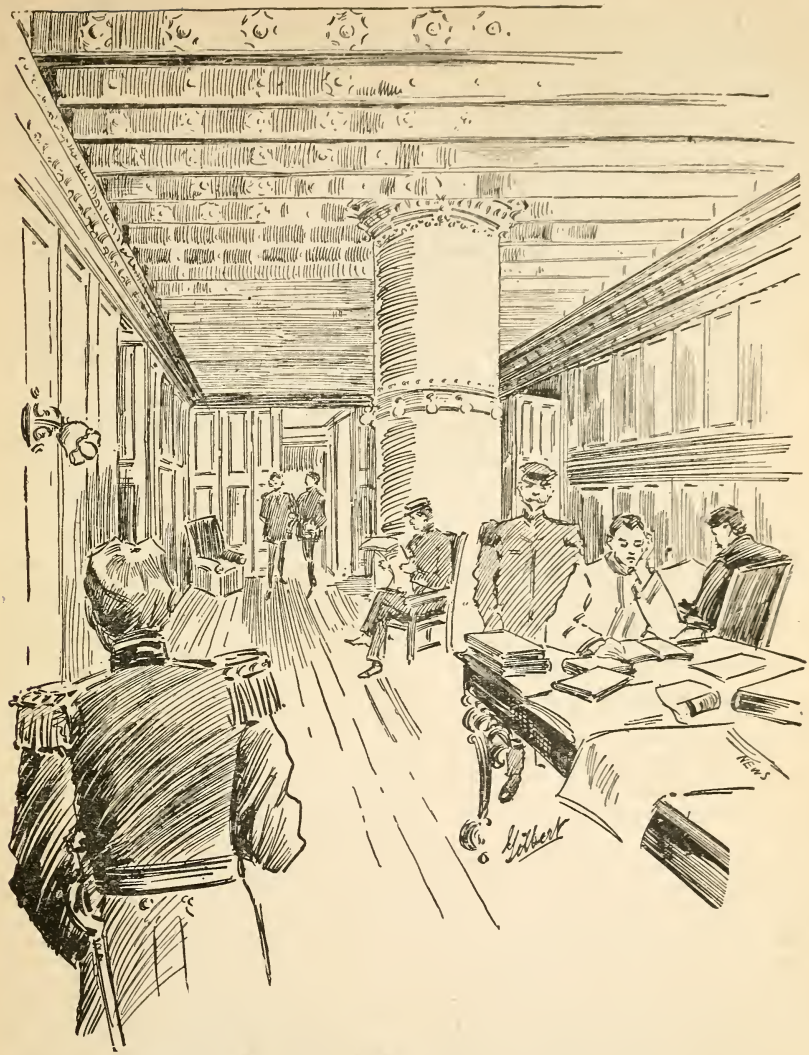
"Accordingly, on Jan. 24 last, after conference with the Spanish minister, in which the renewal of visits of our war vessels to Spanish waters was discussed and accepted, the peninsular authorities at Madrid and Havana were advised of the purpose of this government to resume friendly naval visits at Cuban ports, and that in that view the Maine would forthwith call at the port of Havana. The announcement was received by the Spanish government with appreciation of the friendly character of the visit of the Maine, and with notification of intention to return the courtesy by sending Spanish ships to the principal ports of the United States. Meanwhile the Maine entered the port of Havana on Jan. 25, her arrival being marked with no special incident besides the exchange of customary and ceremonial visits.

"The Maine continued in the harbor of Havana during the three weeks following her arrival. No appreciable excitement attended her stay. On the contrary a feeling of relief and confidence followed the resumption of the long interruption of friendly intercourse. So noticeable was this immediate effect of her visit that the consul-general strongly urged that the presence of our ships in Cuban waters should be kept up by retaining the Maine at Havana, or in the event of her recall by sending another vessel there to take her place.

"'At 9:40 in the evening of Feb. 15 the Maine was destroyed by an explosion, by which the entire forward part of the cabin was utterly wrecked. In this catastrophe two officers and 260 of her crew perished, those who were not killed outright by the explosion being penned between decks by the tangle of wreckage and drowned by the immediate sinking of the hull. Prompt assistance was rendered by the neighboring vessels anchored in the harbor, aid being especially given by the boats of the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII. and the Ward line steamer City of Washington, which lay not far distant. The wounded were generously cared for by the authorities at Havana, the hospitals being freely opened to them, while the earliest recovered bodies of the dead were interred by the municipality in a public cemetery in the city. Tributes of grief and sympathy were offered from all official quarters of the island.

"The appalling calamity fell upon the people of our country with crushing force, and for a brief time an intense excitement prevailed, which in a community less just and self-controlled than ours might have led to hasty acts of blind resentment. This spirit, however, soon gave way to the calmer processes of reason and to the resolve to investigate the facts and await the material proof before forming a judgment as to the cause, the responsibility, and, if the facts warranted, the remedy due. This course necessarily recommended itself from the outset to the executive, for only in the light of a dispassionately ascertained certainty could it determine the nature and measure of its full duty in the matter.

"The usual procedure was followed, as in all cases of casualty or disaster to national vessels of any maritime state. A naval court of inquiry was at once organized, composed of officers well qualified by rank and practical experience to discharge the onerous duty imposed upon them. Aided by a strong force



WARDROOM OF THE MAINE BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

of wreckers and divers the court proceeded to make a thorough investigation on the spot, employing every available means for the impartial and exact determination of the causes of the explosion. Its operations have been conducted with the utmost deliberation and judgment, and while independently pursued no source of information was neglected and the fullest opportunity was allowed for a simultaneous investigation by the Spanish authorities.

"The finding of the court of inquiry was reached after twenty-three days of continuous labor, on the 21st day of March, instant, and having been approved on the 22d by the commander in chief of the United States

naval force on the north Atlantic station, was transmitted to the executive.

"It is herewith laid before the congress, together with the voluminous testimony taken before the court. Its purport is, in brief, as follows:

"When the Maine arrived at Havana she was conducted by the regular government pilot to buoy No. 4, to which she was moored in from five and one-half to six fathoms of water. The state of discipline on board and the condition of her magazines, boilers, coal bunkers and storage compartments are passed in review, with the conclusion that excellent order prevailed, and that no indi-

CAPT. CHARLES D. SIGSBEE OF THE MAINE.

cation of any cause for an internal explosion existed in any quarter.

"At 8 o'clock in the evening of Feb. 15 everything had been reported secure, and all was quiet.

"At 9:40 the vessel was suddenly destroyed.

"There were two distinct explosions, with a brief interval between them. The first lifted the forward part of the ship very perceptibly; the second, which was more prolonged, is attributed by the court to the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines.

"The evidence of the divers establishes that the after part of the ship was practically intact, and sunk in that condition a very few minutes after the explosion. The forward part was completely demolished.

"Upon the evidence of concurrent external cause the finding of the court is as follows:

"At frame 17 the outer shell of the ship, from a point eleven and one-half feet from the middle line of the ship and six feet above the keel, when in its normal position, has been forced up so as to be now about four feet above the surface of the water; therefore, about thirty-four feet above where it would be had the ship sunk uninjured.

"The outside bottom plating is bent into a reversed 'V' shape, the after wing of which, about fifteen feet broad and thirty-two feet in length (from frame 17 to frame 25), is doubled back upon itself, against the continuation of the same plating extending forward.

"At frame 18 the vertical keel is broken in two and keel bent into an angle similar to the angle formed for the outside plates. This break is about six feet below the surface of the water and about thirty feet above its normal position.

"In the opinion of the court this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship, at about frame 18, and somewhat on the port side of the ship.

"The conclusions of the court are: That the loss of the Maine was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of her crew.

"That the ship was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines; and,

"That no evidence has been obtainable fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons.

"I have directed that the finding of the court of inquiry and the views of this government thereon be communicated to the government of her majesty the queen, and I do not permit myself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation will dictate a course of action suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two governments.

"It was the duty of the executive to advise the congress of the result, and in the meantime deliberate consideration is invoked.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

"Executive Mansion, March 28, 1898."

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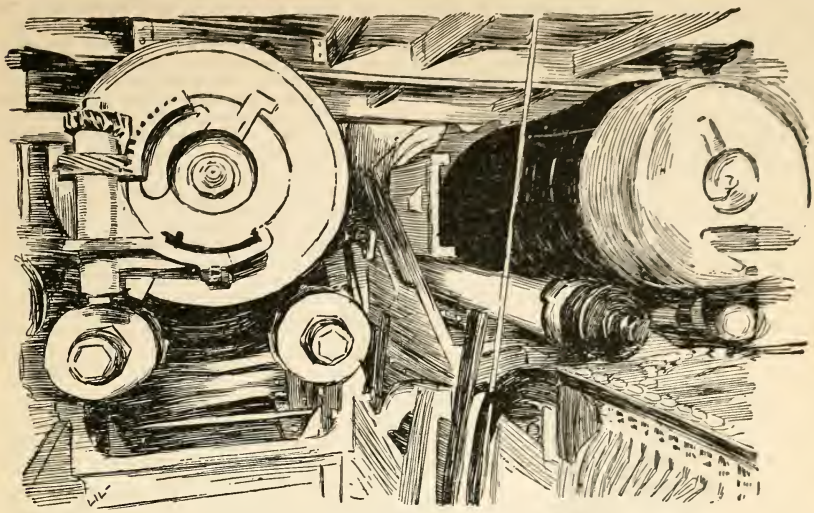
The following is the full text of the report of the court of inquiry:

"U. S. S. Iowa, First Rate, Key West, Fla., Monday, March 21, 1898.—After full and mature consideration of all the testimony before it the court finds as follows:

"1. That the United States battleship Maine arrived in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on the 25th day of January, 1898, and was taken to buoy No. 4, in from five and a half to six fathoms of water, by the regular government pilot. The United States consul-general at Havana had notified the authorities at that



TWO OF THE MAINE'S BIG GUNS.

place the previous evening of the intended arrival of the Maine.

"2. The state of discipline on board the Maine was excellent, and all orders and regulations in regard to the care and safety of the ship were strictly carried out. All ammunition was stowed away in accordance with instructions, and proper care was taken whenever ammunition was handled. Nothing was stowed in any one of the magazines or shellrooms which was not permitted to be stowed there. The magazines and shellrooms were always locked after having been opened, and after the destruction of the Maine the keys were found in their proper place in the captain's cabin, everything having been reported secure that evening at 8 o'clock.

"The temperatures of the magazines and shellrooms were taken daily and reported. The only magazine which had an undue amount of heat was the after ten-inch magazine, and that did not explode at the time the Maine was destroyed.

"The torpedo war heads were all stowed in the after part of the ship under the wardroom, and neither caused nor participated in the destruction of the Maine.

"The dry gun-cotton primers and detonators were stowed in the cabin aft and remote from the scene of the explosion.

"The waste was carefully looked after on board the Maine to oviate danger. Special orders in regard to this had been given by the commanding officer.

"Varnishes, driers, alcohol and other combustibles of this nature were stowed on or above the main deck and could not have had anything to do with the destruction of the Maine.

"The medical stores were stowed aft under the wardroom, and remote from the scene of the explosion.

"No dangerous stores of any kind were stowed below in any of the other storerooms.

"The coal bunkers were inspected. Of those bunkers adjoining the forward magazine and shellrooms four were empty—namely, B 3, B 4, B 5, B 6, A 15 had been in use that day and A 16 was full of New River coal. This coal had been carefully inspected before receiving it on board. The bunker in which it was stowed was accessible on three sides at all times, and on the fourth side at this time on account of bunkers B 4 and B 6 being empty. This bunker, A 16, had been inspected that day by the engineer officer on duty.

"The fire alarms in the bunkers were in working order, and there had never been a case of spontaneous combustion of coal on board the Maine.

"The two after boilers of the ship were in use at the time of the disaster, but for auxiliary purposes only, with comparatively low pressure of steam, and being tended by a reliable watch. These boilers could not have caused the explosion of the ship. The four forward boilers have since been found by the divers and are in fair condition.

"On the night of the destruction of the Maine everything had been reported secure for the night at 8 p. m. by reliable persons through the proper authorities to the commanding officer. At the time the Maine

was destroyed the ship was quiet, and, therefore, least liable to accident caused by movements from those on board.

"3. The destruction of the Maine occurred at 9:40 p. m., on the 15th day of February, 1898, in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, being at the time moored to the same buoy to which she had been taken upon her arrival.

"There were two explosions of a distinctly different character, with a very short but distinct interval between them, and the forward part of the ship was lifted to a marked degree at the time of the first explosion.

"The first explosion was more in the nature of a report, like that of a gun; while the second explosion was more open, prolonged and of greater volume. This second explosion was in the opinion of the court caused by the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines of the Maine.

"4. The evidence bearing on this, being principally obtained from divers, did not enable the court to form a definite conclusion as to the condition of the wreck, although it was established that the after part of the ship was practically intact and sunk in that condition a few minutes after the destruction of the forward part.

"The following facts in regard to the forward part of the ship are, however, established by the testimony: That portion of the port side of the protective deck which extends from about frame 30 to about frame 41 was blown up aft and over to port. The main deck from about frame 30 to about frame 41 was blown up aft and slightly over to starboard, folding the forward part of the middle superstructure over and on top of the after part. This was, in the opinion of the court, caused by the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines of the Maine.

"5. At frame 17 the outer shell of the ship from a point eleven and one-half feet from the middle line of the ship, and six feet above the keel when in its normal position, has been forced up so as to be now about four feet above the surface of the water, therefore about thirty-four feet above where it would be had the ship sunk uninjured. The outside bottom plating is bent into a reversed V shape, the after wing of which, about fifteen feet broad and thirty-two feet in length (from frame 17 to frame 25), is doubled back upon itself against the continuation of the same plating extending forward.

"At frame 18 the vertical keel is broken in two and the flat keel bent into an angle similar to the angle formed by the outside bottom plating. This break is now about six feet below the surface of the water and about thirty feet above its normal position.

"In the opinion of the court this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship, at about frame 18, and somewhat on the port side of the ship.

"6. The court finds that the loss of the Maine on the occasion named was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

"7. In the opinion of the court the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines.

"8. The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons.

"W. T. SAMPSON, Captain, U. S. N.,
"President.
"A. MARIX, Lieutenant-Commander, U.S.N.,
"Judge Advocate.

"The court having finished the inquiry it was ordered to make adjourned at 11 a. m. to await the action of the convening authority.

"W. T. SAMPSON, Captain, U. S. N.,
"President.
"A. MARIX, Lieutenant-Commander, U.S.N.,
"Judge Advocate."

"U. S. Flagship New York, March 22, 1898, Off Key West, Fla.—The proceedings and findings of the court of inquiry in the above cases are approved. M. SICARD,
"Rear-Admiral, Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Naval Force on the North Atlantic Station."

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The report of the court of inquiry was followed by insistent and imperative demands from all parts of the country that congress and the president immediately take radical action. "Remember the Maine" became a national watchword and congress was overwhelmed by the war spirit. War and Cuban resolutions followed each other in congress in rapid sequence, and President McKinley, who was watching every move and at the same time putting forth almost superhuman efforts to postpone aggressive action until such time as the navy and army were in better shape, was compelled to give way. On April 3 Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, the American consul-general at Havana, was ordered to come home and bring with him all American citizens in the Cuban capital. He left Havana April 9, arriving in Key West the next day. When President McKinley was assured that all Americans were out of Havana he sent to congress the long-expected message April 11, asking authority to take measures to secure a termination of hostilities in Cuba and to secure in the island the establishment of a stable government and to use the military and naval forces of the United States as might be necessary to carry out his policy. He recommended the continuation of the distribution of food to the starving people of Cuba. There was no reference in his message of Cuban independence.

In anticipation of war the regular army

MAJ.-GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, COMMANDING THE 7TH ARMY CORPS.

was ordered to mobilize at Tampa, Mobile, New Orleans and Chickamauga. On April 21 Gen. Woodford, the American minister to Spain, was given his passports by the Spanish government and left Madrid, and the next morning the American fleet, under Admiral Sampson, sailed from Key West to begin a blockade of Havana and the northern coast of Cuba. Two hours after it steamed out of Key West's harbor the Nashville fired a shell across the bow of the Buena Ventura, a Spanish steamer, and the war with Spain began, although the formal declaration of war was not made by the United States until three days later. The chapters following are some of the "war stories" written by the correspondents of THE RECORD who were sent to the front.

# DEWEY'S FLEET IN MIRS BAY.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

The Asiatic squadron is ready to start to Manila on a moment's notice. We await Consul Williams from Manila, and as soon as he comes, be it night or day, the fleet will move within the hour. I have started the following letter to Hongkong in the hope that it may arrive there in time for the mail steamer China.

Long before this letter reaches Chicago I hope to have sent some cables giving the news of a decisive engagement. As nearly as I can determine now the plan will be to send the Concord, Petrel and probably the McCulloch into Manila bay in advance of the other ships of the fleet. They are the smallest ships and if they should be destroyed by mines the fighting strength of the fleet would not be greatly lessened. Then on getting into the harbor they could steam to one side so that the Olympia, Raleigh and Baltimore could have a clear fire at the Spanish armada. The Boston would enter last of all. This information comes to me from the flag lieutenant in his instructions to our commander. Of course, circumstances may entirely alter this programme.

The ships will steam across the China sea in open order, keeping about 1,200 yards apart, except in thick weather, when they will be more compact in the formation.

The commodore has asked the three newspaper men with the fleet to send no cablegrams which might reveal the plans of the fleet, because these cablegrams would be returned at once to Madrid and from there to Manila. Consequently there are a good many things which it would be inadvisable to have printed at this time and which it would not be well to cable.

On Sunday, April 24, while the fleet was still lying at anchor off Hongkong, we received pretty definite information that a state of war existed between Spain and the United States. We were notified that the British secretary for the colonies, Joseph Chamberlain, had decided that war had virtually begun, and that all British ports would be compelled to observe strict neutrality. The American squadron was given until 4 o'clock Monday afternoon to leave the harbor. The Boston, Concord, McCulloch and Petrel left Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The Olympia, Baltimore and Raleigh left at 10 o'clock Monday morning. Through the kindness of Commodore Dewey I came up on the flagship.

The scenes and incidents attending the departure of the warships were quite impressive. Promptly at 10 there was a simultaneous movement forward by the three ships, and then the band on every war vessel struck up "Hail Columbia." The British soldiers on board of a British troopship cheered as we passed, and the American sailors answered vigorously. Little steam launches puffed alongside the Olympia and the crowds of Americans on them waved handkerchiefs and cheereed until the mouth of the harbor was passed.

The Raleigh had unfortunately broken her air pump the day before and the speed had to be kept down. At about 3 o'clock the vessels dropped anchor in Mirs bay, which is a little land-locked harbor thirty-five miles north of Hongkong. The four other warships, which had gone the day before, were at anchor, and the two cargo boats, the Nanshan and Zafiro, were lying off a short distance. The combined fleet seemed to be very formidable.

On board the flagship there was the greatest activity. Shells were being carried from magazines forward to stations near the different guns and great quantities of ammunition were being distributed in all parts of the ship. Up to this time no definite news had reached the commodore that war had been declared, but it was of course known that the declaration would soon come.

At 6 o'clock a small smudge of smoke was seen away out at sea, and an hour later a big ship drew up to the Olympia and delivered a cipher dispatch to the commodore.

A quarter of an hour later, from the colored lights on the foremast, the signal was flashed through the night that war had been declared. Immediately after, the signals read that all the different commanders would report at once to the commodore. It was of course known to every one on every ship that in that star-chamber conference of the powers the plan of action would be resolved upon and the method of attack determined.

At 10 o'clock the conference was over, and on board every ship there was the busiest kind of preparation. From the flagship signal lights came order after order, and all through the night the pounding of mechanics and the sharp shouts of officers sounded out over the bay.

Guns were being loaded and every moveable and unnecessary thing was being taken from the decks.

The plan of the commodore, as nearly as could be learned, was to await the arrival of Consul Williams from Manila, and then with the latter steam at once to Manila and storm the town and fleet. The co-operation of the consul is regarded as very important, because he arrives from Manila to-day and will have valuable information about the condition of the Spanish defenses. He left on the Esmeralda Saturday afternoon and experienced some difficulty in getting away. He should be at Hongkong now.

MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

In three days Manila will have been reached and fighting will begin. The Spanish are rapidly removing from the cities all valuables and church treasures, more in anticipation of the fury of the rebels than of any pillage by the Americans. Great numbers of Spanish and foreign residents are leaving the islands and it is doubtful whether many besides natives and the Spanish fighting force will be there when the fleet arrives.

It is thought that the land batteries will open up on the American fleet and that the Spanish vessels will remain inside the harbor behind the protection of a torpedo-filled strip of water and the highlands flanking the bay. In this way a short, decisive action will be impossible, and it may be necessary to reduce the forts and force an entrance to the harbor in spite of torpedoes. In a straight-away naval fight between the two forces it is thought the Americans are vastly superior in strength and equipment, though not in numbers. The Spanish have four good ships and a great number of small gunboats. Their equipment is not thought to be the best, and a ship like the Olympia or the Baltimore ought to do considerable damage to any one of their ships in about ten minutes of fair fighting. The assistance of the rebel force attacking the city from the land side, while not being officially considered, is a factor that will doubtless be very helpful.

It is also important that the result of the engagement and maneuvers be accomplished as quickly as possible, as during the bombardment the American fleet must lie in the open sea and run the additional danger of heavy weather. The typhoon season lasts from about June 1 to Oct. 1, and it would be exceedingly perilous to encounter one of these terrors of the China sea unprotected. A small bay north of Manila will be used as a refuge in the event of a hurricane. It is meagerly fortified and there would be no difficutly in effecting an entrance. Another thing to consider will be the question of supplies and coal. According to the international treaty laws adopted at Paris, ships of a combating power are allowed to obtain coal at a neutral port only once in three months. The nearest port where the Americans could obtain coal is Hongkong. Others less easily accessible are Saigon, a French port in China; Sarawak, Borneo; Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, and the Chinese ports Amoy, Foochow and Shanghai. Nagasaki, Japan, though somewhat farther away, could also be used.

There is a valuable supply of coal at Manila, and it will be the chief endeavor of Commodore Dewey to acquire it. If the siege lasts some time the obtaining of supplies and fuel will be a considerable handicap for the American squadron.

A Spanish passenger steamship, anticipating a declaration of war, went into Saigon a few days ago and changed her flag to the French ensign. This is permissible before the declaration of war and assures her against molestation from the Americans, although it is uncomplimentary to the Spaniard's patriotism.

Last night the entire Asiatic squadron lay in a group, dark and still, and there was hardly a sound to be heard from the warships. The orders had gone out from the flagship that no lights were to be shown, and in consequence the different vessels could barely be seen against the vague hills. Only dark black masses showed where the ships, with their hundreds of seamen and ominous heavy guns, were lying. On Monday night we could see the red and white glow of dozens of signal lights. Last night there were only somber black spars rising against the shifting gray clouds. There was a feeling of waiting and expectancy in the air.

All day there was feverish activity on the different vessels. Every piece of machinery has been carefully examined, pumps have been overhauled, ammunition put in readiness and by each gun there is a case of shells ready for immediate use. While it seems very improbable that a hostile act may take place here, preparations are made for such an emergency.

Early yesterday morning, about 4 o'clock, a small steam vessel came quietly in the bay and approached the Olympia. General quarters was sounded and dozens of guns were trained on her. She came to a peaceful anchorage and proved to be a tug from Hongkong. A vigilant watch is being kept to prevent any vessel of craft approaching too near the fleet.

Mirs bay is simply a protected cove, with hardly a habitation in sight. Back in the hills there is a little Chinese village of a hundred inhabitants, but except for this there is no evidence of life on the shores. Two or three small native sampans occasionally approach our anchorage and out to sea the faint outline of a junk's sails may be seen now and again, but, considered from the standpoint of seclusion, there could hardly be a more desirable rendezvous than this bay.

There is naturally a great deal of speculation about the outcome of the attack on Manila. With some of the officers there is an expressed feeling that the American fleet will speedily silence the Spanish guns and that the conquest of Manila will be quick. There is a great deal of sanguine expectation, but behind all this show of confidence one feels that there is some doubt. The fact that the Spanish force numbers a great many more vessels than ours and that the land force is formidable makes an easy conquest appear not too intensely probable.

While the naval conflict is going on in Manila bay it is expected that the rebels,

who are said to be from 10,000 to 20,000 strong, will probably begin a concerted attack on the city. They will be met by the Spanish soldiers, numbering about 8,000, and it is expected that a stubborn battle will result. The residents of the better class are leaving the island by every steamer, and it is reported that a ship has sailed for Spain laden with church jewels and treasure.

This morning a heavy mist has settled down over the bay and a fine drizzle of rain is falling. A chilly, dismal feeling has come with the general grayness and there is a suggestion of early fall in the air. There is great anxiety to get under way, and the officers are chafing under the tedious waiting. Every day lost now gives more time for preparation at Manila. No one knows this better than the commodore, and consequently this knowledge adds to the general uneasiness on the vessels. According to all calculation Consul Williams should have arrived at Hongkong last night and at the very latest joined the squadron this morning. As he has not come the suspicion arises that possibly some mishap or accident may have happened to prevent his joining the fleet.

Early this morning a small steam vessel passed the mouth of the harbor and it was thought to be a British torpedo boat. From the time it came in sight until it steamed behind the hills to the south its movements were carefully watched from the American vessels.

## THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

The American Asiatic squadron, consisting of the flagship Olympia, Baltimore, Raleign, Boston, Concord, Petrel and McCulloch, and under command of Commodore Dewey, accompanied by the transports Nanshan and Zafiro, left Mirs bay at 2 p. m. April 27 for Manila. The fleet proceeded in regular formation across the China sea, 640 miles, and sighted Cape Bolinoa at 3:30 a. m. April 30. This point is about 115 miles north of the entrance to Manila bay. The Boston and Concord, and later the Baltimore, were then sent in advance of the fleet as scouts, and to explore Subig bay for two Spanish warships, reported to be there. This bay is thirty-five miles north of Manila bay.

At 5:15 o'clock on the afternoon of April 30 the squadron came to a stop, and was rejoined by the Baltimore, Boston and Concord, which failed to find the Spaniards. A conference of commanders was held. It was decided to run past the forts of Corregidor island in the mouth of the bay, which was said to be strongly fortified, that night. The ships were ordered to conceal all lights excepa a faint stern light, which could be seen only from the direct rear, and slip by the forts in darkness. The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Petrel and Concord passed safely, but the McCulloch was fired on without effect. The Boston and McCulloch returned the firing and gradually the entire fleet was out of range and safely within the bay. From this point to Manila it is seventeen miles, and to the naval station at Cavite about fifteen miles. The fleet arrived opposite Cavite at 5 a. m. and were met by immediate fire from the Spanish forts and warships. The battle then began. The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Concord, Boston and Petrel steamed over to assail the Spanish at closer range. At 7:45 the American squadron withdrew for consultation and at 10:45 renewed the attack, the firing being continued until 12:45 in the afternoon, when the Spaniards surrendered.

The Americans were opposed by five land batteries, well distributed, and by four cruisers, two protected cruisers, three gunboats and some smaller vessels, said to be torpedo boats. The flagship Reina Cristina, the Castilla, the Don Antonio de Ulloa and a transport, probably the Manila, were sunk. The Don Juan de Austria, the Isle de Luzon, the Isle de Cuba, the Marques del Ducro, the Gen. Lezo, the El Correo and one whose name is unknown, were burned. Two tugs, two whaleboats and three launches were captured. The loss of life on the Cristina was 130, including the captain. Rear-Admiral Patricio Montejo y Pasaron was wounded. The loss on the other ships is not yet known, but is said to be heavy. The American fleet was practically uninjured, scarcely $100 damage being done. Six men were wounded, the most serious hurt being a broken leg.

Word was sent to the governor of the islands, asking him to surrender the city of Manila. Refusal, he was told, would cause the city to be bombarded. The Raleigh and Baltimore were sent to the mouth of the bay to blow up some mines and the rest of the fleet is now at Cavite, awaiting an answer from the governor.

Following is a running account of the movements of the fleet from the time the ships left Mirs bay until the present time (May 6):

April 27—About 11 o'clock a faint smudge of smoke on the horizon at Mirs bay marked the approach of a tug from Hongkong. It proved to be the long and eagerly expected

vessel bearing Consul Williams, just from Manila. It steamed swiftly to a position near the flagship Olympia. Anticipating that the tug would contain the consul, all the captains in the fleet were summoned to the flagship, and a number of captain's gigs tossed about in the vicinity of the big gray vessel. One of these was hailed to the tug, and two figures, Consul Williams and Consul-General Wildman of Hongkong, mounted the gangway of the Olympia. A number of Philippine-islanders, rebel refugees, were on the tug, and one of them was given passage over on the Zafiro, one of the transports. A signal was at once sent out ordering all ships to prepare to get under way at 2 o'clock. Then followed a time of furious coal-firing, and the volumes of black smoke from the funnels told of the activity on board the different vessels.

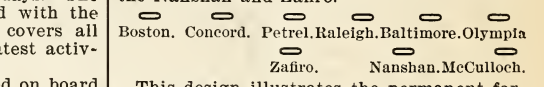
With Lieut. Elliott I took a hurried trip over to the Nanshan and the Zafiro and last the Baltimore. There were hurried introductions and a good deal of strained joking about how the squadron would soon be in Manila bay. Many a hope was expressed that we should all be drinking one another's health in Manila within a few days. The big eight-inch guns were painted with the one monotonous lead color that covers all the ships, and there was the greatest activity everywhere.

Just before 2 o'clock we returned on board the McCulloch, and the gig was hoisted in place for the departure. Consul-General Wildman, on the bridge of the tug Fame, is waving his good-by with a handkerchief. Two or three Chinese sampans are tossing in and out among the various ships, and there is a lot of signaling from the flagship. Consul Williams has been put on board the Baltimore, the accommodations on the Olympia being insufficient for passengers.

At 2 o'clock the Olympia raised her anchor. The marines were drawn up on the quarterdeck, and the band struck up the inspiring march from "El Capitan." The McCulloch started at the same time, and the Raleigh took a position on the starboard quarter of the flagship. The McCulloch took a place about 100 yards almost abeam of the stern of the Raleigh, and the Baltimore moved rapidly up to the port beam of the Raleigh. The Petrel took a position corresponding to that of the McCulloch, except she was on the port quarter of the Baltimore. From the flagship a white flag with red diagonal crossbars floats at the foremast, the commodore's pennant at the main and the American flag at the main peak. There is continual signaling from the Olympia, and the various vessels are acting in response to these signals. There is no smoke coming from the Olympia's funnels, but from the Baltimore a heavy volume pours from her afterfunnel. The flag flies from the stern, and a line of sailors' clothing is hanging out to dry from the stem to the foremast. A single funnel, the forward one of of the Raleigh, pours out a generous column of smoke, and her decorations, even including the clothesline, are the same as the Baltimore's. Her flag, however, flies from the main peak. The other vessels fly their flags from the main peak, with the exception of the transports. Their flags fly from the stern staff. From the foreyard of each ship there is a funnel-shaped speed indicator, which looks at a distance like a small black pennant.

The sky is dull colored and leaden and the water is overcast to almost the same color. There is a gentle swell and a soft breeze blows in from the China sea. The big headland that forms the northern side of Mirs bay looks flat and purplish blue.

The formation is now changing gradually. The McCulloch has advanced to a position opposite the Olympia. There is a general shifting of places, and after some time the permanent formation is effected. There are two lines, the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston being in one line in the order named. The McCulloch heads the second line, which is formed by herself, the Nanshan and Zafiro.




This design illustrates the permanent formation.

At 6 o'clock all hands on the McCulloch are piped on the main deck. The crew, about seventy in number, are all lined up on the port side, except the men who have to remain below. The officers are lined up on the starboard side, and then, just a little before sunset, Lieut. Elliott, who commands the auxiliary squadron, announces that the commodore had signaled from the Olympia that the proclamation of war issued by the Spanish authorities at Manila should be read to all hands on board the squadron. He then reads the document. There is perfect silence and only the strong voice of the reader is heard. The proclamation is a wonderful thing. It is an inflammatory cry to the people of the Philippines to unite against the sacrilegious vandals who are coming over to loot their churches and insult their women. It is an appeal to the ignorant passions of an unlettered people. At the conclusion of the reading of the proclamation, which contained a number of uncomplimentary things about the American seamen and nation in general, there is a second of silence and then the crew breaks out in three ringing cheers for the American flag.

To-night the squadron is moving along to the southeast at an eight-knot speed. The vessels are marked only by their lights, and it is so dark that even the outlines of the hulls are lost entirely. The sight of this long string of lights scattered for a mile on the ocean, steaming on like a procession, is one

REAR-ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.
[Sketched on boa rd the Olympia.]

that cannot be forgotten. The seamen on the McCulloch are lounging on the deck forward and there is a great deal of singing. The flagship is signaling orders regulating speed and other matters to the rest of the squadron. The red and white lights of the signals wink and glow like fireflies as they send their messages out through the night, and once in awhile a red rocket soars aloft and floats off to the stern until it snuffs out like the bursting of a bubble.

April 28—At about 5:15 a. m. a ship was sighted on the starboard bow of the McCulloch bound toward the Philippines. It proved to be the ship of a friendly power, and soon disappeared. The squadron still holds the same formation as yesterday. A fairly rough sea is on, and during the early morning the sky looked black and threatening. Toward 9 o'clock the sky begins to clear. There is a general adjustment of men for the various guns of the McCulloch, and the three-inch ammunition is all being shifted forward. As the crew on this vessel is comparatively small, even the three civilians, including myself, are assigned positions with the gun and ammunition squads, and are drilled in the use of sabers and small arms. A sick bay is being arranged with an operating table on the berth deck and four men are assigned to assist the surgeon.

April 29—Last night there was a heavy sea. The Nanshan and Zafiro, both deep in the water, the former with coal and the latter with provisions, were rolling and pitching fearfully. The McCulloch was also reeling and staggering along, making heavy weather. During the evening the Olympia's

searchlights were whipping across the sky, sweeping the horizon and searching for vessels that might approach. It was very dark and the position of the different ships was marked only by two or three lights which were swung aloft. They looked like constellations in the sky, for no part of the body of the ships was visible and every porthole or crevice through which light might filter was carefully and effectually closed. A little later there was signal practice among the vessels of line of battle.

To-day men on the McCuuloch have been working on the final preparations. The rigging has been "snaked" with zigzag ropes, so that if a heavy wire rope is shot in two it will not fall on the deck. The carpenter has made a number of shot plugs which will be used to stop up any holes made by shells in the hull. He has also made a stretcher to bear the wounded. This is the most unpleasantly suggestive thing that has been done. It has been arranged to have life-preservers and every other buoyant object lying where they will float in case the ship goes down. In this way there will be objects for floating men to sustain themselves on. The mattresses of the cabin and wardroom are buoyant, as well as the cushions of the life-boats. All the sails are taken from the sail loft and banked up on the forecastle as a protection against rifle bullets for the men stationed in that exposed position. The decks will be cleared for action some time to-day, as it is expected that the squadron will reach Manila early to-morrow morning. The life-boats are being wrapped in canvas to prevent splinters flying if the boats are struck by shells. There are frequent gun drills and every man is being drilled in his particular station.

It is expected that land will be sighted to-night or early to-morrow morning. There is a heavy sea this afternoon and a great deal of lightning to the south. In the evening there is a signal drill. Cipher signals are being sent from the Baltimore to the flagship. As Consul Williams is on the former vessel, it is probable that some of his suggestions are being sent to the flagship.

The stars are out at 9 o'clock, but at 10 there is a fearful downpour of rain.

April 30—Early this morning a quartermaster announced land in sight. This is Bolmoa cape, about 110 miles north of the entrance to Manila bay. The Boston and Concord are sent about six miles in advance of the fleet as scouts. The land, which is the northern part of Luzon island, on which Manila is situated, is off to the east about five miles. It looks green and beautiful in the bright morning sunlight. It is strongly suggestive of the outline of Cuba, approaching Havana from the north. There are faint blue lines of hills and mountains, with little patches of dark colored vendure on the coast. A bluish haze hangs over the land, and the hills and mountains grade off in tints until the farthermost ranges are only pale flat tones scarcely darker than the sky.

The Boston and Concord are now so far ahead of the fleet that only the smoke from their funnels marks their position.

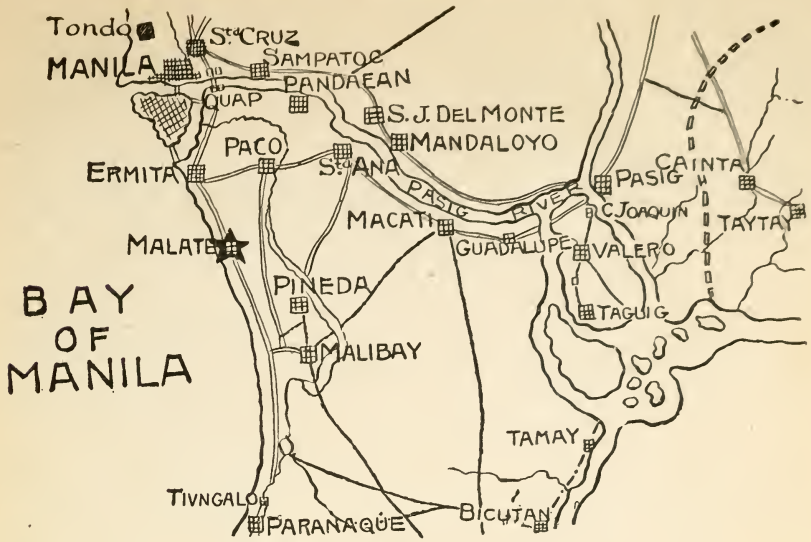
A sail was sighted off the starboard bow about 9:30 a. m., but it proved to be a small schooner. The Zafiro has just been dispatched to intercept her. She steamed out to the schooner and overhauled and examined her. After doing this she resumed her place in the formation. On the McCulloch they are clearing the decks for action. Companion stairways that are not absolutely essential are being stowed away, fixed railings taken down, and sails are being banked forward for breastworks. There is no visible excitement so far, but there is a business-like calm which portends something imminent. We are now steaming about eight knots an hour and it is growing oppressively warm. At this rate of speed the fleet will arrive at Corregidor island about 2 or 3 o'clock. Whether hostilities will begin at once or whether speed be increased is still a matter of uncertainty. The feeling seems to prevail that the great struggle will not come before to-morrow (Sunday) morning, but circumstances may precipitate it this afternoon or evening.

The Baltimore has now her four boilers on and has started forward to join the Boston and Concord, which are about fifteen miles ahead. It is believed these ships will enter Subig bay, about thirty miles north of Manila bay, to see whether any Spanish warships are there. It has been reported that two Spanish vessels are in Subig bay, and it will be necessary to dislodge and destroy them before proceeding to Manila bay. In the event of an engagement in the bay these two reserve ships could follow and destroy the provision and coal ships, and probably the McCulloch.

At 11:30 a. m. the squadron is about eighty miles from Manila bay. The Baltimore has kept close inshore and is now below the horizon, only her smoke being visible. The flagship has signaled that the schooner overhauled by the Zafiro had no information to give. At 2 o'clock the distance to Subig bay is ten miles, and to Corregidor, at the mouth of Manila bay, about forty miles. The work of lowering the after lifeboats of the McCulloch down half-way to the water is going on, with the object of getting them into the water as expeditiously as possible if occasion requires.

The Baltimore, Concord and Boston are supposed to have entered Subig bay. They cannot be seen. At about 4 o'clock a faint column of smoke in the bay marks the position of one of the ships.

The sail of another small schooner was seen at about this time and bore down toward




MAP OF MANILA BAY.

the squadron. As it reached the mouth of the bay the Boston and Concord were sighted coming out. The Olmypia, Raleigh, Petrel steamed toward the approaching schooner. Orders came from the flagship for the McCulloch to send an officer on board the little vessel for information. By this time the boat was absolutely surrounded by warships, although this was not an intentional maneuver. The Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel steamed by, the McCulloch stopped and the dinghy, with Lieut. Joynes and an interpreter, was sent to the schooner. It flew the Spanish flag, but in answer to questions the captain said he had not come from Manila and did not know where the Spanish warships were. The dinghy returned and the McCulloch followed the fleet to the mouth of Subig bay.

At about 5:15 p. m. the squadron came to a full stop at that point and signals from the flagship called the captains of the different ships to conference. The final details of the attack will doubtless be arranged at this meeting.

A few minutes after 6 o'clock Capt. Hodgsdon and Lieut. Elliott returned from the flagship. It was easy to see that something definite and immediate had been decided on, for the face of the one was white and set and the other serious and grave. The order was at once given to put on the battle ports and not let a light be seen except the stern light. Preparations for sailing are ordered and the information is given out that it has been determined to attempt the entrance to Manila bay in the darkness that night. The battle ports are put up, the chartroom sealed and everything about the ship is darkened. A small electric light has been fixed as a stern light to show to the vessel following our position. The groups of sailors on the decks and the officers on the bridge look shadowy and vague, and with all the hurry of final preparation there is almost no noise.

Shortly after sunset a remarkable cloud formation was observed on the western horizon. It represented absolutely and without imaginative aid the gun deck and turret of a warship with the gun sticking, black and vivid, out of the turret. Coming at a time like this, it was undoubtedly a marvelous premonition for one of the combating powers.

The night is a good one for running the forts of Corregidor, for there are masses of gray clouds in the sky which hide the half-moon effectually. Occasionally the moon breaks through and if the clouds entirely disappear it may be considered advisable to wait until the moon goes down—about 2 o'clock in the morning.

The other vessels are darkened and at a mile's distance it is impossible to distinguish where they lie. It seems impossible that the guns of the fort could find the correct range even if the Spanish should detect the maneuver unless searchlights are employed. By the time the bay is reached all the ships will be as dark as tombs and only the faint glimmer of the stern lights will be seen, and those only from the direct rear. The ships will glide quietly in at a low rate of speed

and as noiselessly as possible in a single line in the following order: The Olympia leads, with the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, Boston, McCulloch, Nanshan and Zafiro coming after, separated from one another by 400 yards.

There is a good deal of lightning in the southwest, and it is only when one of these flashes illuminates the sky that the black bodies of the ships are seen.

As it will take three or four hours to reach Corregidor every one who can do so turns in for a short rest, for there will be no other chance to sleep or lie down for a good while after the ships go into action. Mattresses are thrown about on the decks and with cutlasses and loaded revolvers within easy reach the men stretch out and try to sleep.

It was expected that the entrance to the harbor would not be reached before 1 o'clock, but in less than an hour general quarters are called and every one of the ship's company takes his station. Every gun is fully manned, rifles are distributed and the ammunition crews are assigned to their places. Now there is nothing to do but to wait.

About 11:30 the entrance to the bay can be seen. Two dark headlands—one on either side of the entrance—show up gloomy and absolutely darkened against the shifting, uncertain clouds. In the space between a smaller mass shows where the dreaded Corregidor lies. A vivid patch of fire comes slowly out from the black blackground and the squadron bears down directly toward it. It proves to be Greek fire, and was probably a night life buoy dropped by one of the ships. It dances and darts on the face of the water and until we discovered what it was there was a lot of suppressed excitement among the crews.

At Corregidor it was understood the heaviest guns of the Spanish were located. The entrance was also said to be planted with mines, and it was known that there were torpedoes waiting for the ships.

Everything is moving forward noiselessly and only the dim gleam of the stern lights of the ships in advance of the McCulloch are visible. The Nanshan and Zafiro are quite invisible in the blackness behind.

The Olympia turns in and steers directly for the center of the southern and wider channel. The Baltimore follows and in regular order the rest of the fleet glide on through the night toward the entrance. Still there is no firing from the forts, and it is hoped that the daring maneuver may not be discovered. The excitement at this time is intense. The somber Corregidor and the big mass of hills at the south are watched with straining eyes.

About this time the soot in the funnel of the McCulloch caught fire and this circumstance may have revealed the movements of the fleet to the enemy. The flames shot up out of the funnel like the fire of a rolling-mill chimney. For a minute or two it burned and then settled down to the usual heavy black rolls of smoke.

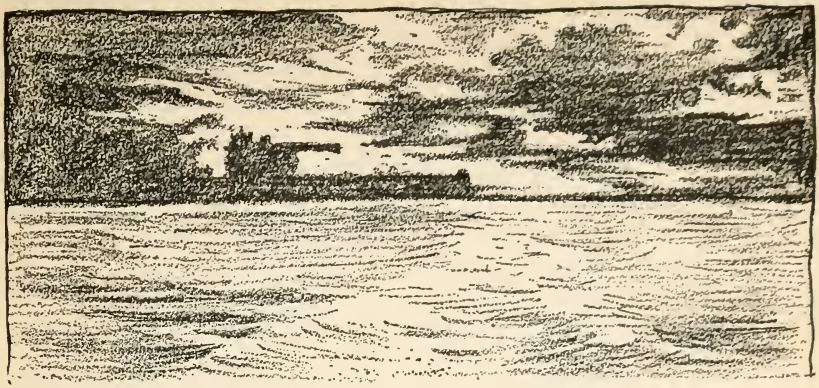
A faint light flashed up on the land and then died out. A rocket leaped from Corregidor and then all was darkness and stillness again. The nervous tension at this time was very great. Again the flames rolled forth from the McCulloch's funnel and then again they gave way to the smoke. There was grinding of teeth on the McCulloch, for of all times in the world this was the most fatal time for such a thing to happen. While it burned it made a perfect target for the enemy. Still there was no firing.

Now we are almost in the strip directly between two forts. The Boston is 200 yards in advance of the McCulloch, but the Concord, Petrel, Raleigh, Baltimore and Olympia are well in the harbor.

Suddenly, just at 12:15 o'clock, a flash is seen on the southern shore, a white puff of smoke curls out, and for the first time in the lives of nearly all on the McCulloch the sound of a screaming cannon ball is heard. It passed well clear of the McCulloch, toward which it was fired. At the sight of the flash of flame and the subsequent dull report we waited in keen anxiety to see whether the ship would be struck. Now came an instant order from the bridge to load the after starboard six-pounder and fire five shells at the point where the smoke was seen. There was a short lull and the order was countermanded. Then there came a sound like the crashing of thunder and from the Boston went an eight-inch shell from her after gun. This was the first shot fired by the Americans.

Immediately there came a whirring, singing shell that seemed to go a little ahead of the McCulloch's bow. The McCulloch now stopped and sent a six-pound shot at the battery, following it a minute later with another. The Spaniards answered this and once more the McCulloch sent a shell toward the vague, indistinct cloud of smoke showing against the dark hillside to the south. The Concord at this point fired a six-pound shot. All this time there is no sound from Corregidor, and it is a matter of surprise that shells have not been coming toward us from both sides. Then there comes quiet and the squadron gradually steams down the bay toward Manila. The Nanshan and Zafiro hug close to Corregidor while coming in and escape being fired on.

During the firing there was the best of order on the McCulloch, and no one seemed to lose his head. Chief Engineer Randall was overcome by a nervous shock, probably apoplectic in character, and at a few minutes after 2 o'clock he died. The orders have gone out from the flagship to proceed at a four-knot speed toward Cavite, the naval station, which is seventeen miles away at the head of the bay. This will put the fleet close to the



PECULIAR CLOUD FORMATION SEEN BY DEWEY'S FLEET THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF MANILA AND REGARDED AS AN OMEN.

Spanish squadron and the great battle will take place in the morning.

The men are now stretched out everywhere on their arms trying to sleep.

It is remarkable to see how little commotion is caused by the death of the chief engineer. The great dangers and thrilling events about to happen so completely overshadow the passing away of one man that the sad incident has created no stir. The body is sewed up in canvas and lies on a bier on the quarterdeck and will be buried at sea later in the day.

At 5:10 in the morning, just as dawn is breaking, the battle begins. By this time the American fleet has arrived off Cavite and the brightness of the approaching day reveals to both sides the position of the enemy. The Spanish immediately begin firing, but at a distance of nearly four miles. At the sound of the first shot the Olympia wheels and starts straight for the enemy. From every mast and every peak of the American squadron floats a flag, and the sight of all these fluttering emblems arouses an enthusiasm that never was experienced before. As the Olympia steams over toward the Spanish the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston follow in line of battle. The McCulloch is left to protect the transports.

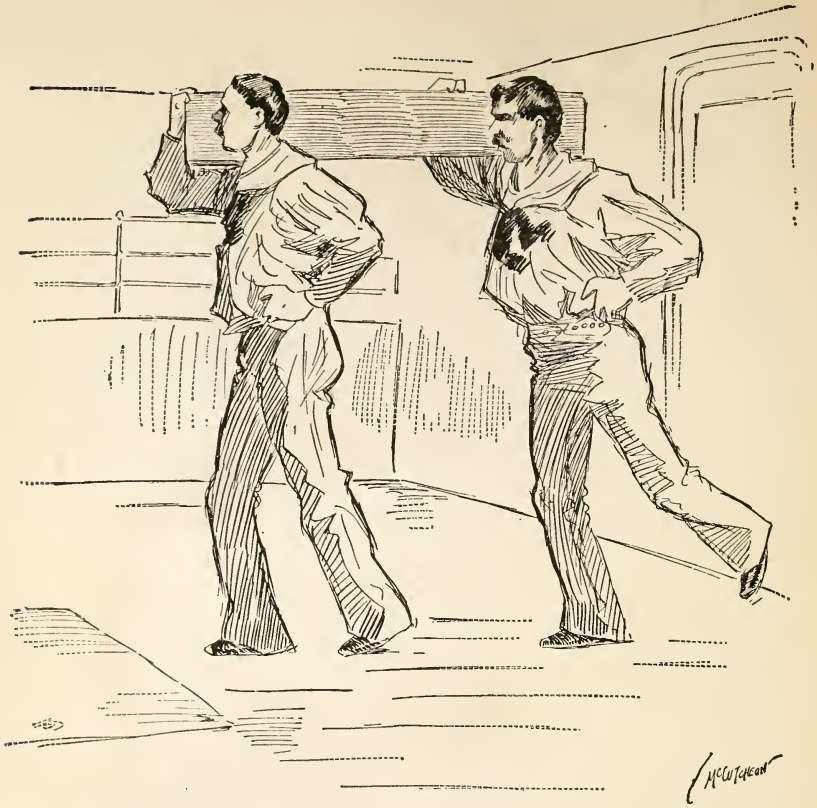
Through the dimness of the early morning eight of the Spanish vessels can hardly be seen, but as minute after minute passes the ships and fortifications become more distinct. The Spanish are meeting the advances of the squadron with continuous firing from the ships and the forts.

So far there has been no answering shots from the American ships. They are steaming on, grim and determined, and making directly for the Spanish position.

At 5:23 the Olympia fired the first shot, and at 5:40 the firing became incessant. A battery at the mole, in Manila, and nearly five miles to the east, has now begun firing, and the Boston is occupied with shelling a fort on the mainland beyond the arsenal of Cavite. The Reina Cristina, which is the Spanish flagship, shows up black and fierce in front of the enemy's fleet. The Castilla is nearly abreast of her and is protected by large barges, which makes it impossible for shells to penetrate below the water line. The Don Antonio de Ulloa is a little behind the other two vessels. From Bakor bay, the naval anchorage, comes the fire from the Don Juan de Austria, a cruiser; the Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba, protected cruisers, and the Marques del Ducro, Gen. Lezo, El Correo and Velasco. These latter vessels steam back and forth from the protection of the walls of the arsenal. Other smaller vessels, evidently torpedo boats, can be seen occasionally coming into view and then retreating behind the arsenal.

The American fleet now forms in a line, and, steaming in a wide circle, pours shells from the port and bow guns as the vessels pass. Then the ships swing around, and, continuing in the long ellipse, turn loose the guns of the stern and the starboard side. In this way all the guns on both sides of the warships are kept in action part of this time and the vessels are constantly moving. The fleet makes three complete circles, each time going in to shorter range, until a range of about 1,500 yards is reached.

There are numberless exhibitions of daring shown by the Spanish. At one time the Reina Cristina alone steamed out at full speed in the very face of the combined American fleet with the intention of running the Olympia down. All the American vessels concentrate their guns on her and pour a perfect rain of shell through and around her.




CARRYING SHELLS TO THE AFTER MAGAZINE—DEWEY'S FLEET.

Still she comes on. As she approaches nearer the terrible storm of projectiles becomes too severe, and, realizing that the ship will be annihilated, the admiral swings her slowly around and starts for the protection of the navy yard. Just at this moment an eight-inch shell from the Olympia strikes the Reina Cristina in the stern and goes right through her. In a few minutes clouds of white smoke are seen coming from the ship. The vessel is being pounded to death by the shells; her whole inside seems afire, but still she keeps on throwing shells. It seems for awhile that she must go down or that the Spanish flag must be lowered, but when nearly a half-hour later we can see her through the smoke the pennant waves bravely from her main peak and she is still belching forth flashes of flame and billows of smoke.

Now two little torpedo boats start out in a desperate effort to torpedo the Olympia. They come on rapidly, exposed to the fire of the American ships, and stop and wait for the advancing Olympia. Officers on the flagship afterward say that at this time the excitement on board is the greatest during any part of the engagement. The Olympia keeps steaming on until within 800 yards of the torpedo boats, and as the latter show no signs of retreating the flagship stops and signals the fleet to concentrate their fire on those little terrors. The hail of shell is fearful. Finally they turn and retreat. At this moment a large shell strikes one of them and it is seen to dive headlong into the sea, entirely disappearing from view. The other succeeds in regaining cover, but is reached soon after.

A little while later, when the American fleet is at the farthest point in its circle

CUTTING THE ILOILO CABLE—MANILA BAY.

of evolution, a gunboat slips out from the Spanish stronghold and starts for the McCulloch, hoping evidently by this bold move to destroy the transports. As soon as this move is seen by Admiral Dewey the fire is immediately directed on the gunboat, and it returned to a safer place.

During the battle there are times when the American vessels pass between the Spanish forces and the McCulloch. This vessel protecting the transports lies about two miles from the fort and the Spanish ships. At these times the McCulloch is in direct range of the enemy's fire. Shots scream through the rigging and fall into the water all around her. One shot strikes about forty feet in front of her bow.

During all this fearful cannonading Admiral Dewey with Flag Capt. Lambertson stands on the bridge on the pilot house, absolutely exposed, while the Olympia goes through the storm of shells coming from the Spanish ships.

Now there are two vessels burning, the Reina Cristina and the Castilla, although both have their flags flying. The firing from these ships seems to be decreasing, but whenever the hope arises that they are completely disabled they seem to renew it with greater vigor. It is impossible to determine what damage is being done to either side. There seems to be no great destruction among the American vessels, for each time they revolve on that deadly ellipse the vessels all show up with flying colors and undiminished fire. Three times they make the deadly round, passing five times before the Spanish forces, each time drawing in closer and closer.

Now the Olympia has ceased firing and it is said her after turret is damaged. She withdraws and is followed by the rest of the squadron. The Spanish keep on firing with almost as much vigor as ever. It is now 7:45 o'clock, and the fight has lasted two and a half hours. During all this time there has been incessant firing and the whole sky is hazy with smoke. The tremendous resistance and striking courage of the Spanish is a revelation. A feeling of profound gloom comes over us as the American fleet withdraws for consultation. How much damage has been done is yet unknown and whether their decks are swimming in blood and their cabins choked with the wounded and dead and their guns battered are things that cannot be determined until the commanders return from the conference.

Then there comes a long wait. At last, after feverish anxiety, the marvelous news comes that not a single life has been lost and not a single man is seriously hurt. Not a single boat is badly injured and hardly a scrap of rigging is cut through.

At 10:45 o'clock, after a conference of the commanding officers, it is decided to attack again. The object in withdrawing, it transpires, was to allow the smoke to clear away

MAP SHOWING THE SCENE OF ADMIRAL DEWEY'S VICTORY.

and to enable the admiral to determine what damage had been done to the fleet. But when the astounding report came that there were no lives lost and no vessels damaged the enthusiasm on the different ships is wonderful. There are cheers on cheers from the decks of all the ships.

The Baltimore now heads for Cavite, rushing on at full speed, and does not stop until she is almost in the shadow of the forts. There she begins to fire with her big guns, mowing masts away and tearing holes in everything in sight. The Olympia follows and joins in the bombardment. The little Petrel comes close behind, then the Concord and last the Raleigh and Boston. Their firing is incessant. The Spaniards are answering vigorously, and the dull, muffled thunder of the cannon comes with the regularity of drum beats. It is easy to trace the effects of the shells, for whenever they strike columns of dirt and water ascend in tremendous upheavals. The naval station is now full of burning vessels. The Spanish flag still flies from the fort, but the Spanish firing at this hour, noon, has nearly ceased. The Reina Cristina is now red with flames and heavy clouds of smoke roll up from her. A minute ago there was an explosion on her that must have been caused by the fire reaching one of her ammunition magazines. She is now almost a complete wreck.

At 12:35 the Americans have ceased firing, and for fifteen minutes there has been only a desultory and scattering sound of guns. It is believed the battle is over, although a Spanish flag still flies above a small fortification. The Boston puts a shell over toward the per-

INSURGENTS CARRYING PLUNDER FROM CAVITE.

sistent and aggravating bunting. The Baltimore, which has done such valiant work during this last action, has spread forth an American No. 1 ensign, which is the largest in the service. During the battle a Spanish merchantman lies over against the shore. She is the Isle de Mindona. I saw her at Singapore three weeks ago on her way to Manila with stores and supplies. She has no guns mounted and she lies helpless and apparently deserted, near the beach. Finally fire is opened on her and two shells are sent straight through her. Immediately dozens of men appear in different parts of the ship, flocking to small boats and making all haste to reach the shore. The Concord now steams over and the ship is set on fire.

Orders are now sent out to enter the small bay back of the arsenal and Cavite and finish the work. The little Petrel, whose gallant conduct in the face of all the big guns that blazed away at her during those long hours of flying havoc should be sung by every one who loves the American flag, steams bravely on toward the very heart of the Spanish stronghold, occasionally spitting forth a shell as she goes. It makes the pulse beat fast and the blood tingle to watch that little demon drive into the Spanish the way she does. The Raleigh and Boston are occasionally sending a reminding ball into the burning masses that so recently constituted the brave Asiatic squadron of the Spanish.

At 12.47 it is signaled from shore that the Spanish have surrendered.

Now there is great cheering on the victorious ships. The rigging is manned and there is a fluttering of banners, and from every visible deck on every ship there are white groups of cheering sailors. There is a joy and exultation in every man's face that shows how deeply and sincerely happy he is, and a gallant waving of the flags that now seem more beautiful and inspiring than ever before.

There still remain the forts at Corregidor and the battery at Manila to reduce, but it is believed that they will surrender. There has been no firing from the latter since the early morning engagement. This fact and the fact that we are now all within range of their big guns leads one to believe that the conquest of Manila is completed.

Admiral Dewey has sent Mr. Williams, the late consul to Manila, to the English sailing ship Buccleuch with the object of establishing communication with the Spanish captain-general through the British consul. It is the intention of our admiral to give forty-eight hours for the captain-general to surrender all the stores, supplies and war material, together with the control of the islands. If he refuses to do this the city may be shelled. It is believed, however, that the request will be complied with, as the fleet could lay the city of Manila, with all its beautiful public

buildings and cathedrals, in ruins in a very short time.

During the night of May 1, after the battle, the southern shores at and around Cavite are bright with the flames of buring ships. The Reina Cristina and Castilla are mere skeletons now, with flames tearing through every part of them and making their bones show black against the white heat. There are constant explosions, either from the magazines of ships or mines or ammunition stores in the naval station. Back in the hills big columns of smoke are lazily lifting to the sky. Some of the explosions at Cavite are fearful. Flames leap hundreds of feet into the air and tremendous volumes of smoke rise in gigantic white billows. To the north and almost in every direction the curling smoke on the hillsides marks where the insurgents are applying the torch to complete what the Americans have left undone.

In Manila there is the sound of cathedral bells. It is reported that the Spanish have all withdrawn into the walled portion of the town and that the insurgents are coming in to loot the houses and kill the defenseless.

At 8 o'clock the McCulloch is signaled to approach within a few hundred feet of the city and guard the entrance to Pasig river. It is supposed that there are still one or two small river gunboats in the river, and the mission of the McCulloch is to intercept and destroy any that may attempt to slip out in the night. She advances and anchors directly opposite the Mole battery, where the big ten-inch Krupp guns are planted. The Esmeralda, which is anchored a few yards from the McCulloch, promptly lifts anchor and quits the vicinity. Almost immediately after the McCulloch's anchor is dropped two faint lights are reported as coming down the Pasig river. Guns are immediately manned and general quarters called. There is a time of almost breathless waiting, but as nothing hostile appears the tense excitement relaxes. General quarters is called later on in the night, but this is also in response to a false alarm.

May 2—The McCulloch raised anchor at the mouth of the Pasig river, and in response to a signal from the flagship returns and joins the squadron. At about 7 o'clock the Petrel, which has been at Cavite completing the destruction of half-destroyed ships, returns with six captured launches and small boats. She steams by proudly, and as she comes abreast the Olympia and McCulloch she is greeted with rousing cheers from those ships.

Smoke is now seen rising from the town of Manila, and it is thought that either the Spaniards are destroying their supplies or else the rebels have begun their burning and pillaging. Smoke is also curling from many points in the outskirts of the city, and it may be necessary for the fleet to land marines to protect the Spanish and foreign residents. No answer has yet come from the captain-general in response to the message sent him yesterday by Admiral Dewey.

At 11:40 in the morning a small tug flying the Spanish flag aft and a flag of truce at her bow comes up to the flagship. It is not known what is its mission.

A little while after noon the Baltimore and Raleigh, the latter having the tug in tow, steams off toward Corregidor, seventeen miles away. The McCulloch is now sent over to Cavite with instructions to enter the harbor at Canacoa bay. She takes a position in the center of this little bay, where the bigger ships of the Spanish did most of their fighting. The Reina Cristina lies 200 yards to the right of us, the Castella the same distance behind us, and the Don Antonio de Ulloa 150 yards to our left. Only the masts and battered funnels and parts of shattered decks are above water, and over on the shore there are two smaller sailing boats toppled over in the shallow water. A single Spanish flag is still flying over a building at the head of the bay, but there are a number of white flags scattered around over the various government buildings, and several Red Cross ensigns wave above the hospitals and churches. There is scarcely any sign of life on shore and the day has a Sunday quiet that is impressive after the thrilling events of yesterday. A few figures can occasionally be seen, and the sight of some nuns conducting a funeral ceremony show that the shells of the Americans were deadly and desolating. Men can be observed carrying bundles and packages as if preparing to leave the place. There is a good deal of curiosity as to why that one persistent Spanish flag still flies over the town. Later a gig is sent from one of the squadron and soon after the flag is hauled down. The big guns of the battery are visible on our right hand a few hundred feet away. The walls of the fort on the left hand show marks of shells and are now still and deserted.

During the afternoon I took a dinghy and went among the wrecks in this bay. The Castilla shows only one upright funnel and two burnt and charred masts. The other funnel is leaning over against the standing one, and only a few inches of shattered and crushed rail shows above the water line. The insides are burned completely out, only the blackened iron work being visible. Eight six-inch guns stare out a little above the water and the breech ends are ruined by the flames. Other small millimeter guns and six pounders are standing on the bow and after deck. The hull is still burning in one or two places where little patches of woodwork remain, and blue hazes of smoke lift lazily from the smoldering embers.

The Reina Cristina, the proudest ship of them all, and the flagship of Rear-Admiral Patricio Montejo y Pasaron, as well as the theater of some of the most daring fighting, lies a little farther away, as completely de-

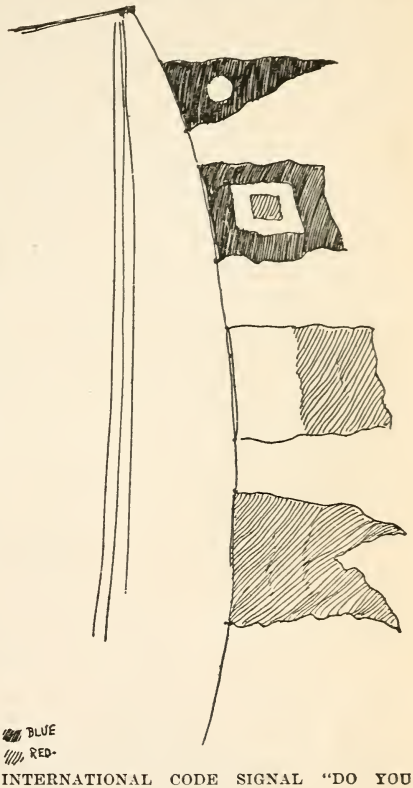
molished as the Castilla. Her funnels are perforated and her rigging is cut and big gaping holes in the shattered steel framework show how accurate was the aim of the Americans. Some large eight-inch guns show above water and a number of small guns still stand fore and aft. A little fire is burning on her and the body of a Spaniard is lying half-way out of a gun barbette, his legs shot off and big slashing wounds in his hip. He is absolutely nude except for a narrow belt, and has apparently been untouched by fire. It was in this ship that so many died, and the hull must be choked with those who fell before the sweeping gale of steel poured into her. In a day or two the bodies will be coming to the surface. A live chicken is perched on a stanchion at the bow. How in the world it lived through the fire is a wonder, for the vessel is absolutely gutted.

The Antonio de Ulloa is almost entirely under water, but even then she has more unsubmerged parts than either of the other two. Her forecastle is above water, as well as her chartroom. The three masts still stand and are splintered by shells. Her rigging is shattered in many places and two small guns are visible on the forward deck. Boatloads of officers and seamen have been to her all afternoon searching for souvenirs of the battle. Scraps of signal and boat flags, charts, books, small anchors and dozens of little relics have been eagerly seized. Sailors have been diving down and bringing up all sorts of trophies, from clocks and compasses to chairs and capstan heads. A piece of a guitar was found. Only the fretted finger stock remained, and it was evidently smashed by its devoted owner to prevent the invading vandals of America from capturing it. The Ulloa was a wooden ship and after the enemy found her range she must have been smashed to pieces in a very short time.

While I was there a fearful explosion occurred on shore 200 yards away. At first it was thought fire had been opened again, but subsequently it was learned that a boat's crew from the Olympia had landed and were blowing up the big guns at the battery.

The scene of complete desolation in this bay was thought to be the very worst, but a trip to the waters beyond the arsenal revealed even greater havoc and ruin. This is Bakor bay and is the principal anchorage of the naval station. There are seven warships, ranging from 800 tons up to 1,500 tons, scattered about in this cove, all sunken, and most of them charred by flames. One ship, the transport Manila, still floats and is apparently uninjured. A number of live cattle are on board, as well as some sheep and other provisions for the Spanish. The name plates of the wrecks are either gone or submerged, but it is known that among them is the cruiser Don Juan of Austria, the protected cruisers Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba, the gunboats Marques del Ducro, Gen. Lezo, El Correo and Velasco.

These ships were among the finest of their class in the Spanish navy and enough remains to indicate what excellently armed and carefully cared for vessels they were. A number of six-inch guns are still above water and seem to be in good condition. Some of these have lost their breech plugs and it is probable the Spaniards threw them overboard before abandoning the vesels. All show




INTERNATIONAL CODE SIGNAL "DO YOU SURRENDER?"

signs of the shelling, but it is doubtful whether the cannonading sunk them. It is thought they were fired when the Spanish abandoned them, and it is known that the Petrel set fire to some of them after the battle.

Boatload after boatload of insurgents are swarming into Cavite, and as the Spanish army has fled to Manila they are free to pillage to their hearts' content. The bay is dotted with outlandish-looking native boats,

loaded to the water's edge with mountainous piles of plunder and manned by dozens of broad-hatted and swarthy insurgents.

The Spanish officers and surgeons of the naval hospital on Canacoa have appealed to the Americans for protection from the insurgents. To-day I went with a party of surgeons from the Baltimore to visit the hospital and help dispose of the dead and wounded. We were met at the landing by the Spaniards and treated with the utmost courtesy. They conducted us to the hospital, and the signs of awful suffering and misery among those 200 victims of the battle was something never to be forgotten. The floors were covered with hastily extemporized cots and the regular hospital beds bore men with every conceivable kind of wound. Rows on rows of beds, with men whose legs and arms had been shot away, and whose bodies and faces were sheathed in lint and reddened bandages, lay stretched along on either side of the various wards. It was supposed that resentment and hatred would be shown the men from the ships that caused them all this wretchedness, but such was not the case. There was the languid and appealing look of sickness and suffering on their faces that is seen in every hospital, but there was no anger to be observed. Those who had fared less seriously than the very badly wounded looked at us with curiosity and readily answered any questions that were asked them. The surgeons were apparently not inclined to tell the number of killed and wounded, but it was stated that 120 wounded and eighty sick were in this hospital and about 200 in the civil and military hospital at Cavite. One hundred and twenty are dead, not counting all of those whose bodies are still in the wrecks. It is thought that about 400 in all are dead and about 600 wounded. The surgeons said the sick and wounded were not ready to be moved in safety, but that they wanted a guard of marines to protect them from the insurgents. They were fearfully afraid of the insurgents, and were particularly apprehensive lest the powder magazines near the hospital should be exploded by their native enemies.

Over in Cavite there are hundreds of Spaniards and natives. We walked from Canacoa to Cavite and passed dozens of carts and hundreds of people loaded with their household effects, seeking safety from the insurgents. They freely gave up their small arms and knives and were apparently eager to have the Americans land, for it meant protection for them. Every evidence of friendship that they could show us was exhibited. These were the common people. The soldiers had all fled to Manila. The streets were littered with rubbish and the work of stripping Cavite of every movable thing was going on with unceasing energy. Admiral Dewey landed some marines, and these were distributed about to protect the hospitals and occupy all the fortifications. There were very few signs of shelling in the town and I do not remember to have seen more than two or three evidences of the battle. This speaks well for the aim of the American ships, for their fire was directed entirely toward the Spanish fleet and the batteries. Spanish rifles were scattered around, but most of them had their breeches removed so they would be unserviceable.

On May 4 a large number of the wounded were conveyed from Cavite to Manila under the Red Cross flag. The captain-general up to this time has refused to surrender the city, but the admiral is content to wait awhile longer, for the surrender is inevitable. It is the policy of the admiral to accomplish by blockade what he would otherwise have to do by bombarding the city. In the latter event a tremendous loss of life and property would result, while in the former the same object would be accomplished with no bloodshed, even if it takes a longer time.

To-day it is learned that the wires between Corregidor and Cavite had been cut by the insurgents before the entrance was made at midnight of Saturday and that the Spanish fleet at Cavite were not aware that the Americans had entered until the ships were seen at daylight on the eventful Sunday. Two mines were then fired by the Spanish, but it was after the squadron had passed the location of the mines at least two miles. The pilot of the Esmeralda, an English boat, was in a small craft at Corregidor on the night of the entrance waiting for his ship, which was expected from Hongkong. He is authority for the statement that when the signal lights were shown on shore two torpedoes were launched from Corregidor, but they fell far short of reaching the American ships. The reason Corregidor did not fire was because the moon was in such a position that the gunners could not see the ships.

The Raleigh and Baltimore, with the small tug in tow, went to Corregidor and destroyed the batteries at the forts with almost no resistance. All mines that have been discovered have been blown up or separated from the electric connection. All the guns on shore at Cavite have been destroyed and the work of demolishing the fortifications and arsenal will be immediately executed.

## SAMPSON'S MEN AND GUNS.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

When the monitor Puritan dropped her anchor this morning (April 9) in the harbor of Key West three of the most powerful fighting machines afloat lay peacefully within the toss of a biscuit of one another. The Terror and Amphitrite completed this trinity of buoy outforts, and around them lay the New York, Marblehead, Cincinnati, Helena, Newport, Detroit and Nashville. To the west, off Fort Taylor, lay the battleships Iowa and Indiana with their blue smoke curling lazily from their immense funnels.

This formidable fleet has its steam up; it is stripped to the waist, ready for the fight which every jack tar on the steel monsters hopes will come off next week. The great warships, discolored an ugly drab, tug sullenly at their cables, refusing to bow to the running waves which slap them across their noses every other minute. The glitter and glisten of a holiday dress have given way to the dull, somber color which makes the stately Marblehead resemble a tramp collier and the lordly Cincinnati look like a phosphate carrier.

Peeping over the docks which point out into the harbor are half a dozen little craft which would make even the vicious-looking Puritan run for wider sea room if they flew the Spanish colors. They are the torpedo boats, with concentrated death aboard. Not much larger than a private yacht, about as broad amidships as the fireboat Yosemite in the Chicago river, smelling of oil, with saucy smoke funnels and mysterious little humps here and there, the torpedo boats have the respect of every warship off Key West. Their hulls are as dainty, in line and mold, as the swiftest yacht which sails out of New York. Their bows are as sharp-pointed as a stiletto and the most lubberly of landsmen can see speed in every line.

Their decks to-day were anything but warlike, for the crew, in dirty canvas overalls and jumpers, many of the sailors barefooted, were scraping, filing, drilling and chipping, preparing the pigmies for a fight with the Spanish giants.

The cigar-shaped torpedoes, resting on wooden benches, were scraped and polished with emery powder. The tiny propeller wheels were burnished until they shone like California gold, and every square inch of the torpedo tubes was rubbed down to a mirror finish.

At the custom house dock the Helena took on coal. It is a slow process, for a lazy mule, driven by a lazier negro, hauls one dump car of coal at a time from the yard a quarter of a mile away. In the naval storehouse a hundred sailors, quartermasters, commissary officials and spruce-looking ensigns ran around sorting and checking out naval stores—the liveliest and busiest place between Florida and Cuba.

Key West is enjoying a veritable boom because of all these preparations for war. The streets are filled with seamen who have liberty ashore for a day, and the enterprising Cuban is making hay while the war cloud is yet on the horizon, too low to obscure his commercial sun. Jack tar is much ashore just now. Every half-hour or so a naphtha launch, a yawl or a steam tender lands a batch of blue jackets at the wharf, for there is much fetching and carrying, and rowing from this ship to that, and bringing in little Japanese cooks to buy fresh fruits and vegetables for the officers, and taking out marines in white duck and cork helmets. This activity has kept the blue waters of Key West's harbor lively with brisk boats all week.

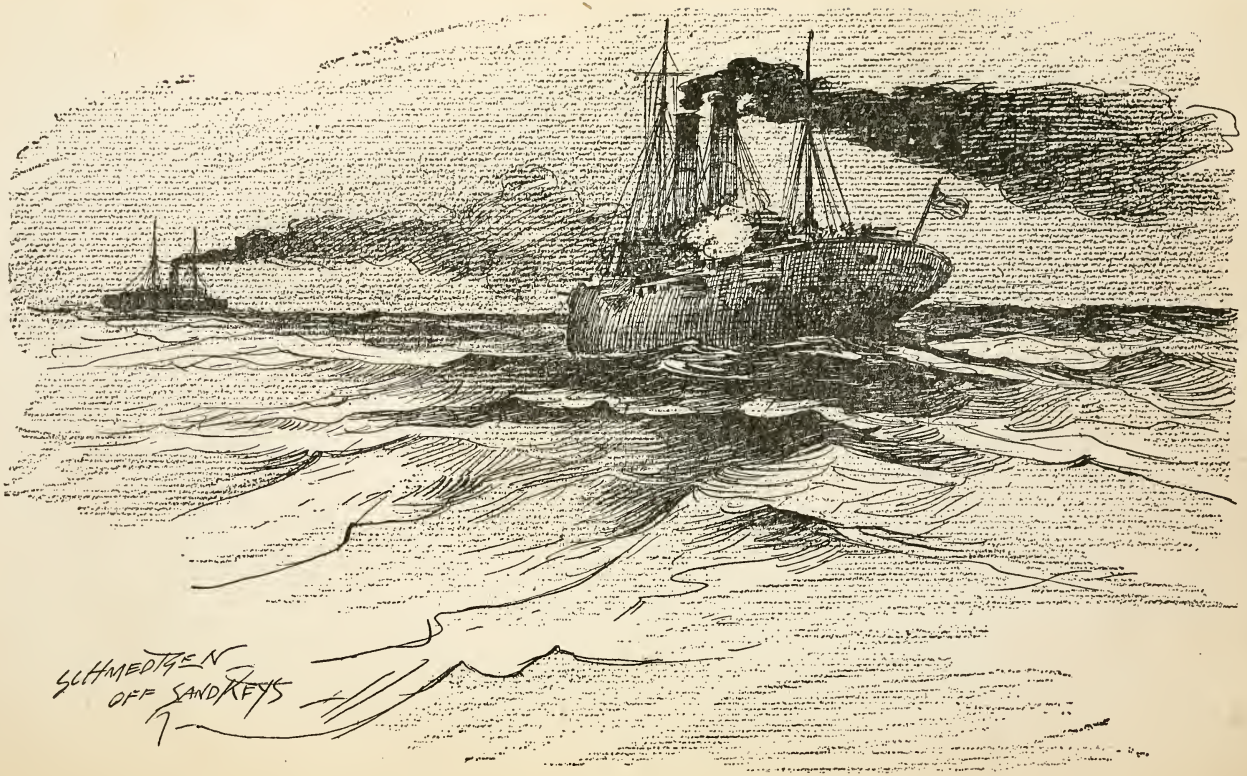
The men have nothing to say about freeing the Cubans or feeding the reconcentrados. Their frequently expressed wish is to "kill ten d——d greasers for every one of the boys blown up in the Maine."

The American jack tar ashore is no diplomat. He does not cover the face of his thoughts with a veil of soft words which have a double meaning. He does not say "the Maine was destroyed by an external explosion, probably a submarine mine." He believes, every inch of him, that the Spanish cabinet ordered the Spanish officials in Havana secretly to drop a torpedo or mine under the Maine and blow her up, and he refuses to believe anything else.

Some of them have secured rifle cartridges taken from the Maine wreck, and they wear them as precious jewels suspended from cords which are braided and spliced and patterned as only a blue jacket can do it.

"Wait till Mike O'Neill draws a bead on one of them Spaniards," remarked a man from the Indiana to-day. "He only wants one chance, and if he don't remind them greasers of a Maine explosion I'll miss my guess."

Mike O'Neill is said to be the most accurate of all the gunners in the American navy. He is a particular pet of "Fighting Bob" Evans, the commander of the Iowa, and generally is called Mike Evans. He is a sawed-off, broad-shouldered Irishman, and has little to say, but he never misses a shot. He came, so he says, from New York, and it is hinted by his mates that O'Neill is not his real name, and that he was educated for the priesthood. No one knows his history and he takes no one into his confidence, but when his keen eye sights a gun, big or little, the




UNITED STATES GUNBOAT NASHVILLE CHASING THE BUENA VENTURA.

steel missile goes just where he wants it to go.

The gunners of the Terror took a few shots at a target to-day. It lay off about two miles. They used the six-pounders, and the reason they took but a few shots was because there was nothing left of the target after half a dozen steel shells had been fired at it. Target practice the last three weeks has developed the encouraging fact that the gunners aboard the ships of the war fleet anchored at Key West are marvelously accurate, and this fact has given the blue jackets so much confidence in themselves and their guns that they will listen to nothing but "one broadside and the whole Spanish fleet goes down."

The blue jackets like Key West, for they can buy plenty of good cigars here at a small price, and Jack Tar would rather smoke than eat. That is why he growls and grumbles when the chief bosun's mate starts to overhauling some magazine, for no smoking is allowed aboard ship when a magazine is open.

The first chance to smoke aboard a man-of-war comes after breakfast, generally about 7:30 a. m. For two hours before the bosun's mate pipes "mess gear," the first hint of breakfast, the men "wash down" the ship. This, of course, is done on an empty stomach. Breakfast is fairly bolted, for the blue jackets look forward to their after-breakfast smoke as the treat of the day.

The sailors keep their eyes on one of the corporals of the marines, for he lights and extinguishes the smoking lamp, an open lantern which swings near the forecastle. When the straight-backed marine lights this lamp pipes, cigars, stogies and cigarettes are brought out and the crew is content. But when the lamp is extinguished smoking ceases. About 10 o'clock, after drill, another opportunity for a few whiffs is given, and after supper comes the evening smoke—a good long one.

At 5 o'clock in the morning bugles give tongue from every warship in the harbor. They blare and bray as though a cavalry regiment was waking up. With the brazen tones is mingled the shrill treble of the bosun's pipe, and ship answers ship with this good morning. The men-of-war's men slide out of their hammocks the instant the first note is sounded by the bugler, for immediately comes the roar, "All hands on deck!" The men are given but five or six minutes to respond to this order, and in that time they dress themselves, "lash" their hammocks and "stow" them away.

The officer of the deck signals the bosun's mate, and the order "wash down" is given. Steam pumps pour salt water over the decks, the men, in their bare feet, scrub and rub with swabs, brooms and sand, and holystone the deck and clean, polish, rub, scrub and scrape it until even a Dutch housewife would be absolutely and entirely satisfied.

The engineer's men, known as the "black gang," because of their oil-stained clothing, overhaul all the machinery while the deck force is cleaning the decks. Fires are cleaned and ashes removed, valves are packed, boiler tubes are scraped and brass-finished parts of the machinery are polished.

At 7 o'clock the bosun's mate sings out "knock off," and the men get ready for breakfast. The first roll-call of the day comes at 8:30 o'clock in the morning; the petty officers call the rolls of their respective divisions and report to the division officers, who report to the executive officer, who in turn reports to the greatest man on the ship, the commanding officer. He stands at his cabin door to receive this report, and then the men who have been mustered on the spar or main deck are "dismissed from quarters." But immediately the bugles sound the "drill call," and for a couple of hours the men are put through the setting-up drill, a violent form of calisthenics; saber drill and the manual of arms.

Dinner is "piped" at 12 o'clock noon, and at 1 o'clock the heavy work of the day begins. This includes everything, from painting to overhauling medicine stores for the surgeon, and it is kept up for three or four hours. The "evening quarters" comes at sundown, and on this occasion the men and officers wear their best and cleanest uniforms. It is to the navy what dress parade is to the army.

Then comes supper, the clean clothes are laid away, the blue jackets get into their "comfies" and playtime lasts until "hammocks" is sounded at 7:30 o'clock. "Pipe down," equivalent to the army "taps," is sounded at 9:30 o'clock, and jack tar, unless he is to stand watch, turns in.

Key West, Fla., April 11.—Just now much is heard of the rapid-firing guns, for they are popping over Key West's harbor day and night. Ever since the news came that Spain's torpedo fleet had started for this side the world the men who handle the guns of the secondary batteries and the one, three and six pounders have been sinking imaginary torpedo boats every day but Sunday. The Cushing, Foote, Dupont, Porter, Winslow and Ericsson frequently wait as messengers upon the big battleships and monitors. When one of these slender torpedo boats clips the waves at a twenty-four or twenty-eight knot speed the rapid-firing guns of every ship within torpedo range are brought to bear on the little nautical sprinter.

At night the searchlights sweep the sea, picking up ten-gallon cans, barrels, boxes and other floating rubbish lost in the darkness, which for the time play the role of stealthy torpedo boats slipping quietly toward

a warship. The gunners follow the electric beam, and when anything shoot-at-able is sighted the rapid-firing guns begin barking, and generally five out of six shots hit the mark.

So accurate is this night shooting the gunners declare no torpedo boat will be able to come nearer than 300 yards of a ship without having its vitals pierced by the steel hail from the one, three and six pounders.

The smallest gun aboard a warship is the Lee-Metford rifle, with which the crew is armed, and it has a caliber of .236 of an inch. One of the Lee rifle bullets will drive its way through two and a half feet of oak about three feet from the gun's muzzle. A Lee rifle bullet will make a clean-cut hole in a man, and tests on a cadaver have shown that it will pass through a bone without shattering or splintering it, so it will not necessarily kill a man unless it penetrates a vital part. The old-fashioned navy 45 caliber bullet, which will only penetrate three inches of oak at the muzzle, left great, gaping wounds and splintered bones, and naval officers believe the navy 45 is more effective as a man-killer than the Lee-Metford rifle.

The ammunition for the one, three and six pounders is all in one cartridge, which looks like a gigantic revolver cartridge. But the missiles sent out by these guns are explosive; they burst when they strike. The cartridge consists of the shell, in which the powder, each grain about three-quarters of an inch long, as thick as a good-sized lead pencil, with channels running lengthwise, is stored. The shell is almost entirely filled with this powder, which is packed with a wadding of excelsior. The hollow steel projectile, finely pointed at the striking end, is packed down tightly on the excelsior and is held in place by the compression of the brass shell.

The armor-piercing projectiles are a highly tempered steel. When the gun is fired the projectile is hurled from the powder shell. In the flat end of the projectile is the detonating apparatus. This consists of a plunger, which is held away from the percussion cap by a piece of wire until the violent wrench consequent on the projectile's leaving the powder shell breaks it. This leaves the plunger free to move backward on the recoil when the projectile strikes. The infinitesimal space of time between the impact and the recoil of the plunger against the percussion cap gives the projectile time to penetrate the object struck before it is exploded, so that the maximum destructive effect is gained. If the projectile exploded simultaneously with the impact the steel splinters would scatter outside the ship on which the gun was trained and the shot would be wasted.

The one, three and six pounder guns are well named "rapid-firing," for when handled by expert gunners they discharge 100 rounds a minute. This rapidity, the small cost of firing and the ease and celerity of manipulation which characterizes these steel hornets make them invaluable as protection against the darting torpedo boats, and they have made boarding parties a thing of the past.

After the one, three and six pounders come the three, four, five and six inch guns, all classed as rapid firing, for the powder and projectile are contained in one cartridge. Guns larger than six inches are in the slow-firing class, for the powder and projectile are separate from each other and the weight of the breech mechanism operates against rapidity in loading.

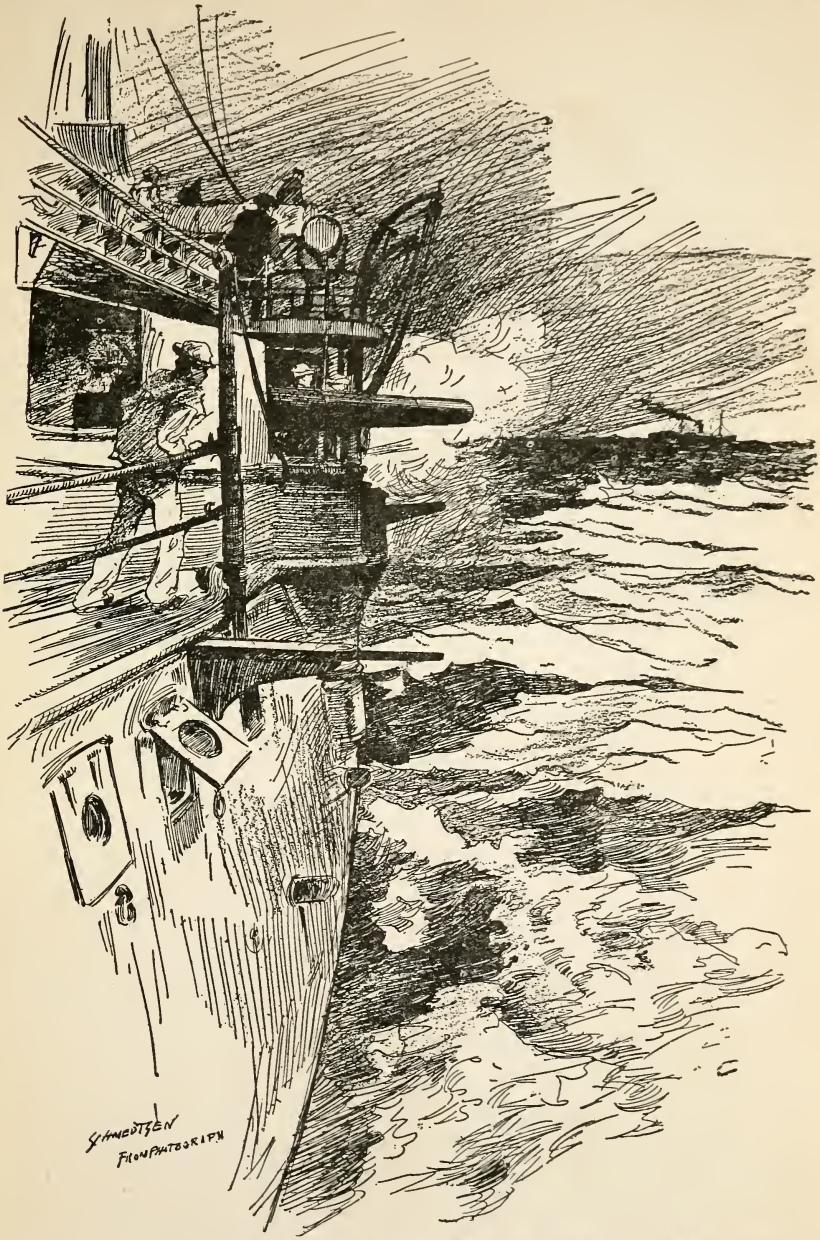
The three-inch gun is really a howitzer, which can be easily dismounted to be carried ashore. The projectile of a four-inch gun weighs thirty-two pounds, and the powder charge weighs one-half the weight of the projectile, or sixteen pounds.

It is easy to figure out the dimensions of guns and the weights of charges by remembering that the length of the rifle of a big gun is thirty times the caliber or diameter of the bore. The projectile is three times as long as its diameter. The charge of powder weighs nearly one-half as much as the projectile, and the weight of a projectile is found by cubing its diameter in inches and dividing the result by two—this will give the pounds of weight. Thus a projectile for a four-inch gun will weigh 4x4x4, divided by 2, or thirty-two pounds. One-half that is sixteen pounds, the weight of the charge of powder. The diameter of the projectile is four inches, so its length is three times that, or twelve inches, and the barrel of the gun is thirty times four inches, or ten feet.

When a four-inch gun is fired the expanding gases generated exert a pressure of 30,000 pounds, or fifteen tons to the square inch, and the armor-piercing projectile can go through seven inches of "high-carbon" steel. The gun weighs about 3,400 pounds, and it can be fired twenty times a minute. It has a range of about four miles, and the projectile travels twice as fast as sound travels. At the gun's muzzle the projectile energy is 915 foot-tons—that is, it has enough force back of it to lift 915 tons one foot in one second.

The weight of a five-inch gun is three and one-half tons and its projectile weighs sixty pounds. A six-inch gun weighs seven tons and throws a bullet weighing 108 pounds a distance of six miles, and it can pierce eleven and one-half inches of steel armor plate at close range. A well-directed shot from a four, five or six inch gun will sink any torpedo boat afloat, and every such gun in Admiral Sampson's fleet has a gunner who is a sharpshooter.

The one, three and six pounders generally are mounted in elevated parts of the ship and in the military masts so they can be used to clear the enemy's decks. Just as the archers of years ago were wont to try for




THE U. S. CRUISER NEW YORK OVERHAULING THE SPANISH STEAMER PEDRO.

every opening and crack in the armor of a knight, so the gunners of the smaller rapid-firing guns are expected to send their deadly shells inside the turrets and gun ports of the enemy's ship.

It is estimated that one of the huge ten, twelve or thirteen inch guns is good for about 100 shots. Each shot will use about the one-hundredth part of a second traveling through the barrel from breech to muzzle. Thus the active life of a thirteen-inch gun—which is thirty-three feet long, weighs seventy tons and uses 500 pounds of powder to hurl its 1,000-pound projectile from ten to twelve miles—is just one second long. If this monster is fired 100 times it will use up twenty-five tons of powder, at a cost of $17,500; shoot 100 1,000-pound projectiles at a cost of $35,000, and, as the gun costs originally $60,000, a grand total of $112,000, or about $1,120 for each shot.

Some of the officers on the Iowa believe a ten, twelve or thirteen inch gun is good for 200 shots, but it will require a war to establish the wearing qualities of a modern gun or a modern battleship.

## MARINES AT CUSCO HILL.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

For the first time since the severe fighting about Camp McCalla it was possible yesterday for an observation party to go over the battlefield without the protection of a large force. The defeat and rout of Gen. Pareja's troops in the mountainous hills of Cusco were effective in penning his entire army within the fortifications of Caimanera and Guantanamo. Only an occasional reconnoitering party of the enemy is met by our outposts, and none of these has shown fight. From present indications and reports that are brought in by Cubans and given by Spanish prisoners, the enemy realizes that he has received a severe whipping. He now stands upon the defensive, and is preparing to make a desperate resistance to hold the few square miles of Cuban soil still dominated by Spain in the western portion of the province of Santiago de Cuba. Even this little foothold would doubtless have been taken possession of before this were it not that the brave, hardy fellows of the marine corps were well-nigh exhausted by continuous fighting during five days to defend a position of no natural strategic strength, into which they were thrust by an impulsive naval officer. However, the period of danger is past; the flag flies where the marine corps first planted it; and within the little graveyard at the foot of the hill there are only six mounds to indicate what it has cost to repel a determined enemy greatly superior in numbers and in knowledge of the country.

If better evidence than this were needed of the fighting qualities of the American soldier and his adaptability to new conditions it was supplied to-day by an expedition into the hills, where the enemy had taken position. What has appeared in previous letters has related chiefly to the engagements of the first four days. These were fought in the immediate vicinity of the camp, and were the most desperate because the attacks were made at night and under circumstances altogether favorable to the enemy. At any time during Saturday and Sunday nights a moment of weakening or of panic would have resulted in the annihilation of the command. The arrival of reenforcements of Cubans under Lieut.-Col. Enrique Thomas on Monday brought a good supply of native guides, placing it within the power of the beleaguered corps to take the offensive. The battle upon the hills of Cusco the following day resulted, and the result was decisive victory for the allied Americans and Cubans.

The scene of the final engagement is reached by a long, tortuous footpath extending in a generally southern direction from the camp. A tangled brush of cactus, briers and thorny vines, impenetrable except with the aid of a machete, and so dense that an object ten yards away cannot be distinguished, pushes in from either side, often hanging so low that it is possible to pass only by bending to the knees. For about three miles the trail doubles back and forth through this tangled skein of semi-tropical foliage, keeping to rocky gulches, but ascending gradually to the first ridge of the Cusco hills. The pass here is about 350 feet high, 200 feet above the summit of the hill upon which Camp McCalla stands. From this on the trail extends three miles farther south, between two ranges of lofty, bush-grown mountains 450 feet high, to the seashore, where once stood the Cusco plantation, which has given name and identity to this rough promontory.

The general plan of the battle must be known by this time. It was, in brief, a quick movement about the enemy's left flank, turning it and getting into a commanding position in the rear. The enemy had opened the attack upon our fortified camp at 8 o'clock in the morning of June 14, with an advance column comprising the 3d, or Principe, regiment of the Spanish infantry and one

regiment of guerrillas, the Ecuadeas of Guantanamo. Coming down the main pass to support them were the 64th, or Sunancas, and the 35th, or Toledo, regiments of Spanish infantry. Two more regiments of Spanish regulars were on the way from Guantanamo overland, expecting to arrive in time to re-enforce the assault upon the camp. The Spanish were in full retreat before they arrived.

Lieut.-Col. Huntington had already strongly intrenched himself upon the hill, and had his men been fresh he might have safely stood upon the defensive against almost any force. But the fighting had already been going no for four days. Lack of sleep had weakened the nervous strength of the men, and indications were not wanting the night before to show that the marines were in no condition to do themselves justice in the trenches.

Under these circumstances the colonel decided wisely to put it on the defensive. Immediately after the attack was begun upon the front of the camp he detached Capt. Elliott of company C, a hardy old soldier and fighter, to turn the enemy's left wing. Leaving the camp under the bluffs of the shore at the western side, he marched his command at quick time along the narrow path skirting the shore seven miles around the outer slope of the mountain in the enemy's left and rear. Capt. Spicer of company D followed, his objective being a point on the ridge on the left of Capt. Elliott. Each was assisted by detachments of Cubans, fifty in all, who were to get around in the enemy's rear.

The plan of attack was almost completely successful. The enemy did not discover the flanking movement until Capt. Elliott and his command were a mile on their way toward the mountain top. Then the race began for the lofty position—six miles through tangled brush and cactus, two opposing forces rushing at breakneck speed up opposite sides of the mountain, and victory the stake! It was a race to the death under a torrid sun that threatened the same penalty to victor or vanquished. Happily Capt. Elliott, despite his 60 years, had the lead and won the position. He gained the summit of the mountain just as the enemy reached the top of a round knob in the center of the main pass at its base. The enemy immediately betrayed its inferior position by an irregular fire, and he answered with fierce volleys.

In the meantime Capt. Spicer arrived just in time to receive the enemy's hottest fire as he appeared on the crest of the hill. It was the signal for the men to lie down and to augment Capt. Elliott's regular volleys. Torrent upon torrent of burning hail swept the knob where the enemy paused. The marines, confident in their position, shot with no more excitement than if they were engaged in regular rifle practice, sometimes commenting and advising upon the range and the conditions of the shooting.

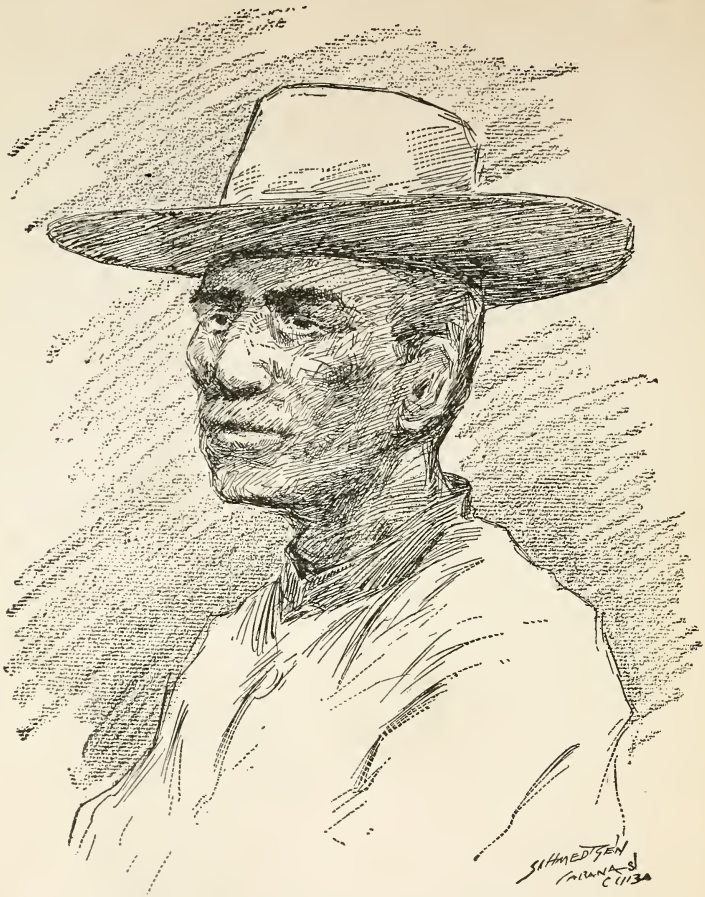
The enemy fought stubbornly from behind rocks and bushes, but resistance in the inferior position was useless. He began to retreat slowly up the gulch to the eastward. Just then a company of Cubans appeared in his rear, shouting curses and execrations upon Spanish oppressors, and, brandishing machetes, charged the fleeing column like a pack of savages. A second later Lieut. Magill, with one platoon of company A, appeared on the ridge over the gulch, having forced the enemy's front back over the first range of hills.

From this moment the enemy's retreat became a rout. He was caught upon three sides, and his only escape was up the steep sides of the mountains at the head of the gulch. The slaughter here for a few minutes was frightful. Volley upon volley was hurled into the scattering ranks from Lieut. Magill's command, scarcely 300 yards away, and the wonder is that any escaped. But, unfortunately, at just this instant, when the enemy was all but caught within a pocket lined with rifles, the Dolphin, stationed near the shore, began to fire straight into the gulch. She was in no position to get the right range, and all of her shells went wild, striking much nearer our own ranks than the enemy's.

In the face of this fire it was impossible to pursue the fleeing enemy. As he disappeared over the mountains many were caught on the run at long range and brought down like scurrying hares. But once over the ridge he was safe.

In the meantime the Cubans had driven out the last Spaniard from the old Cusco house and set it on fire. In the neighborhood they captured Lieut. Francisco Batiste, a commander of guerrillas, two of his company and fifteen Spanish soldiers of the three regiments engaged. At a well fifty yards beyond the house the Spaniards attempted to make a stand, and a lieutenant and several soldiers were killed. Later an old windmill over the well was raked by shots from the Dolphin, and the well was filled up. By this means the supply of water upon which the enemy had relied in making his attacks upon the camp was cut off.

The extent of Spanish losses, as estimated by the Spanish and by Cuban scouts sent out immediately after the battle, is 68 killed and about 150 wounded. Our loss was but two killed; and these were Cubans who fell in their last intrepid charge for the Cusco house. Both received wounds in the breast and died shortly after help reached them, uttering with their last breath the dear words, "Cuba libre." Two more Cubans were wounded, one accidentally by the discharge of Col. Scharde's pistol. He has since been relieved of command by Gen. Perez, and is retained on board the Marblehead as Capt.



FRANCISCO REVERUGES, FIRST SPANISH PRISONER TAKEN ON CUBAN SOIL.

McCalla's interpreter and guide. His successor, Lieut.-Col. Thomas, is a much superior officer, a truthful man, and one in whom Americans can feel confidence.

Though five days had passed since the engagement when our party revisited the field, it bore vivid and not altogether pleasant testimony of the conflict. The air was heavy with the stench of decaying carrion, and buzzards soared back and forth from hillside to valley, suggesting at a distance the silent, fugitive shades of the dead. In the gulch the train of dead extended all the way from the knob, where Capt. Elliott's fire first checked the enemy's advance, up the the head of the gulch. But the remains were decomposed beyond recognition. The desiccating heat and those revolting scavengers of warm countries, the buzzards, had united to destroy these emaciated frames within a few days until nothing remained of them but a disjointed pile of blackened bones. Arms and ammunition had been stripped off immediately after the fight, either by the fleeing enemy or by the Cuban insurgents, who scoured the field and brought fifty Mauser rifles and armfuls of ammunition into camp. A straw hat, such as Spanish soldiers wear, was found, bearing the red and yellow cockade, and through it two bullet holes, into one of which was plunged a lock of black hair and a scrap of human scalp. Often the

bodies were prone in the path. Sometimes they lay in a cleft of rocks with a pile of expended cartridge shells beside them to tell the tale of a heroic stand.

The task of counting the dead was not pleasant, although Surgeon J. M. Edgar of the battalion and Dr. Ducky of Chicago were present for the special purpose of making a scientific investigation; and before the labor was half completed we took up our march back to camp. Enough had been seen to indicate that the enemy had not retreated until driven back by an overwhelming fire. Many of the dead had small holes in the skull, where the ball entered, and a large, gaping opening on the opposite side, where the missile emerged. A long fracture connected the two holes, indicating that the skull had been practically cleft in twain.

In this connection it is due to say that late investigation by Surgeon Edgar has relieved the Spanish of the barbarous charge of mutilating the dead bodies. Privates Dunphy and McColgan were shot at close range by a volley from Remington rifles, the arm of the Spanish guerrilla. The wounds lacerated their heads frightfully, and this led to the first inference that they had been hacked by machetes. There is no evidence now to indicate that the Spanish are guilty of the barbarous treatment of the dead of which they have been accused.

Some interesting observations have been made that will settle a long controversy concerning the efficiency of the small steel or copper cased bullet now in general use in modern small arms. It has been noted that the six or seven millimeter bullet has, within a range of 500 yards, the same explosive effect that the old-fashioned bullet of nearly three times its weight. Within a range of 750 yards, even, the hole of exit is a great laceration about the size of a quarter. At a range of 1,000 yards and over the holes of entrance and exit are clear cut and of almost equal size. By this it appears that the small bullet is as effective in warfare as the large bullet at short ranges, and has the added effectiveness of many times longer range. Moreover, there is a saving in surgical treatment. The wounds are easily sterilized, because the bullet carries with it no foreign substance or scrap of clothing, as the old bullet did. Of the sixteen men wounded in action and by accident since the corps was landed here only one, a Cuban, has lost a limb. In not a single instance have there been symptoms of pus in the wounds. Manifestly the days of surgical mutilation or cure by amputation have gone by. The hospital ship Solace, superbly appointed and managed, lies in the bay and receives the wounded as soon as they can be carried from the shore. The attending surgeons hold to the humane doctrine of saving rather than destroying limbs. It is possible this war may end without leaving behind an army of legless and armless men.

However, the Lee-Medford rifle, now used by the marines, and an experiment in the service, has been working dire havoc among the men. Already nine have been accidentally shot by their own guns. The blame cannot be attached to the men. They are for the most part veterans in the service. But the mechanism of the gun is too complex, and when the magazine is loaded it is too easily discharged.

Some interest may attach to the impression made upon an intelligent Cuban by the American soldier. Col. Thomas, in command of the 132 Cuban insurgents now in Camp McCalla, has supplied THE RECORD with the following statement in Spanish. The translation follows:

"On June 14 we started out in company with the Americans to attack the column of the Spaniards, 450 strong, who were occupying Cusco with a view to attacking us. We went with but 300 men—250 Americans and 50 Cubans—with their officers, and attacked and routed them. The American soldiers are well disciplined, brave and patriotic, but the climate has told on them. Nevertheless they have endured the marches and the work in the trenches as well as native Cubans, though up to this time they have had no news from the main force. But the Cubans and Americans operate together with perfect amity, and the weather is fine.

"ENRIQUE THOMAS, Colonel.

"June 18, 1898."

While Americans and Cubans will no more assimilate than Irishmen and Italians, they have thus far operated together in perfect harmony. Cubans are absolutely necessary to the army as guides, and there are not lacking indications that the Spanish soldier has a wholesome dread of them in the field. The prisoners taken seem to regard the Cuban a marvel of personal valor. Americans are a new problem to them. It would seem they can hardly realize the Americans did not run away at their first assault, so thoroughly convinced were they when the war began that the "Yankee pigs" could be herded like swine. Francisco Batiste, the Spanish lieutenant captured in the engagement of Cusco and held as a prisoner on board the collier Aberenda, is a fair sample of his class.

"The Cubans are very brave," said he, "and the Americans shoot very fast."

This is the extent of the concession he would make to his conquerors until he had written to his former commander at Guantanamo asking him to care for his family, and received in reply a liberal rebuke for allowing himself to be captured. Since then he praises America as a great and charitable nation, and says he will renounce Spain and take to the mountains as soon as

he is released. His letter was taken to Caimanero, under a flag of truce, and the reply brought back from Gen. Pareja's adjutant was as follows:

"June 18, Caimanero—Senor Francisco Batiste: My Dear Sir: The general directs me to say to you he will not concern himself about your family, which, however, is innocent of the disgrace attached to you for having allowed yourself to be made prisoner, with seventeen men, a force sufficient to have allowed you to open a way to join your command. MANUAL AGUADO,
"Adjutant of the Regiment."

Lient. Batiste is cordially hated by the Cubans, who say he is a native, but is trying to pass himself off as a Spaniard. The fact that he commanded guerrillas is against him, and if our marines had not been near at the time of his capture his throat would probably have been cut without the formality of court-martial. However, his commander did him an injustice in accusing him of surrendering seventeen men, and he was permitted to send back a reply, which may be of interest as an echo of the first Spanish defeat in Cuba. The translation follows:

"Guantanamo Bay, June 20.—In answer to your letter of the 18th inst. I wish to say to you that the general has misinterpreted my previous letter. For in that I said I had been taken prisoner, and, moreover, seventeen soldiers of Simancas, Principe and Guerrillas, but they were not under my orders, because I had only some guerillas of my company, and of the 1st company, 2d regiment—namely, Pedro Manuel Garcia and Luis Tabre—who came to me after being left behind by their force. We hid in the bush, and there found four or five soldiers of Samancas. The other soldiers captured were taken in different groups. They were not with me at all, and in regard to cowardice with which the general charges me, it is false. I have always, and will always, prove it. The enemy outnumbered us. The Cubans and Americans, united, had the best position, in proof of which is the fact that though we came very close we could not dislodge them. Their fire was exceedingly heavy; they had, besides their infantry, a great many machine guns, and were supported by great guns ashore and afloat. We were so badly beaten that, though near our camp, we could not carry off our dead and wounded. Still, if his excellency (the general) thinks I was a coward for surrendering I can't help it. It is my fate.

"I beseech the general to look out for my family, and I beg you, if you see any of them, to tell them of my plight. I had never thought to be so harshly treated by my own people, giving me an unmerited reproach. I have never known fear, and I only desire to so conduct myself as to show this.
"FRANCISCO BATISTE."

It was reported in previous dispatches that several Spanish spies had been captured by Cuban scouts who patrol the roads leading from Caimanero to Santiago. Already eight have been taken and executed after court-martial. An important communication obtained was a letter from Gen. Pareja to Gen. Linares, in command of the Spanish forces in Santiago.

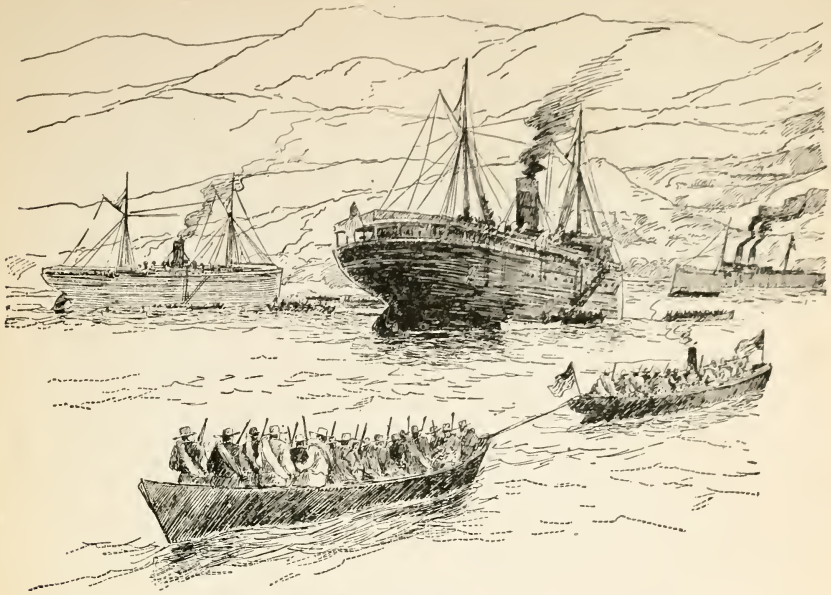
To-day all is quiet at Camp McCalla. Everything awaits the arrival of the army. In case a few troops are landed here an attack will be made at once upon the enemy in Caimanero and Guantanamo. The channels leading to the towns have been dragged for torpedoes, and three have been removed. But when the troops are ready for the attack there will be no hesitation about sailing over any that remain. It is the confident belief of officers and men that before another week has passed Caimanero and Guantanamo will have fallen and the Spanish been driven from this end of the island.

## AFLOAT WITH AN ARMY.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

This is the sixth day "out" for the fleet of troopships conveying from 18,000 to 20,000 armed men to some place in Cuba or on the island of Puerto Rico. It seems absurd that even to-day (June 20) well on our way to the place of hostile landing, with no longer reason for mystery or concealment, out of reach of telegraph lines, far away from mail service, we do not know whether we are to land before Santiago or San Juan. Of course, Gen. Shafter knows, and probably the captains of and navigators of the troopships know, but the private and his officer and his officer's officer and the doctors, chaplains and newspaper men are literally and figuratively "all at sea." It is generally understood that we are going to Santiago. This little uncertainty as to destination is noted here because we are at the parting of the ways; if we turn to the south we go to Santiago; if we keep on east by south we go to San Juan, and over 18,000 men at this moment are keeping close watch of the Indiana to note the direction she will head when the "go ahead" signal is hoisted on the Seguranca.

The fleet of transports with its guard of



LANDING AMERICAN TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI, CUBA.

warships left the bar, or Egmont key, at the entrance of Tampa bay, just before sundown of last Tuesday, June 14. The fleet stretched out on its course almost due south in three lines of ships, the battleship Indiana leading the right line, the gunboat Castine the center and the gunboat Annapolis the left. Far to the right and left, at times so far from the main body as to be below the horizon, were the scout ships or "flankers," as the army officers call them. The scouts not only flanked the moving column of troopships, but they steamed far ahead, and followed behind the triple line of transports.

The soldiers noted their formation and remarked its close resemblance to Col. Wagner's model formation and organization of a moving body of troops in a hostile and unknown country, known as "the formation of security and information." Each transport was assigned its place in the column and was expected to keep that place, with the Indiana setting the pace, and a slow pace it was. The distance between transports in the same line was 600 yards to 1,800 yards, and in a general way this formation was maintained. The first two days the little Bancroft scurried up and down the ten-mile line acting the part of grand marshal of the parade; its executive officer "megaphoning" snappy admonitions and peppery suggestions to the captains of transports who failed to keep their ships in the ordered positions and hold them there regardless of screw-slip winds, waves and other ships. But it was found to be well-night impossible to maintain the distance between ships, the spread of the lines and the ideal formation, and in time the fleet took what might be called its "natural" form and shape, and strung out twenty miles from the advance party to the last scout ship.

The Seguranca, which flies the flag of the 5th army corps at her foremast head, seems to have no particular place in line, for she moves from one end of the line to the other and from one column to the other, its signal officer "wigwagging" energetically all the time, transmitting Gen. Shafter's orders to the ships. The Olivette also is a free lance. She flies the Red Cross flag, for she is the hospital ship of the 5th army corps, and her sole mission seems to be to signal "Have you any sick aboard?" as she steamed in and out and all around the fleet. Up to date only fifteen sick men have been transferred to the Olivette from the transports, and all came from ten ships. None of the sick men seems to be seriously ill. As a matter of fact, almost all of them are possessed of the ability to eat three meals a day, and the doctors say all are "good" cases.

The weather has been all that could be desired; a steady wind from the east cool enough to temper the heat even when the sun blazed directly overhead. The course

lay almost southeast up to yesterday afternoon, so that the ships took the waves in that slanting direction which made comparatively smooth sailing, even for the torpedo boats. Had the course been such that the transports would have wallowed in the trough of the sea the discomfort aboard the crowded troopships would have been increased fifty fold. As it was, comparatively few of the soldiers were seasick. On the Olivette only half a dozen men missed any meals, although a score felt "squeamish" at times. The soldiers took great comfort in the fact that the "seasickest" men aboard some of the transports were the "middies," members of the class of '99 at Annapolis, who act as signal officers of the transports. The boys are on their way to join their ships which are with Sampson's fleet, and they are working their passage. The lads suffered not only from the pangs incident to seasickness, but from the cheek-coloring mortification which served to egg on the "dough-boys," whose hardtack-lined stomachs were proof against combers and rollers. They took malicious delight in openly "guying" the suffering middies whenever an opportunity presented itself. It speaks well for the good physical condition of the soldiers on the troopships that each transport to-day reported that a remarkably small number of the soldiers had been seasick. But the old salts tell us that when we begin wallowing in the trough of the seas while making the Windward passage to-night or to-morrow "Swab-ho!" will be the popular cry on the ships. It is only fair to say that before the troops embarked at Port Tampa the boys in blue and brown frankly admitted they dreaded "seasickness" more than Spanish bullets, and a large majority of them looked forward to the voyage with considerable apprehension.

Just before the fleet of transports left Port Tampa the Olivette was turned into a hospital ship, and when Maj. Appel, commanding the 1st divisional hospital corps, came aboard, the Red Cross flag was run up to the mainmast head, and every man who carried a revolver, rifle, machete or other arm was required to hand it over to Purser Denison. The Olivette also was a water tender. For a week it had been supplying the transports with the clear spring water which it tanked at St. Petersburg on Tampa bay. So it happened that the Olivette was far too busy allaying the thirst of the dry transports to take on enough coal for her voyage to the scene of the war, and when the Seguranca, the last troopship to leave the dock at Port Tampa, steamed south, following the fleet of troopships, the Olivette was watering the City of Washington well down the bay. Then she returned to Port Tampa and spent the night of June 14 coaling up. The fleet left Egmont key at 6 o'clock p. m. June 14, so it had ten hours the start of the hospital boat.

Capt. Stephenson of the Olivette had orders to set his course for Rebecca shoals, off Dry Tortugas, and he steered so well and handled his craft with such skill that we picked up the stern lights of a dozen ships at 10 p. m. Wednesday night when abreast the red and white flashlight, which warns ships off Rebecca shoals. This bunch of dancing points of lights was followed all night, the fleet steaming about six knots an hour, southeast.

Capt. Stevens of the signal corps of the army stood on the bridge of the Olivette, with Capt. Stephenson, to pick up any signals which might be sent back. Shortly after 2 o'clock Thursday morning Capt. Stevens caught a glimpse of something which was black, low in the water and apparently heading directly toward the hospital ship. It was 150 yards distant and almost dead ahead. He touched the arm of Capt. Stephenson and pointed toward the mysterious craft, for it was plainly a boat of some sort. The Olivette was "sheered off" to the starboard, just missing the floating object by less than 150 feet—a close shave, for it developed that the boat was one of the bulky pontoon barges which had broken away from the transport that was towing it.

Daylight found every one on the Olivette wide-awake and on deck, looking at the fleet of troopships, which stretched so far ahead that the leading ships could be distinguished only by the haze of smoke that lay to the southeast on the horizon. We steamed ahead, passing and hailing the stragglers, then the rear ships, and at length drew up not a stone's throw from the Seguranca. Our signal flags, asking "Have you any sick aboard?" receive negative answers from all the ships, and the corps of doctors on the Olivette and the hospital men had nothing to do but take a much-needed rest and acquire a deep rich brown tan.

It is difficult to realize that the half-hundred transports, warships, water boats, pontoon barges and other craft form an expedition which is making history rapidly, although it is crawling over the water at little more than a snail's pace. The latest figures we were able to obtain showed that the army of invasion quartered on the troopships has an effective fighting strength of 18,000 men, exclusive of the men on the warships.

Many of the troopships are crowded to an uncomfortable degree, but from the replies to inquiries put through the megaphone as we passed down the line most of the troops are as comfortable as circumstances permit. The upper decks, roofs of deckhouses and lower rigging of all the ships are black with the men, in clusters and groups, for everybody who can do it is out on deck. The men are in decided neglige; undershirts are the proper caper, and thousands of the men, and not a few officers, have discarded coats, vests, shirts and trousers, and appear in underclothing only. Here and there a rifle barrel

SPANISH RIFLE PITS AND BREASTWORKS AT BAIQUIRI.

is seen. It indicates one of the men on guard, for a guard is set every day, more as a matter of habit than of necessity. These rifle barrels are the only visible signs which serve to draw attention to the fact that we really are on the way to scenes of bloodshed; that we actually are an army of invasion, with 500 rounds of ammunition for every man who carries a gun; with thirty heavy siege guns; with several batteries of light artillery, with a couple of dynamite guns, and 18,000 men who know how to shoot to kill. These are the facts, but it is hard to realize them.

The transports steam methodically and doggedly ahead, making no sound save when the bow splits a particularly saucy wave. There is absolutely nothing in or about the clothing (or lack of clothing) of the men on the troopships to show the wearers are soldiers. From the stern of every ship half a dozen fishing lines string in the wake of the steamer, each line serving to keep a score of men on edge ready to yell when some vagrant and infrequent fish nibbles at the strip of red flannel or bit of salt pork saved from dinner. Occasionally a brass band gives tongue, or a lone bugler practices his calls with the bell of his horn pointing out through a lower porthole. A few bits of colored bunting raised on the distant Indiana bring other bits of colored bunting to the breeze on some other warship, and all the soldiers on the ships make bets and guess as to what the signals mean.

The huge flagship, the Seguranca, can raise a wave of excitement simply by turning in her tracks and steaming back to the Gussie, so that Capt. McKay may inquire after the health and well-being of the 300 mules which the Gussie carries between decks. Apparently mules rank men on this expedition, for the mules aboard the Gussie have been the cause of more signals, more backing and filling, more anxious inquiries and the recipients of more attention form big-titled army officers than have been wasted on half the troops. The Gussie's mules brought the Helena, Olivette, Gussie, Osceola and Hornet to Man-of-War bay, Matthewstown, Great Inagua island, this afternoon. The Olivette has orders to water the City of Washington, which is straggling somewhere far in the rear, but as soon as the tanks of the Gussie are filled with drinking water for the mules we pull out and chase the fleet again, for the City of Washington hasn't any mules aboard. She only has some troops, and they can wait a bit for their water.

The mule episode is one of the few incidents which have served to break the monotony of a six days' crawl over the gulf stream. It is when the sun goes down, and red, green and white lights bobbing mysteriously in the night serve to locate the phleg-

matic transports, that the last vestige of an armed expedition is removed, for then the singing begins.

By orders of Gen. Shafter no lights, save those at the stern, masthead and on the quarters, are permitted aboard the transports. Night seems to drop down suddenly in these tropical waters. The evening is short-lived. The sun goes down, and a few minutes later the stars are blazing and we light matches to find our staterooms. Excepting the lights on the Seguranca, which seems to have been made an exception to the "no-light" rule, only the stay lights, red and green side lights and stern lights of the ships are seen. But out of the dark, sometimes near and sometimes distant, the singing of men comes to the Olivette.

Almost always the songs are the well-known Moody and Sankey hymns, with perhaps "The Suwanee River" or an occasional college chorus sandwiched between the religious songs. These night songs have developed the interesting fact that if you want several hundred or a thousand men to sing one song that song must be either a hymn, a Sunday school song or "The Suwanee River." If one of the popular songs of the day is started on a troopship, perhaps a score of men can sing the words and a hundred may join in the chorus. Almost every man in the fleet can sing the first verse of "America"; nearly all can sing the first verse and chorus of "The Suwanee River," but when the leading singer starts up "Rock of Ages," Hold the Fort," "Just As I Am Without One Plea" or "Jesus Loves Even Me," the chances are that every man on the ship will lift up his voice and sing the song with vigor, fervor and the delight which comes to the ordinary man when he knows the words as well as the tune.

The singing keeps up for an hour or more, then "taps" are sounded and the men try to sleep.

When at 5:30 o'clock this afternoon (June 22) the stars and stripes were given to the Caribbean wind from a rock in front of the Spanish fort on top of Altares hill, over 18,000 men, two score steam whistles and a dozen brass bands gave Cuba an American demonstration that it had never dreamed of. This was after sturdy arms, steam launches and saucy ships of the mosquito fleet had transported nearly 10,000 American soldiers from American troopships to Spanish soil. The flag-raising was a fitting climax to the events of a day which will ever stand as a time-mark in American history. At 10:24 o'clock this morning the first boat carrying soldiers of this army of invasion buried its keel in Cuban sand, just as a score of armed men sprung thigh deep into the water and turned with leveled rifles to the shore.

The Spanish fort which was Americanized this afternoon is one of the little square blockhouses which are found all over Cuba, particularly on the line of a trocha. It stood on the very crest of the bold bluff which rises west of this little iron-mining town. This morning, when the warships were shelling the hills and woods to drive out any audacious or foolish Spaniards who might be lurking near the landing place, the little fort was a target which tempted a dozen gunners, but the elevation was too much for the six-pounders and four-inch guns, and it escaped injury.

A whooping-hurrah blast from the deep-toned whistle of the Mattewan and a wild jubilant yell from the soldiers on that transport caused every man in the expedition to stop whatever he was doing and look around for the cause of the unexpected demonstration. The Olivette was the next to catch a glimpse of the "red, white and blue" flying from the staff where the scarlet and yellow of Spain had fluttered a few days ago, and its whistle began the "whoo-whoo-who-o-up" which was caught at once by every whistle that had a pound of steam back of it, and a quarter of an hour whistle shrieks, cheers, yells, drum flares, bugle calls and patriotic songs were sent up toward that little flag which snapped and waved as though it knew 18,000 men, 500 feet below it, were honoring its stars and stripes. Then the noise ceased, and out of it came the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" from the regimental band on the Mattewan. The soldiers ashore and the soldiers afloat were quiet until the brasses became silent, and then three full-lunged hurrahs crashed against the hill, and the salute to the flag was complete.

Half an hour afterward the flag received a second ovation when it was hoisted on the flag-staff of the blockhouse itself.

When the sun rose this morning the fleet of transports was ten miles out in the Caribbean sea, due south of Santiago. For a distance of twelve miles east from Morro castle battleships, cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats and armed tugs patrolled the shore. The extreme eastern end of this line of marine videttes was a little cluster of red-roofed houses, grouped around the shore end of an iron dock, the property of an American iron company. This is Baiquiri, where the army of invasion landed over half its forces to-day. It looks from a distance of a mile much like a Pennsylvania iron-mining town, although no blast-furnace stack fills in the foreground to dominate the surroundings. The peaks and crests of the Altares hills, which are mountains in fact, form the rim of a cup at the bottom of which crouches the hamlet. The mines are high above the dock, and a gravity tramway adds another Americanism to this tropical nondescript. Several miles north of Juragua is the pass through which the road runs that leads to the back country, and three miles west, on the shore, is another village of the Altares

hills, Auguadores. Baiquiri (it is sometimes called Altares) offered several inducements to a military expedition seeking good landing and camping accommodations. The water is of good depth well up to the shore —a fine thing for transports and warships drawing from fifteen to twenty-seven feet. A dock fitted up for loading vessels with iron ore extends out into the water a sufficient distance to quiet the combers and smooth the breakers, so that rowboats can be beached without much danger of being swamped. A railroad extends to Santiago, and it can and probably will be used to transport the heavy siege guns and ponderous field mortars which promise to play an important part in this little affair. The place is said to be healthful, and it should be, for it is high, dry and seems to have good drinking water. Wide open to an attack from the sea, it is well situated to resist one from the rear and sides, and the breaks in the hills and valleys and gulleys which extend seaward afford abundant opportunities for the guns of warships to cut to pieces any body of troops having hostile designs on the 5th army corps while it is under its pup tents in this valley of the Altares hills.

The first troops landed at 10:24 o'clock this morning, and when the line of boats started for the breakers cheers came from all the ships. Admiral Sampson's beauties gave the army a realistic imitation of a bombardment, for half a dozen warships opened on the underbrush and hillsides with solid shot and shell. For twenty minutes the rapid-firing and machine guns beat the long roll, with the heavy ones coming in with booms and thumps like a great bass drum. The shells ripped through the trees, smashed the cliffs, uprooted great palms and tore up the earth with a vindictive vigor which delighted the soldiers, many of whom had never heard the roar of an eight-inch rifle before. This shelling was simply a precaution. The Cubans had sent word to the flagship that the Spaniards had left the town as soon as the first transports swung into view. In fact, when the troops were in possession of the place there was every indication that the Spanish soldiers realized a condition and not a theory was packed away in the thirty-five troopships. Over 8,000 rounds of Mauser rifle ammunition was left behind; many official papers were found in the house that had been occupied by the Spanish commandant. But the enemy left several souvenirs. To the soldier the most interesting were the rifle pits, which ran in every direction, and the dozen little forts which dot the hills surrounding Baiquiri. The stockholders of the Spanish-American Iron company suffered the loss of some locomotives and a machine shop, for this town is an iron-mining town, owned by a company of American capitalists. When the tacticians of the 5th army corps came ashore and saw the natural defenses of the place they breathed hard for a minute, for they saw at once that a more energetic enemy could have held off the whole expedition, warships and all, with a comparatively small force. But luck has been with the Americans from the day the last transport left Tampa. The surf ran high, and it would have been ticklish business to have attempted to land a few men; it was real peril when it came to landing a boat crowded with heavily armed soldiers. Many boats were swamped. Yet only two men were drowned, and only one was injured seriously enough to get him a billet to the hospital ship, the Olivette. When taps sounded tonight scores of little campfires showed that the invaders had pushed straight out into the hills, so that no Spaniard could creep up through the underbrush and pick off a northern man by shooting at him behind his back.

## LANDING TROOPS IN CUBA.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

For people of retiring disposition who are not willing to encounter the curious gaze of strangers the country around and about Santiago, from Baiquiri to El Cobre, offers peculiar advantages. In most places all that it is necessary to do to escape observation is to lie down. A few steps to one side from any of the so-called roads and you are lost to the world for just as long as you care to be, and unless you are very badly wanted no one is going to spend very much time hunting for you. There are dense clumps of bushes, infinite tracts of cane growth interspersed with knobby cactus, Spanish bayonet and tough brambles with long curved thorns that wrap themselves about the wayfarer and hold to him like octopus tentacles until they are cut to pieces. It is an ideal country for guerrilla warfare.

As we in the transports stood off Baiquiri June 22 and watched the dingy battleships range up in line and deliver their thunderous broadsides at the shores we wondered in our ignorance what it was all for. At first we experienced a thrill of excitement, a fullness at the throat and a quick, cold touch upon the vertebral nerve centers when the white smoke burst from the sides of the vessels, one following another; and we cheered madly, not knowing exactly why,

when the shells struck the hillsides. Vaguely we felt that this was war; that these shots were being fired with stern and deadly purpose. Afterward came the inquiry: "For what purpose?"

To cover the landing, of course, said the initiated. That was in accordance with a suspicion we had entertained. To the westward, where Siboney was half hidden behind a spur of the hills, flames rose and quiverel like opal fires through the smoke; houses were burning, and that was perfectly natural and proper. We could understand why they were shelling the blockhouse, that looked like a bandstand or dancing pavilion perched up on the peaks to the west of the town—for we had been told that it was a blockhouse. But why in the name of all things wasteful were they throwing away good ammunition on those barren slopes in front?

Then came the landing, the long strings of ships boats, loaded down with men until the gunwales seemed to be touching the water's edge, looped together with towlines and dragged through the bright blue, dancing, glancing water by sharp-nosed, anxious little steam launches; there was the jam of craft at the jetty, the momentary expectation of being smashed like egg shells against the slimy piles, and we were standing on Cuban soil and looking about us. We could see then that those innocent-looking hills were covered with brush, in which an enemy might have concealed itself, and that half a dozen batteries might have been hidden in one spot that had looked to us particularly bare.

There had been gay talk aboard the transport of the Cuban senoritas. The susceptible young officers had allowed their lively fancy to paint glowing pictures of their charms. They had dreamed of delicate oval faces, with complexions of olive and sea-shell pink, eyes jet black, flashing or languorous in their glances, forms of voluptuous grace, side curls, hammocks, lace mantillas and fans. Their first sight of a Cuban woman half an hour after landing was a disillusionment. She was sitting in an American rocking chair, the splintered and broken cane seat of which had been supplemented by patches of greasy rawhide, on the porch of a tumble-down building by a stagnant lagoon. Her face, where the dirt allowed it to be seen, was of a dingy yellow hue. She was fat with an oily fatness, and she smoked a cigarette with great composure as she pressed a naked brown baby to her bosom. Behind her chair stood a girl about 12 years old, attired in a scanty calico slip, who combed with a fine-tooth comb the whisps of hair that hung over the back. Another naked child rolled on the filthy floor at its mother's feet.

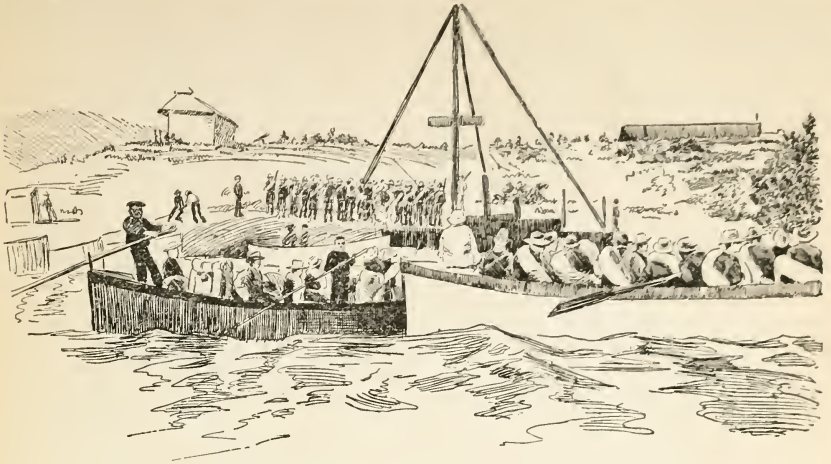
Inside the house half a dozen Cuban soldiers were chattering volubly and excitedly. A shell from the fleet had pierced the side of the building, tearing its way through three partitions and wrecking a bake oven, and their wonder at the force of the projectile was unbounded. They thrust their arms and their heads through the holes in the boards as if doubtful whether to trust their eyes, puffed out their black cheeks and said "Pff—boom!" and then returned to the oven and shook their heads dolefully. It appeared that they had been getting bread baked there, and the destruction of the stone and stucco cooking place was a calamity. A good handy man with mud could have built one in half an hour; they said they would repair it—to-morrow.

A little later, with Capt. O'Neill, I climbed the hill to the still smoking ruins of the roundhouse that the Spanish had burned before evacuating the town. There were a few charred timbers still standing over the mass of twisted bolts, shafts and plates that had been a locomotive. Farther back was an armored car in good condition, and all about were heaps of exploded cartridges that had been thrown into the flames because the owners were too much hurried to take them with them.

Running eastward from the roundhouse was a little straggly street of sun-browned houses, thatched with cocoa leaves, in the shade of which a few men were stretched out asleep. It was evidently siesta time. Even the tiny mule hitched at the corner of the panaderia, or bakehouse, half-hidden by its immense panniers of woven grass, had its eyes closed, and a dog that came trotting down the road and suddenly sat down to scratch himself seemed to be displaying an energy and a directness of purpose that was strangely out of place.

We, too, sat down in the shade, and then it appeared that every one was not drowsing, for we heard the pleasant clink of dishes inside the houses. A door opened and a woman came out and nodded a pleasant "good-day." This one was darker skinned by nature than the first; she was, in fact, black, but comely withal. Her muslin gown was spotlessly clean and freshly ironed, and altogether she looked quite wholesome. She went inside the house almost directly and presently came out again with two steaming bowls of exquisite chocolate, which she offered to us with the prettiest grace imaginable. The Cuban woman instantly went up in our estimation by an incalculable percentage. When we had finished the grateful beverage and had renewed our expressions of gratitude O'Neill asked if chocolate could be purchased in the town. "In Cuba [Santiago], yes," replied our hostess, "but I think they will not let you in. This was some that I had been saving for such an honorable occasion. It enraptures me that the senors have enjoyed it."

The women of the lower classes are here



UNITED STATES TROOPS GOING ASHORE AT BAIQUIRI, CUBA.
[From a photograph taken by Guy Cramer.]

almost without exception negresses or mulattoes, and, aside from some differences in customs and manners, of about the same type as those at home. The Spanish politeness is with them almost exaggerated, and their stock of magniloquent phrases is inexhaustible. There is apparently no prejudice against the negroes in Cuba on account of their race, and the result is that they have a freer bearing. Old and young, the women love to go gaudily dressed. Gowns of brilliant yellow, flaming red and a blue that makes the eyes ache are the rule. The matrons wear turbans and the girls the reboza, a sort of scarf not unlike the woolen "fascinator." The girl babies wear earrings before they wear clothes, and flat band bracelets of silver or copper are not uncommon. They are a picturesque people. Some of the women of the wealthier class I saw in Caney were fair as Scandinavians—so fair that I might have suspected chemical bleaching had it not been for their blue eyes. The majority, however, are dark, and the older they are the darker they seem to get.

One of the greatest needs of the army at the present time is a portable laundry. There are thousands of men here to whom the scarcity of rations or even the prospect of a sudden and bloody death is a matter of minor consequence to the scarcity of clean underclothing. The soldier, officer or private, who has two suits is an aristocrat, and yet two suits of underwear in a tropical climate is not an excessive number. Some hygienic authorities recommend as high as two changes daily, though it is understood as a matter of course that this would accompany a hygienic dietary and baths and things of that sort. A man can retain a remnant of self-respect if he is prepared to change upon an emergency, but if he is compelled to wear the same garments next to his skin for three successive weeks he begins to regard himself with unspeakable loathing. The shirt famine began on the transports. Some of the men bought in Tampa cakes of what was called salt-water soap, with which they confidently expected to be able to remove the camp dust and dirt from their apparel, but the soap was a delusion. In conjunction with the water it produced an oleaginous slime, which caked in the fabric when it dried, and when worn had much the effect of a mustard poultice.

The sight of the streams of sparkling water later on revived the hopes of those who had been longing for something clean, but strict orders were issued almost immediately forbidding bathing or washing of clothes therein. The water was needed for drinking. About the largest vessel of any kind obtainable was a quart cup, so not much laundry work was done for some time. Since then some inventive genius has improvised a washtub out of a rubber blanket, and his example has been followed by all those who had these articles. Rubber ponchos are plentiful, but they are not available, having a hole in the center for the admission of the head. The blankets have generally to be filled with water from canteens, so that the process is slow and discouraging. On the whole, there is not much washing done. As for baths, the only chance is a heavy rainstorm. Then the men strip under shelter

and run out into the open with a cake of soap and proceed to remove the Cuban soil from their persons. A few days ago about forty soldiers lathered themselves plentifully and ran out into the wet. At that very instant the rain abruptly ceased.

## RED CROSS IN CUBA.

BY KATHERINE WHITE.

This morning by invitation from Commander Dunlap, Miss Clara Barton and the Red Cross staff made a call on the United States naval ambulance ship Solace, lying in Guantanamo harbor. As we entered the ship from the fresh sea air our nostrils were greeted by that intangible odor so inseparable from hospitals and so suggestive of clean disinfectants. We first visited the ward, which occupies a large space in the lower deck of the vessel. It is fitted up with ninety-two immovable bunks, built in a double tier, and the tiers separated by narrow passageways.

The patients looked very comfortable and well cared for as they lay in cool, white pajamas. There are forty now in the ward. Most of them are marines who were wounded in the skirmishes at Guantanamo, and there are one or two Cuban soldiers, who fought in co-operation with the marines. Some of the men are only slightly and some are very badly hurt. A shell had exploded right in the face of one man, and his head was entirely lost in bandages. The physician in charge said he was doing well, and would carry but few scars. Another man seemed to have wounds scattered all over his body. One arm was in a sling, the hand of the other arm was plastered over and one leg was swathed in bandages. Miss Barton stopped to ask him a question. He thanked her with a smile, and told her he was doing well. Then she smoothed back his hair in her tender, solicitous way, saying: "You are helping to make the history of your country now, poor fellow."

Directly above the ward on the main deck is the operating room. It is completely equipped with all modern hospital appliances. The dispensary has telephone connections with every other part of the ship, the bathroom has an automatic appliance for turning on water at any temperature, from ice cold to the boiling point. The operating tables, the sterilizers—all are perfect. The vessel is lighted with electricity and electric fans spin in every warm corner. There is an elevator which lifts the stretchers over the ship's rail, carries them up to the operating room, and finally deposits the patients at their bunks in the ward, and all without the painful necessity of much handling. There is an emergency ward also below ready to be filled with swinging bunks. The hurricane deck is reserved for the isolation ward, and should a case of fever be brought aboard the patient would be placed on a cot out under the awning.

Miss Barton in a conversation with one of the physicians asked about the methods of treating wounds, and spoke with much feeling of the wanton way in which amputations were performed during the civil war. I heard her describe how she had seen dismembered limbs piled in heaps reaching to the tops of the tents. The physician hurriedly reassured her. "No, no," he said, "we will have nothing like that; we have not yet found it necessary to amputate a limb, and every effort will always be made to save them."

"And when the enemy have done their worst," Miss Barton said, "and when you have done your best for the men, how many will the ship accommodate?"

"Three hundred and fifty" he answered.

But the easy capacity of the vessel is only 150, and if it becomes so overcrowded the ship will make for some northern port at once and transfer the patients to a land hospital.

The Solace is 370 feet over all and has a displacement of 3,000 tons. Her average speed is fourteen knots. She is painted white, with a dark-green stripe running around her sides, and she flies the Red Cross flag, which insures her protection.

Miss Barton was informed this afternoon by a newspaper man that the battle fought on Friday near Altares was much more serious than was at first reported. The number of killed is estimated at 100, and there were a great many wounded. Much suffering is reported among the disabled soldiers. They were described as lying on the bare floor in an old warehouse. It seems that the army is as yet but inadequately equipped for caring for its sick and wounded. After a consultation among the staff officers of the Red Cross it was decided to go back with the State of Texas to the scene of the conflict, where their services seemed to be most in demand. The ship was immediately put under way, and at 8 o'clock in the evening she is lying in the midst of the transports in Altares harbor and the men of the Red Cross staff have gone ashore to learn the conditions and to offer the services of the Red Cross.

The Red Cross steamer arrived at Key West from Tampa Saturday afternoon, June 17, and lay at anchor in the bight close to the Spanish prizes till Monday morning. When we left Tampa and until a whole day had been passed at Key West no one knew how long the ship would be kept waiting until orders came from the navy department permitting us to proceed to Cuba. Late Sunday evening, while I was talking with friends on the veranda of the Key West hotel, Mr. George Kennan came to tell me to be aboard at 9 o'clock the next morning, as orders had come for the State of Texas to follow the transports to Santiago. The morning of sailing was a busy one for the members of the Red Cross staff. Even the short trip from Tampa had given them a taste of what the hot weather had in store, and as soon as the shops were open there was a general rush to buy all the available summer comforts in the way of light shirtwaists, cool pajamas and white green-lined helmet-shaped hats.

The first day no living thing except the dark porpoises springing up from the sea appeared to break the still monotony of the voyage. The next morning, however, we sighted the low, indistinct line of the Cuban coast, and traveled in sight of land all day. Except for a brief glimpse of a white-sailed schooner that appeared for a short time like a speck upon the horizon, we might have been the only ship on that wide desert of water. No blockading squadron came to interrupt us, not even a patrolling cruiser was anywhere to be seen. In the evening we entered Yucatan channel and the red revolving light of Cape Antonia beamed out like a friendly guiding star. There was a suggestion of home and comfort in being so near the land, even though it was the unhappy island in whose interest we were traveling. Every one came to sit on deck in the cool evening, and Mr. Kennan good-naturedly sang some of his weird Russian songs. The two days following this the Carribbean sea breezes were not so kind, and most of the Red Cross staff experienced all the unpleasant sensations of a rough day at sea. And then on Friday we awoke in sight of Santiago de Cuba province and passed so close to the coast that objects ashore could be distinguished plainly with the naked eye. This part of the country has always been held by the insurgents, and it includes some of the most valuable sugar land in Cuba. The coast rises abruptly from the sea in bold terraces till finally the low hills merge themselves into the lofty Sierra Maestra mountain range, dark-wooded and mist-veiled and holding those mysterious fastnesses wherein the insurgents have so successfully eluded the Spanish soldiers while they subsisted upon the wild fruits and game with which these friendly mountains have so bountifully supplied them. In the distance Mount Torquino looms up, cloud-crested, 9,000 feet above the sea—the highest peak on the island.

Friday night all on board retired in a state of earnest anticipation of what the morrow would bring. Perhaps we would find Santiago in the hands of our own forces, and we could land our supplies and begin at once the relief work we had come prepared to do. Or we might arrive in the midst of a great battle and our ship would be turned into a hospital for the wounded. At all events, every one was prepared and eager to begin work, whatever kind it might be. So the morning found all on deck at a very early hour. An imposing and beautiful scene it was that opened around us. We were lying in the suburbs, as it were, of a great floating city, the war vessels appearing like so many huge mansions as they became more distinct through the rising mist. Close guarding the harbor lay the Massachusetts, and off to the right was the New York, the flagship. In every direction, extending up and down the coast and far out to sea, those dark gray battleships loomed formidable and threatening as they watched the harbor.

The sea, still and blue, lay smiling at the foot of the towering green mountains—calm, serene, superbly heedless of the turmoil in the little hearts of men. As the sun rose higher and we were able with the help of our glasses to distinguish Morro castle frowning from the bold bluffs a feeling of disappointment was experienced on board the State of Texas as the emblem of Spain streamed out from the highest tower. The battle had not been fought after all, and we were in time.

## WITH SAMPSON OFF SANTIAGO.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

To-day has been another time of waiting. The New York, Iowa, Marblehead and some of the other cruisers are at Guantanamo, and Commodore Schley has been watching the harbor entrance. The Spaniards are to be seen hard at work repairing their batteries on the hills, and are apparently in as good condition to resist attack as when first bombarded. They have succeeded in removing one of the masts from the sunken Merrimac and are to be observed daily working at the wreck, their object probably being to rescue the cargo of coal with which she was loaded when blown up. Not only are officers and men tired of the monotony of the situation, but even Commodore Schley is showing signs

RAISING THE ENSIGN ON A UNITED STATES WARSHIP.

of impatience. To-day on the Brooklyn he said:

"It seems to me as though we ought to do something, as we are certainly wasting valuable time. I must admit that while the navy can destroy fortifications it cannot hold them. Troops should be pushed along in numbers sufficient to enable them to do the work. It will be no child's play, and a force of 20,000 men in Cuba will be exterminated. We ought to have 150,000 men on the island now, and I venture the suggestion that 300,000 will be required before we see the end of this struggle.

"The Spaniards are brave men and good fighters. They have trained and seasoned troops to meet our men, and you may set it down as a fact that some of the hardest

fighting over cut out for soldiers is ahead of the men who invade the island. History is repeating itself in this war. We are a confident people and beleve in our abilities, but we have hard, blunt, cold facts to face in war, and the quicker we awake to a realization of the necessities the better it will be for us all. Before we drive the Spaniard from Cuba we shall have to do hard fighting, and to do the sort of fighting that is required we shall need men, and thousands of them. Unless we use the men, and use them quickly, the war will drag along interminably.

"Spain is going to fight hard. She can't do anything else. The capture of Santiago is not going to end the struggle. Havana must fall and other places must be possessed before we make real headway. I may be laughed at and pointed to as one with old-fogy notions, but I know something of war. It is unpleasant businesss. It is cruel and harsh, but if it is to be successfully prosecuted it must be pushed, and the faster it is pushed the sooner it will be over and peace restored. It is not my place to judge, and I do not know what is being done, but I hope that enough men will be landed to make an efficient fighting force. If but a few thousand troops are landed in the island among men familiar with every path and tree and gap, the first victories will not be heavily American, I am afraid, and certainly if Spain overcomes our troops in any engagement, no matter what the odds, the moral effect will be greatly in her favor.

"But it is not my business to discuss these matters, although as an American I should like to see some action which will prove beneficial to our cause. I know that we can whip anything, and I want to see the work progressing and the end in sight. We have the Spaniard penned up in this harbor and we want to get him. I wish he would come out, and in fifteen minutes there would be no Spanish navy. But he will not. I would be willing to make an agreement with Cervera to fight ship against ship. If he will send out the Vizcaya or the Oquendo he may have his choice of the ships in the fleet to tackle. If he wins, let him take our fleet. If we win, let us have his. It would be a good, easy way to settle the matter and the rest could look on and see how it was done.

"Admiral Cervera is evidently reversing all theories of war. He announces the navy as the third line of defense. In the first rank he places the torpedoes and mines in the harbor; then come the fortifications, and, lastly, the ships. We usually consider the navy as the first line, with the others to fall back on when the time comes. But whatever the situation, we ought to do something, and the sooner we do it the better for all concerned.

"I am inclined to believe that the Spaniards are having a hard time of it in Santiago. I suspect that they are greatly in need of provisions, and it is quite likely that they are out of coal for their ships. In going into the harbor we should have some difficulty, as the channel is narrow, even with the Merrimac out of the way. I have been told that when Cervera went in he found it necessary to have some of his ships towed. If this is true, it will indicate what there is to be considered when the word comes for a general attack upon the place and the capture of everything belonging to Spain.

"However, we can get in and do the work when we get the word. I think that the enemy has a wholesome regard for our shooting qualities, and the fact that the big St. Louis went right in under Morro last night looking for the cable convinces me that the trenches are not occupied nor the batteries served any more at night. Since the dynamite boat has been operating at night there appears to be but little disposition on the part of the Spaniards to shoot when our vessels close in to shore, and I am of the opinion that they are lying low and do not intend to answer our fire until the time comes for the final struggle. When that comes we shall take Santiago, and a force of men from the army will hold it; but we ought to have men enough to make a lasting impression. Don't overlook the fact that the enemy is a fighter; that he has had experience and training, and, what is of the greatest importance, is acclimated. It is not to be a walk-over for us, although we shall have victory in the end. And it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the people that we shall require good men, brave men and lots of men before we see the end of this war."

With their great twelve and thirteen inch guns trained on the harbor entrance, the big battleships of the blockading squadron are awaiting the order which will mean the demolition of the Spanish works. Half a dozen times have they destroyed the defenses, but, unable to follow up the advantage with a landing force, have watched the restoration of the batteries day after day, and to-day the enemy is practically in as good condition to resist attack as when Admiral Cervera's fleet was first bottled up in the harbor.

The cruisers and auxiliaries are in their places in the line, and, with the exception of the vessels which steam to Guantanamo bay now and then to coal, there is no change in the situation. A few shots tossed into Morro every day as notice that the blockade is still effective are about the only things to break the monotony of the tiresome wait.

Once beautiful as the "white navy," then smart looking in the gray war paint, the cruisers and fighting ships are fast losing all claim to good looks. Salt water, saltpeter and the effect of the smoke from the batteries in action have sadly marred the beauty of the ships. The paint has been burned or washed off until the steel is exposed. To

prevent rust, red lead has been liberally applied and the vessels look blotched and spattered. The navy is no longer beautiful, but it is more terrible; its gunnery is better than ever, and when a shell is fired these days it strikes its objective and does as much damage in sixty seconds as may be repaired in as many days.

Afternoon concerts have become the fad of the fleet. The New York, the Brooklyn and the battleships all have bands, and the music of patriotic and popular airs is to be heard here in the Caribbean sea from 2 until 4 o'clock every afternoon. It is a pleasing break in the monotony, and is looked forward to with as much interest as any one thing, save, perhaps, an order to drop a shell into the enemy's position—a suggestion which delights the men on the ship designated for the service and sends the "jackies" of the other vessels into rigging and up military masts that they may watch the effect of the firing.

Memories are aroused when the music begins at these ocean concerts. Recollections of good things to eat appear to have the first call. It is not to be wondered at, for "ship's grub" has taken the place of the luxuries, and no matter how much money a man may possess he cannot exchange it for stores in these waters.

As the band of the Oregon was discoursing some of Sousa's music to-day one of the naval reserves from Chicago, turning to a comrade, remarked: "Say, old fellow, doesn't that remind you of fresh lettuce and a nice, juicy steak after a bicycle ride along the Lake Shore drive?"

"You bet it does," returned his companion, "but I would give $1 for a dish of ice cream and $2 for a pound box of chocolate creams this minute. I would give a month's pay if I could break away from beans for a day. It is worse than fighting the Spaniards—a whole lot."

Some of the music appears to have a significance which, if understood by the enemy, might advise him of things to come. The other afternoon the Iowa steamed close to shore as its band was playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," and that same evening the Vesuvius sent three dynamite shells, each loaded with 200 pounds of gun cotton, into the harbor. What damage was done is, of course, not known, but from the fact that the shock was felt on vessels five miles out to sea it is fair to suppose that the Spaniards must have been somewhat startled when the bombs burst in their fortifications.

There is just one growl—a lack of "grub." Rations are getting scarce and the little luxuries are disappearing. The regular bill of fare of a warship is not particularly inviting, and the officers are complaining because the wine mess is running dry and the sailors complain of the scarcity of smoking and chewing tobacco. No store ship has visited these waters since Schley discovered Cervera and his ships, and so, for the most part, every one is down to "war feed."

All sorts of trades are being made. Yesterday the New Orleans gave the Texas twenty-five pounds of tobacco for 100 pounds of ice. It is a great place to trade, and a sailor man will do a day's washing for a plug of tobacco. And, by the bye, washing is a rather serious proposition. Even the newspaper boats, which steam at full speed for twenty hours whenever they wish to cable a bit of news, do not find it possible to employ the laundresses of the Jamaica ports owing to the shortness of the stay and the uncertainty of again visiting the same port. The laundry scheme aboard the Hercules is to tie soiled clothing along a line and hang the rope astern so that it will tow in the wake of the ship and be well churned by the rough water stirred up by the screw. Then the washing is hauled aboard, well covered with salt water and soap and given another bath, after which it is eventually hoisted into the rigging and permitted to flutter in the wind until dry.

Fear of Spanish gunnery has been dissipated to such an extent that all the ships now lie within easy range in order that they may take advantage of the smooth sea close to land. It is almost amusing, this contempt for the shooting abilities of the enemy, and even the apprentice boys aboard the battleships scorn the suggestion that a Spanish shell might land on an American vessel. The little yachts and tugs of the newspaper fleet, looking like toy boats in a park pond as they dodge around the great fighting ships, appear to have absorbed some of the carelessness of their bigger brothers, and cruise along the shore entirely disregarding the possibility of a shot from the ugly looking guns that project their black nozzles from behind the sand works or hug close to the fighters when the action is on, confident that no Spaniard can hit anything at which he shoots.

But all the time a close watch is kept on the harbor entrance. Admiral Cervera is inside, and he may make a desperate fight to get out. Every day the little steam tug Colon, belonging to a Boston man and seized in the harbor of Santiago when war was declared, steams out toward the fleet with a white flag at her house staff and the colors of Spain aft. She carries communications between Admirals Cervera and Sampson relating to the exchange of the eight men who went into the harbor on the Merrimac. The other day she steamed out with a bulky document in which the Spanish admiral informed the commander in chief of the American fleet that he could make no terms of exchange, as the entire matter had been referred to Gen. Blanco at Havana for his decision.

When the Colon first came out of the harbor the day after the Merrimac was blown

WATCHING THE FLAGSHIP NEW YORK FOR ORDERS TO THE FLEET.
[From a photograph taken by William Schmedtgen.]

up it was the good fortune of the Hercules to be close in toward shore and to discover her before she was noticed by the flagship. THE RECORD'S dispatch boat started for her and hailed her before the Vixen went to meet the flag of truce. Admiral Cervera's chief of staff was on board and replied to the megaphone salutation in excellent English, but before conversation had progressed very far the rapid and spiteful Vixen came up at a twenty-knot clip and prevented further communication in a manner more emphatic than polite. It appears to be the policy of the government to attend to its own business in these waters and to resent the kindly offers of assistance which more wide-awake people proffer. Yesterday the Hercules started for the Colon, racing with the battleship Massachusetts for the honor of first speaking her, but the big fellow bellowed an angry "get out" on the steam whistle, and the newspaper boat was obliged to "keep cool and wait."

When the history of the present war is written, honors piled upon military and naval heroes and the new songs dedicated

to the fighting men, the unique part played by the newspaper correspondent in the conflict will be forgotten. His trials and tribulations in following the army; his troubles in finding cable stations; his discouragements and the obstacles met in journeying thousands of miles by sea in search of news, and—greatest of all difficulties—filing it so that it may reach its destination, will have no place in the permanent record of the campaign.

As luck would have it, but three dispatch boats of the newspaper fleet were present when Lieut.-Col. Huntington and his men disembarked at Guantanamo bay, and the first skirmish was witnessed by less than half a dozen correspondents. On the second night, when the Spaniards made a savage attack on the camp, killing four men, and on the third, when two more marines were victims of Spanish bullets, several newsgatherers were in the trenches or marched with scouting parties into the brush.

Sylvester Scovill was there and so was Stephen Crane. Beach from the Chicago office of The Associated Press, Whigham of the Tribune, and Billman of THE CHICAGO RECORD—these completed the roll of correspondents. Not a man of them but was glad that the chance had come to him to see the "real thing." Not only were the men there to represent their newspapers, but every one felt a personal interest in the outcome. The firing became hot, a field piece at the foot of the hill was wanted, the marines were busy, so three Chicago men, Beach, Whigham and Billman, volunteered to drag it into position. They did the work, and as they sought the trenches again a Mauser bullet whistled between Beach and Billman and ended its course only when it stopped the life of Dr. Gibbs, surgeon of marines. It was exciting work for a moment, but not sufficiently stirring to interest Crane, who was calmly sleeping in the main trench, while marines were firing all around him.

When the scouting party marched five miles into the country and destroyed the well of the guerrillas. Beach and Whigham accompanied the expedition. Both were fired on at a distance of 100 feet, one bullet lifting Beach's hat and another grazing Whigham's nose, at the same time throwing his spectacles into the air and making it necessary for him to send to Port Antonio, Jamaica, for another pair.

None of these men would admit that they did anything more than any of the other fellows would have done under similar circumstances, and it is quite likely that they are right, but when the day of reckoning comes it will be found that the newspaper crowd took more chances than the average soldier or sailor, was exposed to fire more times, and had more to combat than the boys wearing the livery of Uncle Sam, whose work is done when the fight is finished and the dead buried.

## CAVALRYMEN AT GUASIMAS.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

It was a hasty breakfast that we ate at Siboney on the eventful morning of June 23—the morning of the fight at Guasimas. Henry Sylvester Ward, the negro headquarters cook, wearied with the hard march of the afternoon before, for the first time had snored through reveille, and being vigorously kicked out of his blankets by a man detailed for that purpose had staggered sleepily over to a half-inclosed garden patch, where the bean vines had been trampled into the loose soil by the hoofs of the Spanish cavalry horses, to begin his usual preparations for the meal. But he had to struggle with dew-wet kindling wood and he was far from being thoroughly awake even when the blaze was snapping the twigs under the coffee pot; so that he drew down upon himself the wrath of Capt. McCormick. That officer had just come down from Gen. Castillo's headquarters, where Col. Wood had been conferring with Gen. Wheeler and Gen. Young. Orderlies were standing outside the gate holding the bridles of four or five horses and half a dozen mounted officers were galloping up and down the road. This was rather unusual at this particular time in the morning, but everything lately had seemed unusual, so that I did not attach any particular significance to the circumstances. But Capt. McCormick was in a hurry for breakfast. I noticed that, and Henry Sylvester was so agitated that he cut a gash in his thumb in opening a can of tomatoes and dropped into the ashes the bacon that he had sliced.

The muster rolls were being called by this time, so I went back to where Capt. O'Neill and I had slept and got my pipe and canteen. When after a protracted search I recovered those necessary articles and returned to the mess I found that nearly every one had eaten. Col. Wood asked me how I had enjoyed my walk from Baiquiri—refering to the march of the day before—and I told him. He smiled in a maddeningly superior sort of way and asked me how far I thought it was. My estimate was fifty miles. His was seven, which he was good enough to extend to nine on pressure;

ROUGH RIDERS PITCHING THEIR TENTS.

but then he rode all the way. "Wait till I make you do twenty-five miles on end," he said, and added: "You may have some walking to do to-day."

He seemed particularly cheerful, and Maj. Brodie, who was finishing his concoction of bacon grease, tomatoes and hardtack, was equally so. Dr. Church, with his twinkling eyes and his long, melancholy face, was stuffing what he called "hay" into his stubby, well-blacked brier. "We're going to toddle into Santiago this evening, farrier," he explained.

Col. Wood jumped up and snapped his watch shut. "We start in five minutes," he said. "Any one who isn't ready will be left behind. Where's Capt. Llewellyn?"

He hurried off and the rough riders formed in their troops before I had finished my coffee. Henry Sylvester bundled his pans and tin plates into a gunnysack without washing them and began to pack up his mule. No tents had been put up the night before, so an hour after reveille had sounded half the regiment was climbing the mountain. Wood and Roosevelt were at the head of the long, brown column. Troop L was in advance, and as I stopped to fill my canteen I caught sight of Capt. Capron's tall figure striding over the bowlders in the steep ascent and stopping now and then to beckon his men on. Before troop A started I got the first definite intimation that there was work on hand—that there was to be a fight that morning.

It was a hard hill to climb, and there were frequent halts. Two companies of the 22d infantry had started for the crest five minutes before to relieve their pickets, who were stationed about two miles along the ridge, and one of these companies was overtaken by the rough riders. They seemed to me to be almost exhausted, and five or six of them were stretched out at full length by the side of the trail, their eyes half-closed, while their comrades struggled on. Many of the men had pitched their blankets and blouses into the bushes, and in one place half a dozen or more packages of coffee had been thrown away. Lieut. Lehy of troop G remarked on this as we passed and cautioned his troop to keep all they had and reach out for more, for they would need it. One of the men followed the advice literally, and was filling his pockets when the command "March" was given, and he was obliged to take his place in the ranks. Within a few days I heard half a dozen men speak regretfully of that coffee.

At last the summit was reached. Looking back I could see the little village still in the deep shadow of the hills, the blackened ruins of the houses which the shells from the fleet had destroyed, the lagoon bordered by its grove of pines where the white tents of the 7th and 17th infantry were pitched, the pearl-gray beach and the gunboats and transports lying at anchor in the bay. To the southeast of the town on the upland mesas along the Baiquiri road were the camps of the 8th and 4th infantry, the 71st New York and the 6th Massachusetts, the smoke of their fires drifting up and mingling with the mountain mists. Another column of men was marching in close order down the valley road. There was some speculation as to who they were. "We're going to have company, any-

way," said Lehy; "they're going in the same direction we are." Then, looking anxiously down at the road where companies were lining up in the road by the camps he added with a disappointed air: "It looks like a general in advance."

"That is a cavalry outfit," remarked Capt. Lema. "There's Gen. Wheeler on the right flank—you can't mistake him."

"Guns to the front! Machine guns to the front!" came down the line, and almost immediately after a shrill "yip yip" was heard from the rear, and four mules packed with the barrels and tripods of the Colts came on a quick trot along the trail, followed by the gun detail. The troopers looked at each other as they passed. "I reckon they've struck some Spaniards," said one. "Don't you wish you was back at Bill William's Forks?"

There was a blockhouse on the side of the trail, where some officers of the 22d infantry stood, among them Capt. Nicholls, who was the first of the American advance guard to see the retreating Spanish. He had some information for Col. Wood. His outposts had heard the Spanish felling trees all through the night, and he believed they were intrenching themselves across the valley about three miles ahead.

Col. Wood had already heard something of the kind, but he thanked his informant and gave the command to resume the march.

While the column was halted I took the opportunity to examine the blockhouse. It was of the usual style—a structure about twelve feet square and twelve feet high to the eaves of the pyramid roof. It was banked up with gravel to a height of about four feet from the floor, where an aperture for firing extended all around the building. The upper walls were of double plank, filled in loosely with stones. A heap of green rushes, evidently used for a bed, was in one corner, and opposite it was a five-gallon tin can filled with rice flour. There was a rough caricature drawn on the whitewashed wall with charcoal. It represented a colossal American soldier—recognizable by his long goatee and expression of extreme terror and anguish—fleeing from a small but resolute Spaniard, who was prodding him behind with a bayonet. The name of the artist, Jose Cuenpagos, was scrawled below.

Outside there was the inevitable surrounding barb-wire fence and a deep ditch.

There was another blockhouse on an eminence across the valley, and it occurred to me that the two, occupied by well-armed men, could have held a considerable force in check. I learned, however, that no attempt had been made to prevent the advance of the pickets at this point.

As we left the blockhouse the trail led into a heavy growth of maingua interspersed with forest trees hung with broad-leaved vines, some of which had been blown down and obstructed the trail at frequent intervals. The ground was still moist from the rain of the night before. There was a welcome shade, and altogether the conditions were favorable for a fairly rapid march. Nevertheless, the progress was slow. At times there was hardly room for more than a single file in the trail and there would be a halt to allow for this formation. There were other halts to await the return of the Cuban scouts sent forward to reconnoiter, though these were seldom long. The column seemed to be cautiously feeling its way.

Now and then we would come out of the semi-gloom of the jungle into open spaces flooded with an intense light that for a few moments was almost blinding. These places were covered with scanty turf, and the few trees were stunted and sometimes leafless. On the left through their gnarled branches there were occasional glimpses of the blue Caribbean, and the sight of the illimitable expanse of water set the hot and already wearied men half crazy with longing.

"How would you like to strip off and let that slop up against you?" asked one.

"It would be all right as far as it went," was the reply, "but there isn't enough of it to cool me off. Let me have a drink from your canteen. I'd drink my own, only I'm likely to need what I've got left later on."

In spite of the fact that the officers had been reticent concerning the purpose of the march, I am convinced that the men expected a fight on the morning of their march from Siboney. They may have been ignorant of what was going on when they were at Baiquiri, but it did not take them long after arriving at Siboney to learn that the enemy had not retreated far when he evacuated the town, and they knew that they were likely to stumble on him at any moment. The only anxiety they expressed was that, tired as they were, they might not be able to make as good a showing as they could have done if they had been allowed a day or two to "get their land legs." For ten days they had been cooped up on the transport, without the slightest opportunity for exercise. There had been a day of inaction at Baiquiri; then they had been marched to Siboney under a torrid sun through a road of alternate dust and swamp—a march that would have required extraordinary exertion of a man in the pink of condition. There were wiry and stalwart fellows in the ranks who, under ordinary circumstances, would have tramped steadily all day without turning a hair, but who were almost completely exhausted by that twenty minutes of hill climbing in the morning.

There was no surprise, then, when after a few minutes' halt word was passed along for silence in the ranks. The men had not been particularly noisy—in fact, Col. Wood said afterward that Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt was the

AMERICAN AND CUBAN SOLDIERS ADVANCING ON SEVILLA, CUBA.

chief offender, and his somewhat impatient order was meant rather especially for him. I was well back in the rear and missed everything but the low-voiced command repeated from file to file and the significant glances.

It seemed a strange, weird thing, that silence. Forward and back, almost as far as eye could reach, these troopers, standing or lounging on the bank by the side of the trail, each as the order found him, motionless, almost breathless, listening.

A cidada suddenly struck up its sharp whirring note in one of the trees, and I saw a man who was half-kneeling start at the sound as though a hand had been laid on his shoulder. Then came a quick footfall on the gravel and Adjt. Hall strode down the line, stopping as he passed to speak to Capt. O'Neill, who at once left Lieuts. Carter and Frantz and hurried forward, returning almost immediately to give the command, "Column right, march!" The troop swung off the trail in the rear of K troop, to whom a similar order had been given, and the troop ahead, which I think was Capt. McClintock's, closed up to the front. D and E troops deployed to the left, leaving L and B troops a little in advance upon the trail. It was all done with wonderful rapidity, but before it was done there was the sound of firing on the right. The battle of Guasimas had begun.

A lieutenant of the 10th cavalry, whose name has escaped me, afterward informed me that as he emerged from a clump of bushes in the valley with his advance guard of four or five men he was fired upon by a body of Spaniards who were intrenched behind a ridge, upon which he fell back on the main body, who returned the fire. Almost immediately there was a volley from the left, where the rough riders were, and where L troop—Capt. Capron's—had gone down into the hollow. After that the crackling of the carbines was continuous and to some extent indistinguishable; yet it seemed that the firing was heaviest to the left, both from our lines and from the front, and I was glad to have it so. I had not a good position for observation, crouched in the bushes as I was. In front of me a few yards in the thicket four or five of the Arizona men were shooting at something, but what it was I could not see. The smoke from their carbines blew back into my face, and that made it more difficult to see what was going on. After a little while Lieut. Carter broke through the bushes on a run, and catching one of the troopers by the shoulder pointed to the slope in front. Following the direction his finger indicated, I noticed a succession of bright red flashes at intervals in a sort of broken belt round the hill. The troopers at once changed their aim, and as they did so I rose and started on a run through an open place for the higher ground. I had not got fifty yards when there was a quick splattering like the first few hailstones of a storm a little in front of me. I stopped and looked back and saw that one of the troopers had dropped his gun and was crawling off on his hands and knees, but his comrades did not seem to have noticed him. I went on and presently had a good view of the 1st and 10th cavalry, who were moving round apparently

with the intention of flanking the Spanish position. The line of the roungh riders, originally a crescent with the horns bending inward, was now straightened out and was swinging around on the right. Back of the lines of the 1st and 10th cavalry a field piece was banging away at short intervals and the shells were plainly creating confusion on the Spanish left.

Slowly—ten, twenty, fifty feet at a time in their skirmish rushes—our men were advancing, and as they went on the Spanish gave ground. The fire was now hottest on the right, and the men detailed from the troops to care for the wounded were all too few. I saw five or six wounded men carried back from this point and as many more lying where they had fallen. Several staggered along to the rear without any assistance, and one I saw fall headlong with a second and a mortal wound.

I ran down the slope, again with the intention of making my way to the left, and struggling through a brake of branches and cactus came upon an open place where a wounded soldier of B troop was lying in the trampled grass with empty cartridge shells scattered about him. I did not see him until he called to me. Then I went up to him and gave him a drink from my canteen—he had thrown his own away with his blanket roll, he told me, when he went into the fight. "It's getting pretty —— hot," he remarked. "Did you see Capt. McClintock? He's down. I think he was killed." I offered to help him to the road, but he refused. "I'll be all right," he said; they'll miss me first of anybody, and Col. Wood won't he happy till he gets me."

The bleeding from his wound had stopped and he really did seem to be fairly comfortable, so I left him and hurried on until I came to a barb-wire fence that had been beaten down by the men as they went through. One thing here that marked the advance was a dead Spaniard with a thin, unshaven face and closely cropped black hair, who lay a few feet from where the straggling line was firing. Two men whose blouses were torn and blood-stained were propped up against fence posts waiting until the hospital corps could get them away and one other was lying prone in the road, looking as if he was asleep. All this time the firing was so constant and heavy that it seemed a wonder that any one should escape. Still the scattering ranks of the rough riders advanced and still the Spaniards went back and back.

I expected more shouting, more excitement generally than there was in the rough riders' battle at Guasimas. In the rushes of our men as they drove the Spaniards back the "cowboy yell" was rarely given, and the officers did not seem to find it necessary to wave their hats or swords to encourage their men to follow them. There was nothing in the manner of any of them, from young lieutenants, like gallant Frantz and Thomas, to the imperturbable colonel, that betokened anything but the most absolute ease of mind, and some of the swords had followed the blankets of the troopers, which had been thrown away on the march that morning.

The men crouched and fired or rose and ran with a grim intentness of purpose and a beautiful responsiveness that left nothing to be desired. There were a good many old soldiers among them, such as Sergt. Walsh, who had served with Custer, Crook and Miles in Indian campaigns; Casti, the trumpeter, who had seen service with the Chasseurs d'Afrique in Algeria; Charley McGarr, with twenty-eight years in the army behind him. But one could not tell veteran from recruit. Those who were hit in many cases refused assistance rather than take their comrades out of the fight.

I caught sight of Capt. Maximilian Luna, and the face of the brave little descendant of the Mexican conquistadores was positively beaming. Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt, who was near him, shouted some remark that I could not hear, and they both laughed. I was rather disgusted with their levity. I could not imagine anything funny enough to make me laugh. I could not help thinking, too, that it would be a point of wisdom to allow the Spaniards to keep their hill, since they seemed so disinclined to give it up. There were lots of hills around, and one more or less would not have been missed so far as I could see. I thought I might suggest to Col. Roosevelt the propriety of going around it, and stepped toward him. Then I wished that I had stayed where I was and stood for a moment considering whether I would get shot most frequently while returning, keeping on, standing up or lying down. Eventually I went on and had the pleasure of seeing G troop make two or three of their rushes under a fire that was cutting up the grass and snipping the leaves and boughs of the trees all around them. The grass was so high that when they were lying down they were almost entirely concealed from any one on the same level; but from above they were in full view, considering which circumstance the Spanish marksmanship was decidedly bad. Burly Capt. Llewellyn offered a particularly good target, and he was extremely careless about exposing himself, but he came out of the fight without a scratch. Several of the officers, among them Roosevelt, took carbines and had a shot or two at the enemy by way of relieving the monotony of directing their men. Lieut. Lehy got two Spaniards to his own gun in this way. Still, apparently, there was not much to shoot at. The smokeless powder that was speeding the shower of tiny steel cones with such terrible force betrayed nothing and the cavalrymen all along the line were firing largely by guess. They guessed well, nevertheless. Those who buried the dead that the enemy

AMERICAN OUTPOST BETWEEN SEVILLA AND SANTIAGO.
[From a photograph taken by William Schmedtgen.]

had left on the field—forty-three, and fifty, according to some accounts—could testify to that.

On the extreme right the 1st and 10th cavalry were executing their part of the contract to perfection. The Spanish position was originally formed in a double crescent and the regulars had driven the left wing back until it was well on the left of the valley road. There it was making a hard stand, knowing that unless the persistent Yankees were held in check the Spaniards would be hemmed in with no avenue of escape. This negative success they achieved—no more. In a short time the final charge up the hill was made, with Roosevelt leading the left and Wood in the center, and the last remnant of the Spanish force fled before the impetuous assault.

There was no immediate pursuit. The ground beyond was broken and in places heavily wooded, and a headlong rush might have resulted disastrously. The 9th cavalry came up just as the fight was over and pushed on, followed by the 71st New York, almost as far as the San Juan river, but there was no fighting for them that day. The chagrin of the brawny colored troopers when they found that the engagement was over was almost pathetic. They had come up over the trail on the double quick, their dark faces aglow with eager excitement and

their broad chests heaving with the exertion of the run. The last time I had seen them before was some six years ago. Then they were pounding along the pine-fringed old Custer road in the Black hills, against a flurry of snow that powdered their blue overcoats until it was a matter of some conjecture where their gray horses ended and they began.

As they had come along the trail these men of the 9th had met the wounded making their way back to Siboney—either hobbling slowly along with the poor assistance of a stick picked up on the wayside or mounted on one of the few mules that had been taken to the front—and the sight of the white, pain-distorted faces and blood-stained garments had stirred them to a veritable battle fury. But their chance was to come later.

The hospital had been placed on the brow of the hill where the fight began, and Dr. Church at the moment I reached it was dressing the shattered leg of a man who ground his teeth and swore fluently and vehemently. It seemed suddenly to occur to the trooper that he was transgressing against military etiquette and he jerked out an oath-punctuated apology for his profanity. Church told him he could swear as much as he liked if it relieved him, so that he did not set the grass on fire. Two men who were awaiting their turns silently watched the operation, and Dr. La Motte was bending over a third, who, stripped to the waist, was lying in the shade of a large tree, his head pillowed on a folded coat. With a sudden shock I recognized this prostrate man as Capt. Capron. I knelt and took his hand; it was cold and nerveless. Looking at the pale face, half buried in the folds of the blue uniform coat, I saw that he was unconscious. There was no need to ask the surgeon how bad the wound was, though I did so.

"He is dying fast," said Dr. La Motte, sadly.

Then some one on the other side of the narrow trail called me, and I found Maj. Brodie with his arm bandaged, leaning against a rock and smoking a corncob pipe with quick puffs. Two bullets from one of the Spanish machine guns had entered his arm and broken it above the elbow, and he was raging because he was too weak to go back and get some more. He was very anxious, too, about Col. Wood, who, it had been reported, was mortally wounded. The surgeons had sent some of the men from the hospital corps to look for the colonel, but up to that time they had not found him. Later Col. Wood disproved the rumor of his death by walking into the hospital to inquire after his major, and there was great rejoicing at the sight of him.

As I spoke to Maj. Brodie Dr. Church came up, wiping his hands on the torn sleeves of a blouse, and, sitting down, told me of the death of Hamilton Fish. He groaned as he spoke of Capron's wound, and, as we looked over at the place where he was lying, Dr. La Motte bent down and placed his ear to the young soldier's breast. Then he laid the hand he had been holding gently down and nodded gravely at us.

Obtaining a list of the casualties as far as it was completed, I walked back to Siboney that afternoon to send back the news of the engagement by THE RECORD'S dispatch boat Hercules. I found that an exaggerated account of the affair had preceded me, and the officers of the regulars who had been left behind were freely denouncing the "criminal rashness" of the commander of the rough riders. The fact that the 1st and 10th cavalry had lost even more men was not then known; in fact, these regiments, which fought so gallantly, were rather overlooked generally, for a time, at least. But I noticed that when Wood and Roosevelt came in the next day they were overwhelmed with congratulations by the same critics.

## EL CANEY'S BLOODY FIELD.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

It is the beginning of the second day of the battle. This morning (July 2) Gen. Lawton's division, the right wing of Gen. Shafter's army, is pushing on to the west of San Juan within a mile of Santiago, having been advanced by the battle of yesterday from beyond El Caney, a distance of about four miles. It is the net result of fighting that cost the brigade about fifty killed and 250 wounded. The Spanish loss is not definitely known. In the fort at El Caney, about which the fighting raged for most of the day, I counted twenty-eight dead and 147 wounded. Here 158 prisoners were taken.

Gen. Lawton's division, the 2d of the 5th corps, to which my attention was entirely devoted, began the battle at daylight yesterday morning. The general scheme of movement for the army was a grand right wheel, the purpose being to place our right wing as far as possible to the west of Santiago. El Caney, a fortified town lying on the main road four miles northeast of Santiago, offered the only formidable opposition, and it kept Gen. Lawton's division occupied throughout the day. At 3 o'clock the intrenched fort upon the hill over the town was stormed and taken, but it was not until 5

THE STONE FORT AT EL CANEY.

o'clock that the enemy's fire from the town was stopped and the little remnant of Spaniards left to defend it was forced to surrender.

At daylight yesterday morning Capt. Capron's light battery of four guns was placed in position on a knoll 2,400 yards southeast of El Caney. Gen. A. P. Chaffee, in command of the 2d brigade, which comprised the 7th, 12th and 17th infantry, held the extreme right and deployed his force in skirmish line along the foothills of the Sierra Madras mountains. Gen. Ludlow, in command of the 1st brigade, the 8th and 22d infantry and 2d Massachusetts volunteers, occupied the center under cover of the battery, and Col. Evan Miles with the 2d brigade, comprising the 4th, 1st and 25th infantry, formed the left wing.

Gen. Chaffee's brigade led off the fighting. With about 200 Cubans under command of Gen. De Coro he began a lively skirmish fire upon the enemy's outposts as soon as the dawning light defined his position. For the first hour the firing was scattered and occasional. But it soon become evident the Spanish were prepared to make a stubborn resistance. Even the most remote pickets fought our advance with grimmest determination. Only by paces was it possible to push them back from the lines of thicket behind which they shot with the deliberate aim of sharpshooters. When driven from this shelter they took up an annoying position in a blockhouse, one of the countless number that top every third hill in Cuba, a thousand yards north of the town, where it was almost impossible to reach them effectively with rifle fire.

In the meantime Capt. Capron's battery had opened upon the fort at El Caney. Along the road leading down to Santiago a long line of refugees could be seen hurrying away from the threatening storm. Mistaking them at first for a column of the enemy evacuating the town, two or three shots were fired near them; but fortunately they fell short. And yet there can be no doubt these accidental shots, harmless though they proved to be, had a bad effect upon the rank and file of the enemy, in that they seemed to confirm the frightful stories of bloodthirsty brutality in Americans which Spanish officers circulate persistently among the men in their command, and impelled them to a resistance against overwhelming odds that would be heroic were it not a consequence of pitiful ignorance. I am convinced by what I saw yesterday when I entered El Caney that every Spaniard taken—men, women and children—expected to be instantly put to death.

But Capt. Capron soon corrected the mistake into which an overzealous aid thrust him. At sunrise we had seen the Spanish flag flung from the fort. It was a good mark, standing out clearly with the full light from the east upon it. A few preliminary shots found the range at 2,450 yards, and then a shell was planted fairly within the inclosure and burst out a great section of the wall.

From this on the bombardment of the fort and the brush on the side of the hill below was constant until 10 o'clock. Gen. Chaffee and the Cubans on the right pushed forward steadily, the latter skirmishing on the extreme flank, and moving to a position as far as possible to the westward, so as to cut off the Spanish line of retreat to the hills. Gen. Ludlow's brigade supported the battery in the front and advanced rapidly in the face of stubborn opposition, going first to the main Santiago highway and then to a position east of El Caney, where he occupied a sunken trail within fifty yards of the town. The banks of the trail gave him an effective breastwork in the event that he should be placed upon the defensive, but it was not deep enough to protect him from the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters hidden within the shambling houses of the town.

Gen. Ludlow's horse was shot under him, and Col. Patterson of the 22d received a bad wound. The 2d Massachusetts suffered severely, apparently because the Springfield rifle with which the state troops are equipped uses black powder that invariably betrays its position and exposes the soldier to well-directed shots from the enemy.

Col. Miles' brigade was moving meanwhile along the left flank of our division. Holding the 1st infantry in reserve, he threw the 25th across the road at a point half way between El Caney and Santiago, around an old Spanish mansion known as the DuCrot house. The 4th infantry, the last to occupy Fort Sheridan, was pushed on to support Gen. Ludlow.

Knowing the significance of these movements of armed men and the burden of suffering pregnant in every one of the countless shots that snapped and rattled now here and now there throughout the beautiful valley in which El Caney seemed to slumber in peaceful security, one could not prevent sad reflections upon wars and the insanity of men who make them necessary. A scene more superb in natural beauty has not been offered since the first soldier of the invading army reached Cuba. From the hill where Capt. Capron's battery poured shot into the little Spanish fort, and where Gen. Lawton remained most of the time directing the movements of his division, the whole valley, from the DuCrot house north, was spread out before us in a great panorama, framed by Mount Cobre and other lofty peaks of the Sierra Madras range. It is the highest land in the island, and yet these mountains are green to the top with semi-tropical growth, only less luxuriant than the valleys. Here, too, the timid mockingbird makes delicious music, for the desolation of war that has nearly depopulated the country districts has left him unmolested. A strange mixture of sound it was, surely, when the thrilling notes

ON THE EL CANEY ROAD.

deep in the brush mingled with the clank of the canteens of men moving off from the trails in skirmish lines.

But the attention is not likely to remain on these matters. Maj.-Gen. Breckenridge, who was present as Gen. Lawton's guest, reminded me that it was the anniversary of the first day of the battle of Gettysburg; but even this is not pertinent. Present events are rushing forward with too great rapidity.

By 9 o'clock the battle was in full heat throughout the right. All three brigades had advanced rapidly, Ludlow having pushed within 100 yards of El Caney and drawn fire from a score of outlying houses. This led to sharp volley firing from the regiments occupying the sunken road and a rain of shrapnel from Capron's battery. Chaffee had pushed the 12th infantry beyond the little blockhouse in his path, and was giving and taking volleys from the enemy's several lines of defense as he slowly retreated upon the fort. From this on until 10 o'clock firing on both sides was ceaseless. The Spanish having no cannon in the fort and the battery upon the hill being beyond the range of the enemy's small arms, our main position was secure. But in the valley there was a continuous rattle of bullets through the foliage of the trees. To say it was like hail is putting it mildly; and yet there is no other simile so expressive as this of the constant play of bullets when they are pouring in fusillades over an intrenched position.

Having by 10 o'clock made his position safe, in the face of opposition infinitely greater than any one anticipated, Gen Lawton sent word forward to desist from the attack for a short while to allow his tired forces to gain a much-needed rest, after the forced marches of the night before. Some of the regiments on the reserve line were able to prepare a cup of coffee, their first food since an early breakfast of hardtack and cold bacon. It was a moment to care for the wounded who were able to get to the rear, and to extemporize hospitals at points convenient to the advance lines. A clump of mango trees beside the main road, 200 yards to the rear of Ludlow's position, was the first hospital station, and here, where the only defense was the lower level of ground, the unfortunate wounded were brought to receive the slight attention that a half-dozen earnest surgeons could afford.

It was not until 1 o'clock that the battle was resumed in earnest. Gen. Ludlow's brigade in the sunken road started it with blasting volleys directed at the enemy's sharpshooters and a small blockhouse at the edge of the town. Gen. Chaffee followed immediately with renewed activity with his assault on the fort. Though Capron's shells had punctured it through and through, and torn down its flagstaff and colors, still the garrison fought with furious desperation. From trenches below the fort, which cannon shot seemed to have no effect upon, they poured repeated volleys at every column showing in their front. The battery struck them repeatedly, but with no result except to temporarily silence them. So persistently was the firing kept up that the belief became prevalent that the enemy was shooting from a covered way. However, it was learned afterward, when the place was taken, that the breastworks were narrow trenches, with perpendicular sides, very simple in construction, but affording perfect protection to the men from exploding shells and from shrapnel except when it burst directly over them.

During Chaffee's last advance upon the fort his brigade suffered most severely. Stretches of cleared land along the hillsides in his front exposed his men to a raking fire from the fort and from a supporting blockhouse a little to the northwest. By quick rushes the 12th and 17th got across these dangerous passes, and at 2:30 the former regiment reached the foot of the hill just below the range of fire from the enemy's pits. At the same time Col. Miles' brigade reached the western side of the town and was prepared to join in a united assault upon the fort.

This was the only spectacular moment in the day's engagement. The pause at the foot of the hill below the fort was for but one moment, to deploy companies for the charge. The 12th stood to its perilous task heroically, and the 25th, on the western side, pushed on with the same intrepidity to clear out the last troublesome enemy from his stronghold.

The charge was a fine one of the old style—a hurrah, then up the steep incline, every man doing his best with gun and bayonet to clear the path before him. From Capron's battery, where the best view was to be had, the gallant fellows seemed like mere ants upon a mole hill. But every dot was a brave man, willing to give his life to be first to reach the summit.

The charge was rapid and soon over. Fortunately for the garrison there was a sufficient guard in the town to cover the retreat of the greater portion, and only a corporal and seven men were found within to surrender the position which it had cost so much effort to subdue.

But the fight was not over when the fort fell. From windows and cellars in the town, and even from a sprawling church of adobe the Spanish kept up a fierce fire upon every person showing himself within range. The 25th was especially hard hit. Lieut. H. L. McCorkle was killed, Capt. E. A. Edwards and Lieut. Murdock were wounded. James Crealman, a newspaper correspondent who followed the assaulting party, was struck in the shoulder, and fell, badly wounded, on the side of the hill. Capt. Walter Dickenson of the 17th was shot through the neck and

A CUBAN INSURGENT—ONE OF GEN. GARCIA'S SOLDIERS BEFORE SANTIAGO.

fatally wounded. Three men from the ranks of the 25th fell, killed instantly, and many were wounded.

It was not until 5 o'clock that firing in the town was checked. A considerable force of the enemy under its shelter was able, however, to cover the retreat of the commanding officer and most of his battalion. By departing from the farther side of the town they reached the cover of the brush without detection, and no one knew of their departure until the Cubans under Gen. De

Coro found themselves opposed to them and were called upon to check their retreat. Col. Gonzales of De Coro's staff tells me that his general and countrymen made a hard fight and that De Coro was wounded. It is feared he was afterward made prisoner by the Spaniards, who seem to have cut their way through without much difficulty and made good their escape to Santiago. Twenty-five Cubans were killed and forty-five wounded in the fight.

It was possible to go to the fort when the 1st was sent up to relieve the 12th and 25th. Had it not been that the sight of death and suffering for two miles back along the road had hardened me to the fiercest hatred of whatever is Spanish, and most of all toward these men who were the immediate cause of it all, the sight would certainly have been extremely revolting. On the slope, in the rifle pits and about the interior of the fort dead and wounded lay so thick that they seemed to fill the place. And yet only the hopelessly wounded were left behind. In a single house in the town 145 more wounded were found. We buried the dead in their own trenches: the wounded were carried to our hospitals—more kindly treatment than they deserved if they were the same men who fired repeatedly upon Red Cross stations and men bearing the wounded from the scene of conflict. An enemy such as this is hardly to be respected.

During the night the reserve of Gen. Lawton's division was advanced along the road toward Santiago to a new position west of San Juan. The formation of the three brigades of the right wing remains substantially the same as it was yesterday, except that the line now faces south, and is directed straight upon Santiago. Just beyond its position is the San Juan river, and the enemy has fortified positions on the farther bank to impede our progress. The fighting from this on is likely to be fierce and sanguinary. The Spaniards cordially hate us and will fight us to the death.

In one of the little blockhouses passed yesterday by Gen. Chaffee's brigade there is a small company of men who say they will never surrender. They are not altogether harmless where they are; but they will not escape alive. From this on frequent sorties upon our position are to be expected. But there is no doubt we can hold our own. More heavy guns would certainly improve our condition, but it is quite impossible to transport them over the road leading to our camp from Siboney. Frequent rains and constant use by supply wagons and pack mules have made it impassable to anything except a good walker or a sure-footed mule. But the commissary department is laboring effectively, and the men are well supplied with bacon, hardtack and coffee except when they are on forced marches.

## WITH GRIMES' BATTERY.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

Orders for the cavalry division to move on to the front were received at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon (June 30). Much to his chagrin, Gen. Wheeler was confined to his Spartan hammock and stretched wagon sheet with an attack of malarial fever. It was suicide, the division surgeon said, for him to attempt to move. Nevertheless, the veteran would have made the attempt but for an assurance that a good rest would probably enable him to travel the next day. Within an hour the division was on the march westward under the command of Gen. Sumner of the 1st brigade, and the sodden heaps of ashes from the fires and the palm-leaf shelters and wigwams were all that remained of the populous camps.

The rain had been pouring down half an hour before, and the men trudged through the mire and water cheerfully. They had been encamped for three days without a change, and the monotony was beginning to pall upon them. Before them marched the "doughboys," and behind them and through their open ranks the field guns ground their way, the mules tugging at their long traces as the drivers snapped the buckskin thongs of their whips about their heads. As far as eye could see the road was bristling with the shouldered rifles and carbines, marked off at intervals with the crimson and white troop guidons and the mounted figures of the regimental commanders. Trains of wagons and pack mules trotting patiently along after the jingling bell of the lead mare brought up the rear.

At Gen. Shafter's headquarters, half a mile past the swollen Aguadores, the cavalry division diverged to the left and struck across a wide meadow that presently brought them out upon a narrow road walled in with almost impenetrable jungle. Along the side of this were camped Cubans by the hundreds, setting about their preparations for the evening meal. They grinned at once amiably and ferociously as the Americans passed, and cried, "Santiago!" pointing westward and making expressive gestures with their black forefingers across their throats.

"God help Santiago if those fellows get in," said a young lieutenant, eyeing them with strong disfavor.

THE "SUNKEN ROAD"—ON THE SANTIAGO BATTLEFIELD.

Hundreds of other Cubans were on the march, slouching along in their rawhide sandals with bundles of provisions strapped on their backs or balanced on their heads, that would have taxed the endurance of a pack mule. About dusk the advance guard reached the old fort El Poso, where Gen. Gonzales had already made his headquarters. About 500 yards from the building—a red-tiled, rambling structure of brick and adobe—one of the hospital corps, noticing a strong odor of decomposition, stepped aside from the trail to investigate. He saw a patch of newly dug earth, from which protruded a human arm and hand. A half-naked Cuban who stood near by smoking a cigarette, explained, "Espagnoles," he said, smiling complacently. Then he opened and shut his fingers twice, tapped the handle of his machete and made the sign of the riven throat.

Col. Gonzales sent up a detachment of his men to slash away the undergrowth on the side of the ridge commanding the Spanish fortifications, and here Gen. Sumner made his camp, using for the ridgepole of his tent the staff of a Spanish flag that had waved above the fort a week before, and then occupied himself with the disposition of his command along the ridge on the left. This took up most of the night, and few of the men had more than two or three hours' rest.

By 6:30 o'clock this morning Capt. Capron's battery was booming away and shells were dropping into the blockhouse above El Caney. About the same time a battery of four field guns, commanded by Capt. Grimes, took up a position on the crest of the hill at El Poso and at 8 o'clock opened fire on the fortifications of San Juan. Twenty-five hundred yards was the range at which the gun was set, but the first shell fell far short in the road that wound up the hill to the red-roofed bastion. The gunners ran forward and pushed the piece back from its recoil, and Capt. Grimes, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, looked carefully along the sights and elevated the muzzle a trifle. A quick jerk of the lanyard, a deafening crash and the shell went rushing over the treetops with a roar that gradually diminished to a whistle and then died away. Then came the distant sound of the explosion, but nothing could be seen.

"Away over," shouted a lieutenant; "try her again."

This time the shell plumped fairly down among the roofs of the barracks, and a big cloud of red dust, speckled and barred with black objects, rose from their midst. The artillerymen waved their hats and cheered wildly, and the Cubans, clustering about the old fort below, yelled their everlasting "Santiago" in sympathy and brandished their machetes.

From that time the shots went in quick succession, now falling to the right and now to the left, but in no case missing their mark. Twenty shells at least were landed where the men behind the ugly little guns wanted to put them.

"I should think they would tire of receiving these," said the Swedish military attache, Capt. Gette. "Have they, then, no artillery?"

The answer came as he spoke. There was a swift rushing, shrieking sound in the air, and a shell burst thirty feet behind the battery and as many yards to the left, scattering

a hail of shrapnel around. There was instant confusion. The Cubans came scampering up from the creek bed, huddled behind stumps, jumped into the great dry cistern in the courtyard, and, struggling into the port itself, filled it to overflowing as though anything that could shut out the sight of the deadly missile would prevent its danger. There were some infantrymen of the 71st New York, raw, untrained, passing along the road to the right of the stream, and their bearing was in marked contrast. Most of them certainly stooped when they heard the terrible sound above them, but it was an involuntary movement. Not one broke ranks or halted in his onward march, and when the danger of the moment had passed they laughed as if it had been a particularly good joke.

Up on the hill the horses of the orderlies were struggling and rearing madly. Some of them had been hit slightly by the shrapnel, and one of the poor little sore-backed beasts ridden by the Cubans was stretched out upon his side, his fore shoulder nearly blown away.

But the gunners were not disconcerted for a moment. Two of the four pieces were pushed into position in an instant and sighted as deliberately as though they were being fired for target practice, champions up, and the score was even with one to decide. Crash went the report of the foremost, and in quick response—almost before the echo had died away—a second Spanish shell and then a third burst, one in front of the gun that had just been fired and the other in a hollow to the left. Private Helm, who was standing at the breech, dropped the sponge he had ready in his hand and fell forward between the wheels dead. George Roberts, his comrade, clapped his hand to his shoulder, where a dark stain was spreading through his blue flannel shirt. A party of Cubans who had been lying in the hollow started out of the brush and ran behind a ruined wall, leaving two men dead and half a dozen wounded and shouting frantic appeals to those within the fort to grant them a little room inside.

Then the second American gun spoke and a wall of a house in San Juan went toppling down; but the concealed battery within the Spanish lines seemed to have gunners no less sure of aim. A shell struck the low earthwork in front of another gun and Private Underwood of A battery pitched forward, killed instantly, just as Helm had been a minute before. Another shell crashed through the tiled roof of the fort, burst inside and killed six Cubans.

For half an hour this duel of artillery lasted, and when it was over the little courtyard before El Poso was strewn with the splinters and slugs of the Spanish shells, and on the ridge to the left, which was occupied by the rough riders of Roosevelt's regiment, half a dozen wounded men were groaning with pain. There was no inaccuracy about the Spanish fire in this instance. The gunners evidently had the range perfectly beforehand. Nor were their guns silenced, for the situation of the battery was not discovered until much later. The reason why the fire ceased when it did is not yet explained.

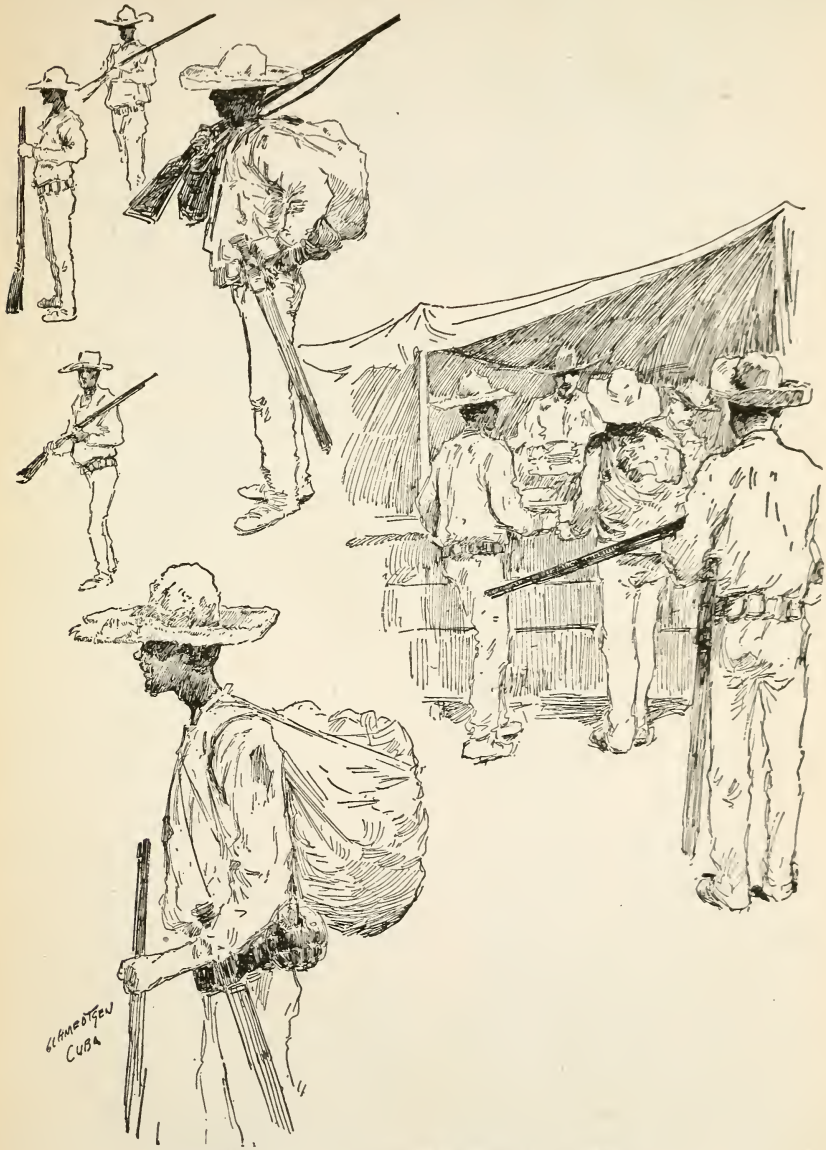
About 10 o'clock the rough riders on the left received orders to close in to the right and advance along a road descending into the plain and leading to El Caney. They marched in column for some little distance, the 9th cavalry on their right and the 16th and 6th infantry on their left. Half a mile from the Marianaje blockhouse, which it was the intention to storm, they deployed into an open field, and under a terrific fire, took their position in skirmish line. Col. Wood and Col. Roosevelt were both mounted and made no attempt to shelter themselves and their men. Roosevelt, still on horseback, led the first charge—a rush of thirty yards—and his voice encouraging his men was heard through all the din of the guns above and the crackling rifle volley below.

Just as the men had lain down after a rush Capt. W. O. O'Neill of Troop A, who was standing in front of the line, faced to his command. "Close in to the right, men, at the next rush," he called. "You will have a better chance there." Then he turned to speak to Capt. Robert Sewall, Gen. Young's adjutant, who had just come up. As he did so a bullet struck him in the mouth and killed him instantly. Lieut. Franz ran up and bent over him for a moment, but there was no time for him to do more than to assure himself that life was extinct. He took command and the regiment swept on.

The fire all the time had been constant, and in spite of the extended order in which the regiment was formed the loss was heavy. Early in the action Lieut. Horace Devereu went down with a bullet in his breast. Ernest Eddy Haskell, the young West Point cadet who was with the rough riders on leave, was next severely wounded. Twelve men in troop A alone were carried to the rear. A final rush brought the 1st, 6th and 1st volunteer cavalry into the blockhouse together, and the position was won.

In the course of the fight Gen. Wheeler, who was carried to the field on a litter, rode by, sitting erect on his bay horse. He was one of the few who did not deign to stoop to the flying shells or pay the least heed to the bullets that whistled thick about him. He seemed particularly in his element. At one time he called: "Keep at 'em! The Yankees are falling back." Then he corrected himself. "I mean the Spaniards," he said. But a great laugh went up and the good old general joined in it heartily.

By night the headquarters of the cavalry division was established on the ridge before San Juan. Capt. O'Neill, who was killed in the fight, was the officer who at the Baiquiri




ISSUING RATIONS TO CUBAN TROOPS—SIBONEY.

landing imperiled his life in the effort to rescue two troopers from drowning. He was mayor of Prescott, Ariz., and long ago established a reputation for the highest courage. At the World's Fair he was at the head of the Arizona commission. In the whole regiment there was not a man more universally loved.

## THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

This has been a great day for the American soldier. He has demonstrated the glorious fact that he can fight equally well on the skirmish line, in a fierce charge up a bullet-swept slope, at bushwhacking and before well-placed and skillfully constructed intrenchments.

The odds were against us to-day, for the enemy had the choice of position; was on the hills while we were in the tangled jungle of the valley and bottom land; lay behind intrenchments, while our boys were in the open; were invisible while the Americans were compelled to act the part of living targets. And yet when the forward movement began it continued steadily until the stars and stripes floated over El Caney and over the blockhouse on the crest of a hill which rises in the southwestern outskirts of Santiago de Cuba.

But these advantageous positions were not gained until 300 Americans gave up their lives and 1,500 had been pulled, dragged, shouldered and carried back to the field hospitals.

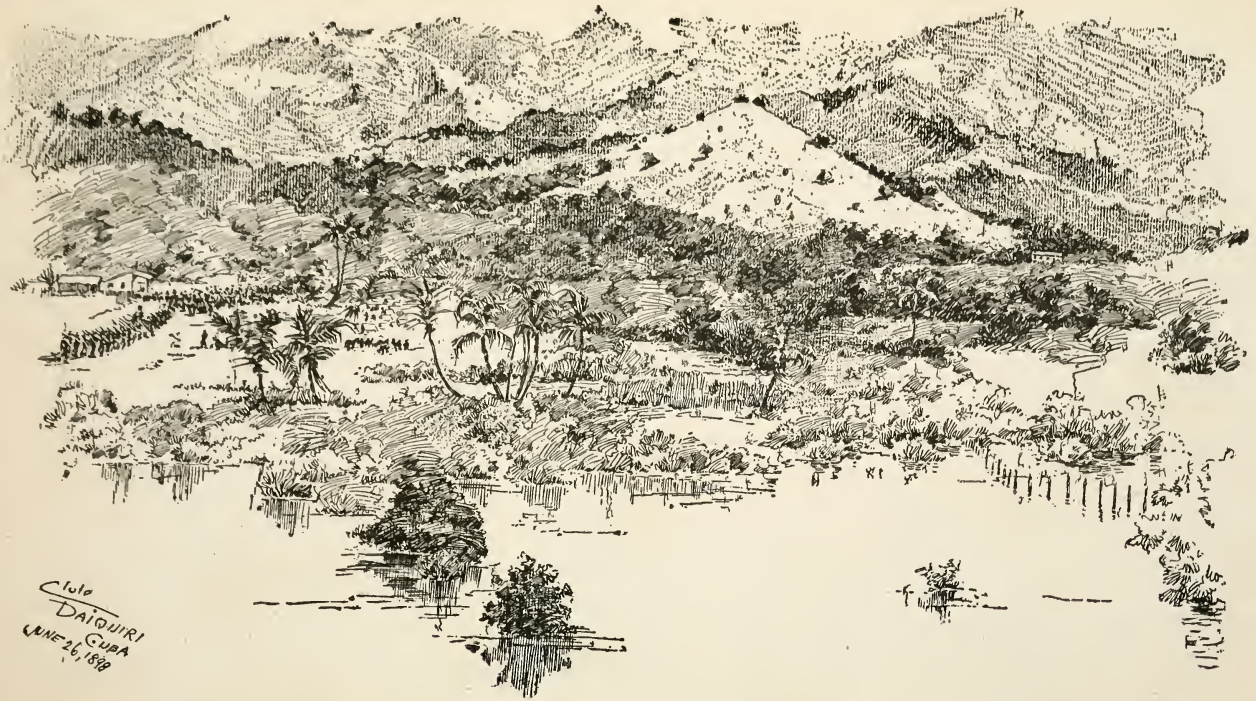
From the top of the hill at the foot of which cowers the red roof of El Poso is Grimes' battery, and standing on this crest the battlefield of to-day is within easy and comprehensive view. With my glasses I could see all points of attack and defense, and with the assistance of an officer in the engineer corps, who has requested me not to "drag me into print," I made a sketch map of the territory embraced in to-day's operations.

To designate in this crudely drawn map the locations of the regiments or even brigades is a matter beyond the power of any one at present. That map must wait until each of the commanding officers has made his report and has marked on an accurately designed map the several positions held by his command from early this morning when the bugles sounded the reveille.

Fort San Juan, El Poso and the hill on which Capron's battery was planted this morning form the three points of a triangle of which each leg is about two miles long. El Caney is 2,400 yards (about a mile and a third) from Capron's battery. The country between San Juan, El Poso and El Caney is heavily wooded, with tangled underbrush and acres of meadow, in which the rank grass grows four feet high. Magnificent cocoanut palms, mango and lime trees and a tropical jungle conceal the land from view, and regiment after regiment crossed El Poso ford, disappeared in this natural labyrinth and was lost to view until maimed, bleeding and woefully diminshed in numbers some of them suddenly sprung out upon the slope of the hill crested by Fort San Juan, poured over the smoke-hidden intrenchments and stood under Old Glory and over a deep trench filled with dead Spaniards, most of whom were shot through the head, and gave three times three and a tiger for the American soldier.

El Poso lies about due east from Santiago, El Caney a little to the east of north, and Capron's battery was northeast of the city. Gen. Shafter's headquarters are a mile and a half to the east of El Poso. The cables have told in condensed form the plan of operations, how Lawton's division—made up of the brigades of Ludlow, Chaffee and Miles, with the assistance of Capron's battery and 3,000 Cubans—was sent to take El Caney, so that our men could hold a position north of Santiago; how Kent's division and Wheeler's independent cavalry division, backed by Grimes' battery, were to "feel" the enemy, and if the "feel" disclosed any weakness in the Spanish lines to push ahead. As a matter of fact, the "feel" failed to find anything but strong positions, held by Spaniards behind embankments which shielded rifle pits and strong fortifications; but the boys pushed forward, advancing nearly three miles and holding the ground thus gained. I have just been told by a staff officer that to-morrow morning Lawton will advance on the north of Santiago and Kent and Wheeler will hold their positions pending the naval fight which is scheduled to come off to-morrow.

All seems to be quiet at this hour (midnight) except the occasional bark of a rifle along the picket line and the moans and sighs which burden the heavy air around the field and divisional hospitals, where the tireless surgeons and Red Cross-marked hospital and ambulance men are caring for the wounded. The merciful clouds which took the sting and death out of the Cuban sun most of the day have passed away and a glorious moon is flooding the battlefield with its light—a blessed illumination, for the search for the dead and wounded is sending groups of soldiers into the guerrilla-infested




BAIQUIRI WHERE THE 5TH ARMY CORPS LANDED.

jungle. The melancholy procession of the wounded, themselves slowly and painfully seeking the surgeon's probe and bandages, still creeping eastward in the sunken road; but those who escaped Spanish shells and Mauser slugs are sleeping on their arms, worn out, hungry and thirsty, but victorious.

Back of us wagon trains are hurrying forward ammunition and food; the aids and orderlies are racing their weary horses from one headquarters to another, and Gen. Shafter, in physical pain and suffering from the heat of the day, is stretched on a camp cot in the open air, dictating orders and receiving reports by the light of the only candle burning in the headquarters tent.

The advance began last night, for the regiments forming the three divisions were marching to their positions all through the darkness. Those who were held in the road by blockades of pack mules, wagon trains and artillery took to the sides of the road, where the men snatched a few minutes sleep. It was a march that tested the endurance and tried the nerves of the officers and men. Late in the afternoon a heavy rain flooded the roadbed and and turned the stiff clay to slippery, mushy mud, which clung to shoes, growing in bulk and weight at every step. Some of the regiments began moving before supper, and until morning their soldiers were forced to quiet rebellious stomachs by nibbling hardtack. It was known that the road to the front was lined by Spanish sharpshooters, who roosted in trees at a safe distance, ready to slide to the ground and take cover in the underbrush. Canteens were emptied early in the march, the men taking the chance of an opportunity to refill them at the streams and small rivers which cross the road. But the leading regiments muddied the waters, and the order, "Move to your positions as rapidly as possible," gave the thirsty men scant time to pick up a supply of water.

So it was that thousands of men stretched themselves flat on the ground this morning, their clothing wet through with the tropical dew and their tongues so dry they were dusty. Scores of men in each regiment "fell out" on the march with reeling brains and throbbing temples, choked by the suffocating heat and humidity. Men threw their blanket rolls away, cast canned meats, hardtack and haversacks into the bushes, rid themselves of everything save the 100 rounds of ammunition, rifle, canteen and mess kit—the most precious belongings of the soldier. The Cubans reaped a full harvest, for they went foraging early this morning and laid in clothing, blankets and provisions such as never before gladdened the eyes of the insurgents.

This morning reveille found almost the entire 5th army corps in assigned position. Capron's battery opened the ball against the blockhouse near El Caney, and at 8 o'clock the first gun of Grimes' battery sent a shell toward San Juan. All this time the cavalry, infantry and Gatling gun battery were slowly making their way over sunken roads and obscure trails, through Spanish bayonet—the wickedest of vegetation—finally arranging themselves into an irregular crescent-shaped line, with wide breaks here and there, the bow of the crescent toward Santiago and each end almost touching a battery.

From the stories told by the wounded the hottest fight of the day came when the 6th and 16th infantry, the rough riders and the Gatling gun section stormed the Spanish intrenchments at the top of Marianaje hill. Twice the Americans made the attempt, and succeeded the second time. This is the way one of the 6th infantry boys described that fight to me:

"We didn't have any show, for the hill was cleared and the Spaniards peeped over the rifle pits and potted us right along. We were in plain view, and they had us at their mercy. Those Mauser rifle balls came down that slope zipping and spitting, while we lay on our bellies giving them shot for shot. We were in front, and then the 16th, or what was left of it, came up by rushes, just as we did, and we were ordered to go up the hill. I hear that the rough riders were there, too, but I didn't see. All I know is that when I looked up that gulch and then up that hill and knew I was going to cross that open space in the face of that hell fire, I got cold all over. I could feel my hair move on my scalp and my teeth chattered. I tried to pray, but I couldn't. I didn't think of my mother or anything like that. I only tried to think of some way to get out of going up that hill. You see, we had scooped out holes where we could, and had piled the sand and clay up in front, but it wasn't any use. The bullets came at you just the same. While I was trying to make up my mind what to do our sergeant jumped up and hallooed: 'Come on, boys; give 'em hell!' and it felt as though he had grabbed me by the shoulders and yanked me out of my cover, for the first thing I knew I was at the bottom of the hill and beginning to go up. Then I heard my lieutenant's whistle, and knew we had to go back for a fresh start, and I lost my nerve and turned and jumped for my cover, but just as I did the man who had been behind me jumped at me, threw his arms around me and we rolled on the ground together. He was shot plump through the head, for I saw the blood belching from his mouth. I don't know why I pulled him back, but I did. He was a 16th man, and was dead when I got him back under cover. So I just lay down behind him.

"Good God! how those bullets did come! It was 'zip-zip-zip' faster than you could count. There right over my head I heard a different kind of bullet singing, and soon I knew they were going from us to the Span-

iards. Then I heard the roll of the Gatling gun, and soon the 'zip-zip-zip' didn't come quite so fast; and then I heard some kind of an order hallooed; then I yelled because the other fellows yelled, and then I jumped for that hill again, and we kept going up, shooting from our magazines. I don't know when we came to the rifle pits. I didn't see a single live Spaniard. No, sir, not one all day. That's God's truth. When I shot I just blazed away where I thought one of 'em was. But I saw a stack of dead ones. They were lying in a ditch near the top of the hill, and every one was shot through the head. I heard our fellows shooting at something on the other side of the hill, and I started to go ahead, and then I got hit right here in my neck and shoulder. You see, I was stooping down, and I dropped, I was so winded and scared."

The Spanish prisoners who were brought in to-night complained that the Americans did not fight fairly. Said one of them, a lieutenant: "When they fire a volley only half fires, and the other half comes ahead, and then they fire and the rest come ahead, and they keep doing that."

The Spaniards, it seems, have become accustomed to the Cuban method of warfare in these lands. The Cubans have a way of suddenly appearing, firing a volley, and then as suddenly disappearing. The Americans advanced by rushes from the first firing line and gave the Spaniards a distinct shock

MAJ.-GEN. JACOB F. KENT.

every time. Every rush meant a gain of from ten to fifty yards, and the only check to our advance during the day came when the 6th and 16th infantry and rough riders tried to carry Marianoje hill.

After the first unsuccessful trial the Gatlings were brought forward, and while our boys were rushing up the slope the Gatling guns swept the intrenchments, weakening the Spanish fire materially. The Spanish

MAJ.-GEN. HENRY W. LAWTON.

ran down the slope back to their rifle pits when our men got close to them, and scores of them were shot in the back by our Krag-Jorgensens. Over sixty-five dead Spaniards were found in the rifle pits and many wounded. That is the report brought back to-night, but the account probably is exaggerated, as all reports are at this time, while the blood is still hot and the scent of blood is in every man's nostrils. It is evident, however, that our riflemen must have seen the tops of Spanish heads, for the majority of the dead Spaniards were shot in the face, forehead, chin, throat or thorax. Nevertheless our men continually cried, "Show us those —— — ——! For God's sake don't keep us here to be shot without giving us a show." And they cursed and raved because they could see nothing to shoot at—nothing but the cleared hilltop, and what looked like a long pile of freshly thrown-up earth.

In the field hospitals and divisional hospital the surgeons noted the fact that a large proportion of the wounded were shot in the head and shoulders, the balls ranging downward, as though they came from an elevated position. Inquiries developed that most of such wounds were got while the men were in the bottom lands, and soon reports came in that Spanish sharpshooters posted in trees were picking off our men. The smokeless powder used in the Mauser cartridges made it extremely difficult to locate the riflemen, for the little dustlike cloud which came from the rifle barrel is so nearly the color of the leaves that the Spaniards were located only when some sharp-eyed

American rifleman caught the flash of the gun.

For hours some of the regiments lay on the side hill, or in a sunken road leading toward Santiago, without the chance to fire a shot, exposed to the bullets from the Spanish firing line, and the sharpshooters in high branches. The carrying power of modern rifles was well shown to-day. The 13th and 9th infantry were held back as reserves until late in the morning, yet many were wounded, although the Spanish firing line must have been 2,000 yards distant. The men were not struck by spent bullets, but were wounded by Mauser steel slugs, which came with enough force to go through the fleshy part of one man's shoulder and deep into the thigh of the man standing behind him.

The Spanish sharpshooters apparently made special marks of the wounded men, who were limping or were being carried along the road. One of the 71st New York men, Scovill by name, brought a wounded comrade to the field hospital. He stooped over to aid the surgeon when a Spaniard in a tree 200 yards away, put a bullet in Scovill's head, and he fell dead. This same Spaniard wounded two of the ambulance corps who stood under the tree in front of the hospital tent, and he put a bullet into the arm of a wounded man an inch from the spot where the first bullet had drawn blood. Then he was driven out by a rough rider who happened along, and who winged him.

Two Spaniards in a palm tree dropped eight of the 10th infantry before they were brought down by American bullets.

While some wounded men were crossing the stream not far from one of the hospitals a squad of guerrillas who had crept down the banks opened on them. The wounded men, weak from loss of blood, exhausted by the long and painful walk (some had limped three miles) and almost prostrated by the heat, fell down in the water when the bullets came at them. Two of them fell face down and, too weak to rise, were drowning in a foot of water. Their wounded comrades tried to save them, and all the time the merciless guerrillas were shooting at them. But a dozen men from the 9th infantry, not far away, came to the rescue, and while half raced up stream for the Spaniards the rest lifted the wounded men from the water and carried them to the hospital.

The balloon had a checkered career to-day. It was sent up back of Gen. Shafter's headquarters, and then was pulled forward along the road by a score of signal men. Maj. Maxfield of the signal corps was in the basket with an officer of the engineer corps. The balloon was hauled far to the front, and as it went bobbing and swaying over the tops of the trees it was in plain sight all the time. "Follow the balloon, boys," was the cry, and the word was passed back to the rear guard. When almost up to the first firing line the balloon was sent up 600 feet and the wind blew it over the Spanish line. The cable held, however, but the Spaniards began shooting at it, and soon the firing became too hot for comfort. It was hauled down, and when it reached a lower level the Spaniards sent scores of bullets into the inflated bag. The anchor was dropped and the balloon hauled down, and it came to the earth between the American and Spanish firing lines. The aeronauts found themselves in most dangerous quarters, so they abandoned the balloon and crept to a place of safety. A report came back that the Spaniards had captured the balloon, but it was the Americans who did it, for by a series of rushes the first firing line was pushed beyond the balloon, and then its Mauser-riddled gas bag was safe from the enemy.

The dynamite gun carried by the rough riders proved a disappointment. It was fired several times, but no one seemed to know how to use it, and it was sent to the rear.

The Spaniards fought well. They have a number of excellent shots who know all the bushwacker's tricks and to-night the Americans entertain large respect for the "yellow canaries."

The fighting began about 7 o'clock in the morning and it was supper time before the roll of volleys, the bark of the light artillery and the crack of rifles ceased. Then orders went back to Siboney to hurry forward every man capable of shouldering a gun and the Michigan men began marching to the front. They should arrive early to-morrow morning.

The hospital corps began getting ready day before yesterday and the 1st division hospital was located a few hundred yards east of Gen. Shafter's headquarters. The first field hospital was established back of Capron's battery. The first wounded man to be brought to the divisional hospital was a Cuban. The first wounded American was taken to the field hospital at the foot of the hill back of Grimes' battery and while Spanish shrapnel was bursting within 100 feet of them the surgeons looked after their wounded in utter disregard of self. Regimental chaplains carried wounded men from the firing line and newspaper men found time to help carry shot cavalrymen out of the sunken road to a safe place beyond.

Urgent cable messages went to the United States to-day calling for more nurses, Doctors, medicines, bandages, nurses, ambulances—everything and anything that will relieve the sufferings of men wounded by Mauser rifle bullets, jagged pieces of shell, stone and wood splinters knocked off by chain shots, are imperatively needed here. The surgeons have worked enthusiastically, ceaselessly and rapidly ever since the first wounded man was carried into the field hospital tent back of El Poso Friday morning. From the firing line back to the Siboney

THE "BLOODY BEND"—THE AMERICANS ADVANCING ON SAN JUAN, SANTIAGO.

hospital the men who wear the Red Cross of Geneva on their left coat sleeves have done all that men can do to repair the damage done by Spanish bullets. But the wounded came in too rapidly. The roads from the firing lines, batteries and rifle pits were too long and rough for rapid transportation, and at one time a large proportion of the 5th army corps was employed carrying wounded men to the field hospitals.

This procession which led to the surgeons left a trail of blood, and little pools of blood lay in the trail. The way was lined with the recumbent forms of men who gave out and who quietly and patiently lay down, waiting for death or a litter. But that which made heavy the heart of every man who viewed the sad spectacle was the sight of the wounded helping wounded; the maimed aiding the crushed; the shattered attending the mangled. Slowly, every step heavy with misery, every foot of advance taken at the expense of physical anguish, the wounded defiled down the trails and roads, helping each other find the Red Cross flag which told where aid and relief could be had.

Ambulance drivers, hospital men and surgeons were heroes that day. They plunged into the very thick of the fight to carry men struck by bullets to a place of comparative safety. I myself saw three hospital stewards—I could not get their names—walk, erect and slowly, into the direct line of fire at the "bloody angle" of Friday's fight, stoop over fallen men, pin on the white tag which showed slight wound, blue and white which marked more serious injuries, and the blood-red tag which meant "urgent case." All around these three hospital stewards soldiers were lying flat, ready to advance with the rush; twigs, leaves, stones and dirt struck by the Mauser bullets floated in little clouds; death was everywhere, and officers were continually urging their men to keep down under cover. But the three men with green stripes on their trousers and a red cross on their arms lifted up the urgent cases and carried them back to the sunken road, where they were safe from further injury for a little while. A dozen times these three unnamed heroes entered that death zone, and then the 16th infantry advanced and completed the work of giving the first help to the wounded.

I mention this instance to show the breed of men who are here without arms and ammunition, incapable of firing a shot, whose duty is such that the wild enthusiasm of the moment cannot spur them to desperate charges or gallant advances, and yet who

calmly and coolly walk hand in hand with death in the discharge of duty.

After a wounded soldier has had his injury temporarily dressed he is sent back to the firing line if the wound does not incapacitate him for duty, or he is sent to the field hospital for further treatment. Farther to the rear is the divisional hospital, where the wounded are sifted out and permanent dressings are put on. The hospital is near Gen. Shafter's headquarters, on the road leading back to Siboney, where the general hospital is located. Every wounded man who could has been sent to this hospital. It is a walk or ride of eight miles. The road is half quagmire and the rest rough and hard. Over this road wounded men have crept, limped and walked, or have been transported in ambulances and springless army wagons.

They have been drenched by the tropical downpour of water called rain; they have been chilled to the bone by the cold of the early morning; they have gone twenty-four hours without food, while on this "hell's boulevard" (as the soldiers call it), and have tasted the agonies of the damned. Some one, somewhere, is responsible for most of this useless suffering. Wagon trains, jerked and yanked over rough mountain roads by six mules, are not the easy-riding, smooth-going ambulances which figure soothingly in general orders and the medical department's reports. Yet these big, lumbering vehicles, designed to carry commissary supplies, ammunition and feed, have been packed with suffering men, who were rattled and banged, tossed and tumbled over rocks, clay lumps, ruts and tree stumps from eight to twelve miles because some one, somewhere, figured it out that we would have a "soft snap" down here, and failed to provide enough ambulances for the tough proposition which we have run into. I am quoting a soldier, who said: "We thought we had a soft snap and we got a tough proposition."

The medical department's quality is way above par. The surgeons, doctors, nurses and hospital attendants are of the best; the appliances are modern; the system and organization are excellent, but the demand is so much greater than the supply that it seems as though inefficiency and disorganization ruled. As a matter of fact, the medical department has done the work of half a dozen departments; otherwise the jungle and hillsides, roads and trails, fields and underbrush between Siboney and San Juan to-day would be dotted with graves and figures of dying men. As it is the wounded have been cared for, and the percentage of deaths in the hospitals will be astonishingly low when the officials reports are made up.

## THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

The Maine is remembered. Spain's fleet in these waters has been annihilated. Five modern cruisers and two torpedo boats are battered, hopeless wrecks along the coast, Admiral Cervera is a prisoner, as are his officers, 600 sailors who swore allegiance to the house of Castile are dead, 1,200 more have surrendered and nearly $15,000,000 worth of maritime property has been destroyed. Our loss on this day (July 3) is one man killed on the flagship Brooklyn and the long, monotonous blockade off Santiago de Cuba has ended in one of the greatest of naval achievements. The unexpected happened when the enemy came out of the harbor. It was met by the expected—the valor, steadiness and wonderful gun fire of the men who wear the colors of Uncle Sam and fight his ships. The navy has simply obeyed orders and the flag which knows no defeat floats proudly in the breeze on this even of the great national holiday.

Sixty miles to the westward lies the Cristobal Colon on her beam ends; fifteen miles from the harbor entrance is the wreck of the Vizcaya, while the Almirante Oquendo and the Infanta Marie Theresa, flagship of Cervera, are beached nine miles away, sorry reminders of once formidable cruisers. The Pluton and Furor have been demolished, evidence that "Dick" Wainwright, late executive officer of the Maine, but now commanding the saucy Gloucester, did not forget that night in the harbor of Havana, while keeping company with the Merrimac, made famous by Hobson, is the Reine Mercedes, sunk in the "S" shaped channel of Santiago beyond the old Morro.

"Two bells" had gone when the New York, flagship of Admiral Sampson, signaled "pay no attention to the movements of the commander-in-chief," and accompanied by the torpedo boat Ericcson steamed eastward toward Siboney, leaving the fleet in command of Commodore Schley. THE RECORD'S dispatch boat Hercules started after, but because of some happy intuition it was decided to stay with the blockading squadron, and so changing course steamed toward the harbor in time to meet the Spaniards coming out, witness the opening of the engagement by ships and land batteries and follow the fight to the finishing point on the firing line, or rather between the opposing forces.

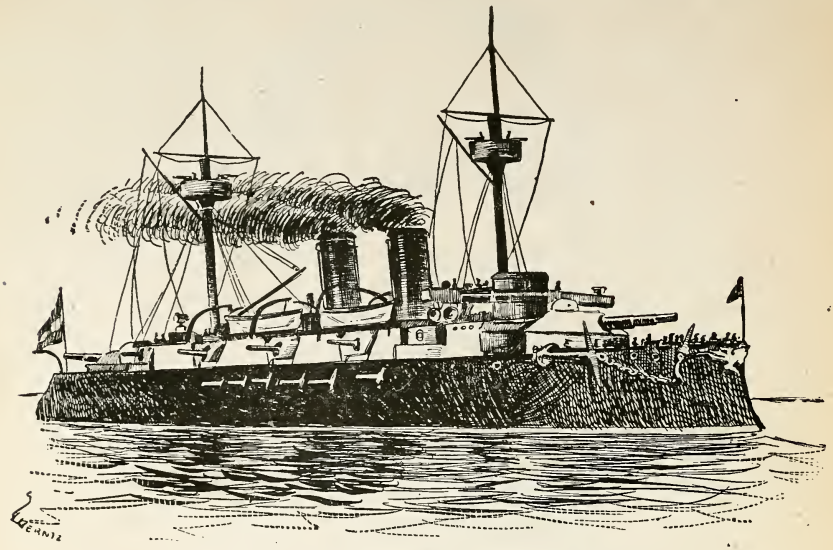
It was just 9:35 o'clock in the morning when the Infanta Marie Theresa cleared the

ADMIRAL W. T. SAMPSON, COMMANDING THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

harbor, fired her forward battery and started to the west. Our ships were bunched some distance to the west of the harbor entrance and the Sunday inspections were in progress as the land batteries opened. Almost instantly came the signal from the Brooklyn, "Clear ship for action," and the buglers sang the thrilling call which sends brave men to quarters where is gained ever-living fame or heroic death, and the fight was on.

Into the open sea, their big guns playing under the turtle-backed turrets, rushed the Marie Theresa, Colon, Vizcaya and Oquendo. Coming to meet them, slowly at first, but with "bones in their teeth," and they gained speed and fairly leaped to accept the challenge, were the Brooklyn, Oregon, Iowa, Texas and Indiana. The converted yacht Vixen was ready for any emergency, and the Gloucester cleared for the fight which will give her and her commander worthy mention in American history when the story of the day's doings shall have become a part of the national record.

Four great battleships began to rain a terrible tonnage of twelve and thirteen inch shells, the eight-inch ammunition of the Brooklyn shrieked and wailed and howled as it flew on its awful course of destruction, the starboard side of Commodore Schley's



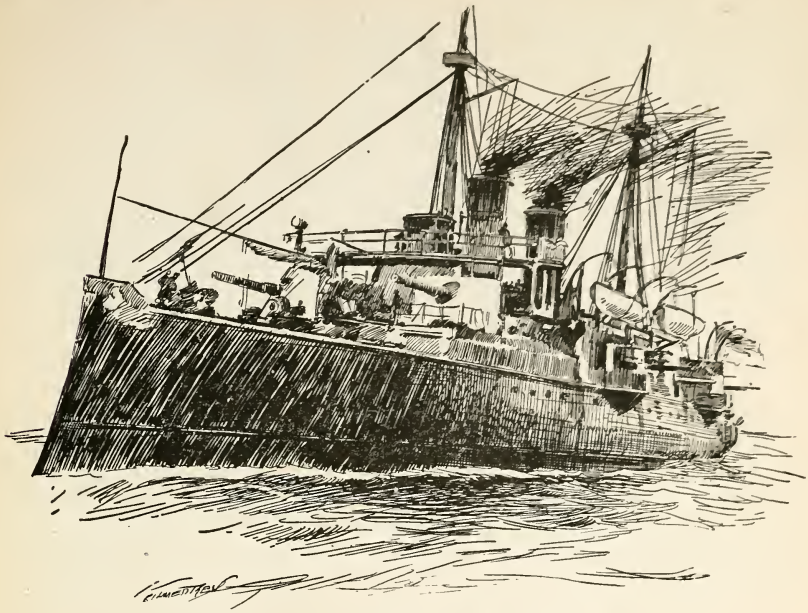
SPANISH WARSHIP INFANTA MARIA TERESA.

flagship was a continuous line of flame as secondary batteries and rapid-fire guns spit their murderous contents with such terrible rapidity that the heavy smoke from the frightful broadsides seemed to be burned up in the dreadful volume of fire as though it was the purpose to consume the smoke in order that its density might not interfere with precision of aim.

As the great ships of the contestants raced away to the west, pounding at each other as ships have never pounded before, the sea churned into immense geysers as the projectiles plunged into the water, the sky darkened by smoke, the atmosphere heavy with saltpeter, out from the harbor steamed the torpedo boats Pluton and Furor. The Gloucester alone was on guard. Her guns seemingly too heavy for her, the chances were favorable to the escape of the long, low black craft as they sped toward the yacht whose unprotected sides and decks appeared to make her easy prey.

It was 10:02 by the clock in the pilot house of the Hercules when Wainwright "rung up" and started for his adversaries. Before his intention was understood by the enemy he was in between the boats, starboard and port broadsides playing furiously, while the Colt machine guns were swung so as to bring their continuous discharge of missiles upon the decks of the enemy. For ten minutes a running fight was kept up, during which time the Spaniards made half a dozen ineffectual attempts to torpedo the Gloucester. The shells from the land batteries fell all about, heavy, black and gray clouds of smoke hung low on the decks, spray covering everything as the projectiles exploded in the seas and sent up great columns of water on all sides. At 10:25 the enemy was silenced and had been driven on the rocks. At 10:35 one torpedo boat exploded and sunk, while the magazine of the other blew up at 11:02. In one hour Wainwright completed his work and furnished proof that his memory was good. He had remembered the Maine.

With the giants of the opposing squadrons the battle, though comparatively short, was furious throughout. Steaming to the west, Commodore Schley had seen to it that the Brooklyn's mark was indelibly stamped on every cruiser of Spain. The flagship alone had five-inch guns, and the scars of their projectiles on Spanish armor plates indicate how well they were aimed. Leaving the Oquendo and Maria Theresa to be handled by the battleships, he sent the Brooklyn speeding toward the Vizcaya. Closing in the Brooklyn started half a dozen eight-inch shells toward the ship, which was rated her superior by some, following them with tons of metal from five and six inchers and one-pounders. Half a ton of steel a minute was hammered against the Vizcaya's sides, the Spanish gunners, unable to withstand the terrible fire, were driven from their pieces, and an evident attempt to ram the Brooklyn



SPANISH ARMORED CRUISER ALMIRANTE OQUENDO.

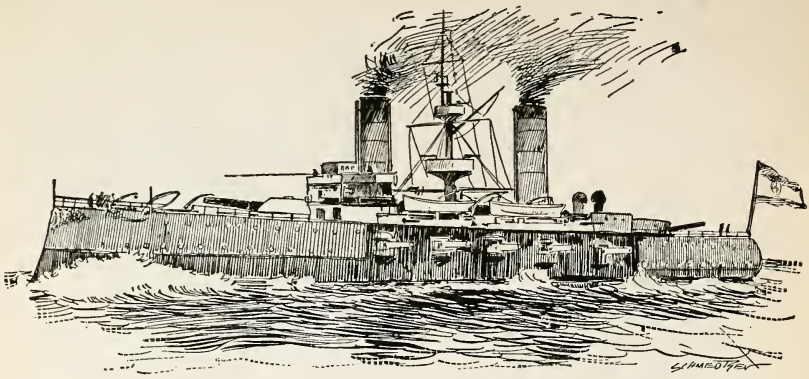
proved futile. The Oregon came on the scene early, adding to the punishment which proved to be so destructive that the Spanish colors were lowered shortly after 11 o'clock.

From the wrecked and helpless Vizcaya the Brooklyn sped on toward the Colon, which was making a desperate effort to escape down the coast. The chase was astern and the chances appeared to be in favor of the Spaniard. Skillful maneuvering, however, and the loyal, energetic work of the stokers enabled the flagship to overtake the enemy, which surrendered some sixty miles beyond the starting point, at about the place where the never-to-be-forgotten Virginius tried to land its expedition.

While the Brooklyn and Oregon were pursuing the Vizcaya and Colon, "Fighting Bob" Evans and good "Jack" Philip were busy. The Iowa, Texas and Indiana, slower than the cruiser commanded by Cook or Clark's speedy battleship, devoted their attention to rounding up the Oquendo and Maria Teresa. Nine miles west of the harbor they encircled the flying cruisers. Outclassed from the start the Spaniards fought like demons. Brave men were serving the guns, and had their aim been as effective as their courage was sublime, some of our men might have missed their mess numbers and a ship or two charged to the price paid for liberty.

At 10:15 this particular part of the battle started in vigorous fashion, the enemy attempting to turn about and retreat to the harbor. The fighting was fierce until 10:40, when both ships of the enemy were set on fire by shells from our ships, driven ashore and wrecked. White flags were displayed ten minutes later. Spanish sailors from all the ships attempted to swim ashore, and some of them reached the land. The majority of the officers, including the Spanish Admiral Cervera, were taken prisoners, together with 1,200 sailors. Six hundred of the enemy were killed.

When the fight began the New York was bound eastward. She put about when ten miles away and returned to the scene, although not in time to participate in the battle. Admiral Sampson reached the Brooklyn just as Commodore Schley signaled that the victory had been won, and soon after sent a dispatch boat to Guantanamo to file the first official bulletin of the event. Early in the afternoon the ammunition ship Resolute signaled that another Spanish battleship had appeared, information which caused some alarm. The fighting ships were away to the west or in the harbor of Guantanamo, while the fleet of transports off Siboney was unprotected. Many of them put to sea and steered a course to the south under full



SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR CRISTOBAL COLON.

steam, but the excitement was allayed when it was found that the supposed enemy was none other than the Austrian battleship Maria Teresa cruising in these waters without hostile intent.

It was the fortune of war that the Hercules should be the only newspaper dispatch boat on the fighting line to witness the engagement from beginning to end, and then start with the story to a cable station before other dispatch boats were apprised of the battle. In writing this account I fully appreciate the fact that any other correspondent in these waters would have taken the same chances, but it so happens that no other correspondent did, because the Hercules was alone on the scene when the fight began and during its continuance.

## AFTER DEWEY'S VICTORY.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

Admiral Dewey is receiving hundreds of letters, bales of newspaper clippings, invitations to "Dewey days," copies of Dewey songs and Dewey poetry, and a good many cablegrams. There are many postcards and a great mass of short notes, all very congratulatory and all very enthusiastic. Some nominate him for president in 1900 and others contribute equally glowing prophecies for the future. One man writes: "Dewey, you are a peach. I'll stick to you till —— freezes over and then I'll stick to you on the ice." Another advises him to keep his health until 1900. A piece of poetry has come from the Topeka Capital which starts out "Dewey was the morning, and Dewey was the man," and follows this brilliant line with others of the same sort. The song "What Did Dewey Do to Them?" has arrived, and if the music comes the song ought to have a good run out here in Manila bay. The other versions. "How Did Dewey Do It?" and "Dewey's Duty Done," have not made their appearance, but they are undoubtedly on the way. A cartoon printed by a San Francisco paper, entitled "Dewey smoke? Yes, Manilas," amused the admiral a good deal. Every mail brings new evidences of the popular enthusiasm that has sprung up in America over him.

What pleased him more than anything else was an account of how his son received the news of the great victory. Capt. Mahan's statement that the battle of Manila bay was the most wonderful ever recorded in history was particularly gratifying to him also, coming as it does from such an eminent naval authority.

Through all this bombardment of compliments and congratulations the admiral has not changed in the least, or indicated by his manner that the tremendous hit he had made is affecting him other than pleasantly. He said this afternoon that while the battle was going on he didn't feel that he was doing anything wonderful. The most trying time was the night trip past Corregidor, for there was then no way of knowing just where the Spanish were or how they would strike. On the morning of May 1, when he could see the Spanish, he felt cheerful and pleasant. The work of leading his six ships in and cleaning out everything in sight was a detail which at the time did not seem so impressive.

In years to come, if the fond hopes of

the Filipinos are to be realized, the 12th of June will be an occasion of rejoicing and jubilee. It will be to the natives of these islands what the Fourth of July is to the Americans. The declaration of independence will be read to the school children, every house will be gay with Filipino flags, and the sounds of parading bands will share the honors with the noisy firecracker and the soaring skyrocket. It will become such an institution that the daily papers will speak familiarly of it as the "Glorious Twelfth," and on the morning of the 13th there will be a great deal of fire news.

On the afternoon of June 12 the formation of a provisional government was officially proclaimed in Old Cavite. A large crowd of natives, numbering between five and six thousand, were gathered in the wide streets of the village, and the principal avenue was gay with triumphal arches. Hastily extemporized flags of the country were liberally displayed from the windows and on the housetops, and a band of music enlivened the eventful occasion. Delegates from the eight provinces of Luzon island were present to represent the Filipinos of those districts. Nearly a thousand insurgent soldiers were drawn up in long columns near the old church and the presence of these added a touch of military impressiveness to the scene. A stand had been erected from which the different addresses were made, and prominent leaders of the movement were on hand to add the necessary oratory to the occasion.

A declaration of independence was read and Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo was elected president of the new republic. Nearly all the official addresses were made in two languages, Spanish and Tagala, and there was a generous sprinkling of applause during their delivery. The general was not present at the time. It was not considered wise to expose him to the possibility of being assassinated, and so he remained in his headquarters in Cavite. Col. Johnson, an American army officer, who is now in command of the ordnance of the insurgent forces, was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. He was borne aloft on the shoulders of demonstrative natives, and on account of his nationality was taken to symbolize the cooperation of the United States in the new movement of independence. Marian Ito Trias was elected vice-president, and Balinero Aguinaldo was proclaimed minister of finance. Daniel Pirondo was made minister of war. During the forenoon Gen. Aguinaldo held a reception at Cavite to the delegates of the provinces and to prominent officers of his army.

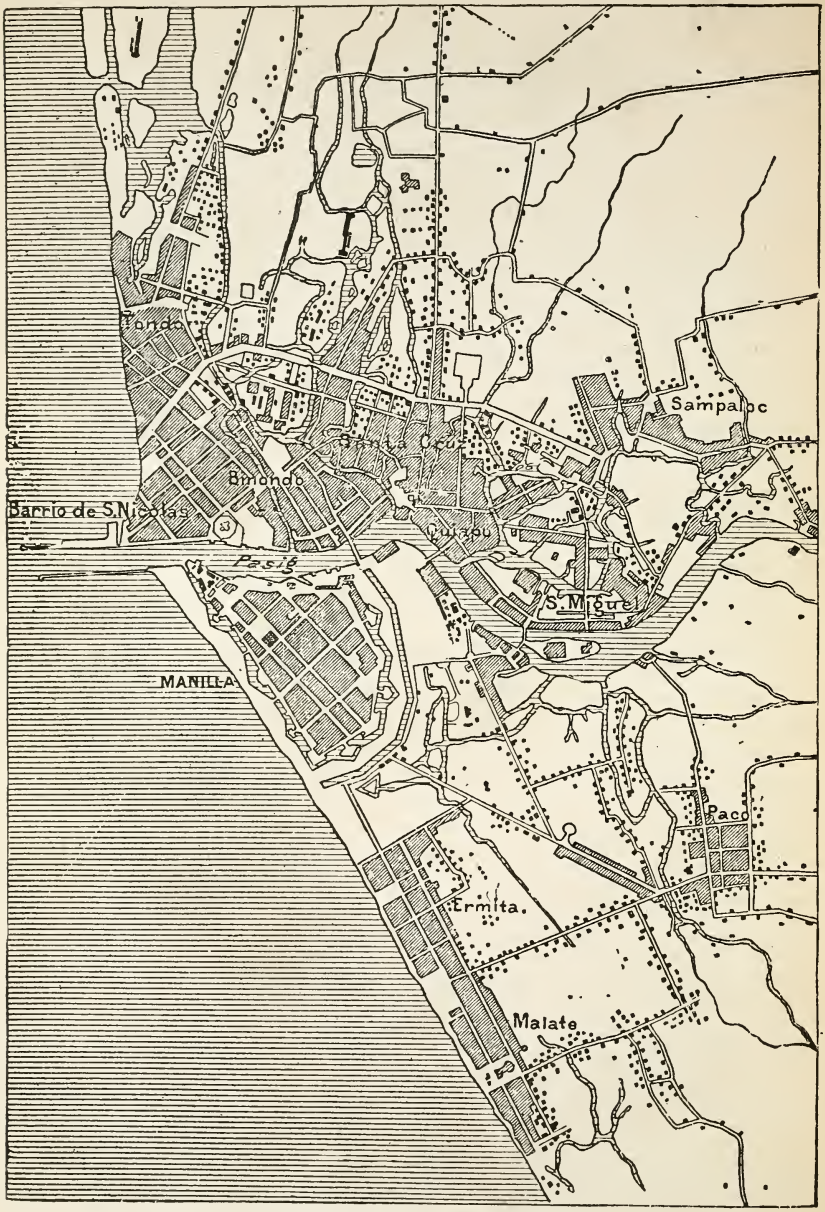
The insurgent operations are still being carried on with the greatest vigor and with unvaried success. San Fernando and Macabaebe, in Pampangas province, has been captured after a long and obstinate resistance. Gen. Ricardo Monet, one of the best fighters on the Spanish side, was killed. Forty officers and soldiers of his force were also killed and between 1,000 and 1,200 captured. The insurgent loss was less and has not been given out at Aguinaldo's headquarters. The wife and children of Gen. Monet were taken prisoners. This decisive fight results in the absolute overthrow of all the Spanish force in that province and its complete acquisition by the insurgents. Nine hundred of the captured prisoners will be brought to Cavite this week.

The subjection of the Spaniards in Pampangas province has taken nearly three weeks of hard fighting. The insurgents under command of Maximo Hisson defeated the Spanish forces at Angeles and Bacolor and finally surrounded them in the two towns of San Fernando and Macabaebe. The latter place was assailed so vigorously that the force attacked attempted to join the other force in San Fernando. The decisive battle took place on Wednesday, the 15th inst., on the road between these two places.

The wife and five children of Gov.-Gen. Augusti were captured near Macabaebe. They will be brought to Cavite and be detained. Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs, commanding the German fleet, has sent a request that the governor-general's wife and children be freed. The request is unofficial. Gen. Aguinaldo has refused to grant this, and it is doubtful whether he could do so if he desired.

The insurgents feel that under the circumstances there will be a cessation of Spanish cruelty to insurgent prisoners of war. Gov.-Gen. Augusti would hesitate to inflame the Filipinos by unnecessary cruelty so long as the fate of his wife and children rests with the insurgent leader. Gen. Aguinaldo says that the kindest treatment will be accorded these prisoners, and justifies himself in detaining them by the thought that the Spaniards will be more merciful to Filipinos prisoners hereafter. He had sent word on more than one occasion that he would kill a Spanish officer for every insurgent prisoner executed by the Spaniards in Manila, but this threat has not been effective. Sympathizers with the rebels have been executed in Manila with hardly any provocation. The uncle of Mr. Arivelo, one of Aguinaldo's staff, was shot in Tondo within the last week, and as a consequence the feeling against the Spaniards is very bitter at the insurgent headquarters.

On the evening of June 20 the insurgents succeeded in taking some trenches near Malate. This position has been assailed for several days, and as it commands the road and approaches to the fort it is of great importance. It was given out that all the insurgent force would attack Tondo, a suburb of Manila, on the same day and would be met




PLAN OF THE CITY OF MANILA.

by 4,000 Spanish troops. This engagement was not fought, and has probably been deferred until later.

Gen. Aguinaldo has removed his headquarters from where he first established them to larger and more commodious ones. The building he now occupies was formerly the official residence of the governor of Cavite. It is a beautiful place, with an immense courtyard. When the governor occupied it Aguinaldo was engaged in a bushwhacking warfare against Spain out in the country back of Cavite. The conditions are now reversed. The governor, Brig.-Gen. Penas, is a prisoner only a few doors from where the insurgent headquarters are, while the former rebel leader sits in the governor's palace, surrounded by his staff and followers. When I visited the new headquarters yesterday there were twenty or thirty officers there who had just come from Hongkong to engage in the revolution. These include many of those who were paid by Spain to lay down their arms and leave the Philippines some months ago. Forty-two men came down on the Kwang Loi last Saturday and will at once be assigned to different posts at the front or on Aguinaldo's personal staff. It is expected that internal dissensions will result from the introduction of these newly arrived insurgents, for among some of the more prominent ones a feeling of jealousy and rivalry toward Aguinaldo is said to exist. The chief concern of many of them is what will become of the insurgent cause if America decides to hold the Philippines. On this question Gen. Aguinaldo has been absolutely silent, but his caution is not observed by some of his followers.

The governor-general at Manila refuses to treat with Aguinaldo in any way or acknowledge his leadership of the insurgents. An instance of his pride and haughtiness was shown last Saturday. He wished to have the wounded Spaniards in Cavite removed to Manila, but he did not wish to be put in the position of asking a favor of Aguinaldo. So he got the British consul at Manila to make the request in his own name, and sent three surgeons under a Red Cross flag and with this order to Cavite.

Two steam launches towing two barges came from Manila to Cavite last Sunday. The Spanish doctors in charge of the mission were Don Juan Domingues Borrajo, Don Jose Balderrama and Don Luis Ledesma. Their crews were Spanish, and natives from Manila. When the surgeons presented the letter from the British consul, Aguinaldo refused to consider it. He felt that such a request should come from some one in Spanish authority, and realized the motives that actuated the governor in refusing to give the mission an official character. He finally agreed, however, after a long discussion, to send the wounded Spaniards to Manila. One hundred and eighty-five of these were placed on the barges and preparations were made to return to Manila. It was then discovered that all the Spanish and native crews had deserted, probably with the intention of joining the insurgents. They had had enough of Manila, for the suffering in the city has become extreme since the rebels have surrounded the city. The Spanish doctors were obliged to return to Manila without their crews. It was further noticed that only the most desperately wounded were allowed to be taken, and those who gave promise of an early recovery were held in Cavite.

On June 9 the governor of Batangas was captured. At the same time Col. Blasques and one commandant, 39 officers and 500 soldiers laid down their arms to the Filipinos. This surrender is remarkable from the fact that only 240 insurgents, under Col. Eluterio Malasigan, effected the capture. Three hundred and thirty-nine of these prisoners were transported to Cavite on the rebel steamers Bulusan and Faleero, and are now imprisoned here.

In Pampanga there was a good deal of fighting. The Spanish force of 300 men was driven from Angeles and Bacolor, and retreated to San Fernando and Macabaebe. When they left Bacolor they burned the town. At Angeles the Spaniards placed women and small children in front of their ranks to prevent the insurgents firing on them, but they were eventually routed. In all the operations in this district there have been only 200 insurgents engaged. The commander of this force is Col. Maximo Hisson.

According to Gen. Aguinaldo's statement on June 14 there were 6,500 insurgents under his command. Of this number 6,000 were armed with rifles and 500 with machetes. Nearly 4,000 are now in the neighborhood of Manila, and all the fighting is converging to that point. The city, as stated in a recent dispatch, is now practically surrounded, and very little, if any, food is getting through their ranks and reaching the people in Manila. On the 13th the insurgents arrived at Caloocan, a suburb of the city, and attacked it. This division of Aguinaldo's force numbers 300 men, and on the day previous to the attack on Caloocan they had captured the three towns of Tinangeros, Malibon and San Jose de Navatos.

The insurgents' force around Manila and the approaches to it number nearly 4,000 men. Gen. Aguinaldo on June 14 gave a list of towns where his troops are stationed, with the number of men at each place. Those mentioned in the first section are situated around the city of Manila, the distances varying from two to six miles:

Novaliches, 100 men armed.
Mariquina, 50.
San Felipe de Neri, 200.
Pasig and Pateros, 200.
Pineda, 300 men and two field pieces. It is this last detachment that has been assailing Malate.
San Petro Macati, 200.

On the southern and southeastern ap-

EFFECTS OF THE BOMBARDMENT OF CAVITE ARSENAL AS SEEN IN ONE OF THE AMMUNITION ROOMS.

proaches to Manila the troops are disposed as follows:

Malibay, 200.
Paranaque, 100.
Las Pinas, 100.
Bakor, 500.
Imus, 400.
Old Cavite, 200.
San Francisco de Malabon, 400.

In addition to the insurgents included in this list there are between 2,000 and 3,000 operating in the provinces in other sections of the island.

The prison life of the Spanish soldiers now confined in Cavite is not a hard one. They are quartered in clean, commodious barracks and have an ample allotment of rations. They have been allowed to keep what money they had and are permitted to buy anything

to eat that they care to. Little fruit shops have sprung up all along before the prison windows, and the natives do a flourishing business in selling chickens, tobacco and fruit to the prisoners. The Spaniards feel tolerably sure that so long as no attempt to escape is made they will not be harmed.

The quarters occupied by these men are very different from the ones intended for the Americans. It was confidently expected by the Spaniards that they would be victorious. Preparations were made for the reception of prisoners. It was arranged that these should be placed in a series of dungeons under the outer walls. These dungeons are built of solid rock, with arched ceilings, and except for a small window on the water front no light whatever enters. They are damp and ill-smelling. On the walls are large spiders, which give a sharp realization of the horror of being imprisoned in one of these dungeons. I saw one spider that was at least eight inches across from tip to tip of its legs. The windows are double-barred, and admit hardly any light on account of the thickness of the walls. Little pools of stagnant water lie in scattered patches on the stone flags. A wooden bench six feet wide extends along the side of the room, and is meant to afford sleeping accommodation. It was in such a place as this that sixty insurgent prisoners died in one night at Manila during the last revolution.

Two topics are now absorbing all the curiosity and gossip on the American ships. One is the arrival of the Charleston and the troopships from San Francisco. They are expected every day, and unless heavy weather delayed them on the Pacific they will be anchored off Cavite within a week. The other topic is the gradual concentration of a powerful German fleet here in Manila bay. Five German warships and one provision ship are now here. Two more of their cruisers are expected on Thursday, at which time seven ships out of eight that Germany now has in the far east will be in Manila bay. Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs, who commands the Asiatic squadron, is already here, and Prince Henry is expected on the Deutschland on Thursday. The significance of this demonstration has created a good deal of speculation and concern.

When it is considered that Germany, Austria and Portugal delayed their expressions of neutrality to an alarming limit, the massing of German ships here at this critical time is regarded as being significant. According to an unwritten law of international courtesy it is unusual for more than two or three ships of a foreign power to gather in a blockaded port. The German interests in Manila are not so extensive as to require a great force to protect them. It is equally improbable that the Germans are here merely to witness the last act of Admiral Dewey's brilliant tragedy. The theory of curiosity could hardly justify them in leaving Kiou-Chou at a time when the Russian and English relations are so strained.

Vice-Admiral Von Diederichs says Germany is making a demonstration here in Manila bay for the purpose of benefiting the trade relations between Manila and his own country. The exact connection between cause and effect in this instance is somewhat obscure.

The Spaniards in Manila, according to the Diario de Manila, look on the Germans as being their friends and sympathizers, and seem to regard the advent of Germany's fleet as encouragement to Spanish interests. The Germans have saluted the Spanish flag on several occasions since Admiral Dewey has established his blockade. This is either an evidence of friendliness to Spain or an exhi-

INTERIOR OF THE FORT AT MALATE, SHOWING WHERE AN AMERICAN SHELL EXPLODED.

bition of great indifference to propriety, for all foreign ships in a blockaded port are allowed to enter and remain through the sufferance and courtesy of the admiral commanding the blockading fleet. Neither the English nor French have saluted the Spanish flag, and only in one instance did the Japanese salute it.

The relations between Admiral Dewey and Admiral Von Diederichs, so far as known, have been very friendly. Social calls have been exchanged, salutes have been given and returned, and the American admiral has extended every courtesy possible. When the Kaiser arrived three days since she anchored near the Olympia until noon on Sunday. One of the petty officers had died on the trip down and it was arranged that the body

should be taken to the catholic cemetery in San Roque for burial. The officer was a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, and the funeral ceremonies were very impressive. All the German and American flags were lowered to half-mast during the morning. A German launch towed three pulling boats containing the funeral party to the landing at Cavite, and from there the body was borne by pall-bearers to the cemetery, two miles away on the outskirts of San Roque. An escort of German sailors followed the casket as it was carried to the burial place, and fired a salute of three volleys as the body was committed to the grave.

After the ceremonies at the cemetery the Germans returned to the Kaiser. Directly afterward the ship steamed over and joined the rest of the fleet off Manila.

It is known that the German emperor is greatly interested in the war now being carried on, and is probably anxious to have his officers obtain as much experience as possible during the operations at Manila. He is having them take photographs of the wrecks here and has instructed his representatives to forward him personal reports in addition to the official ones they are required to send.

While the German officers have been accorded the friendliest treatment on shore, the English officers have been treated with much less regard. Two Englishmen were insulted by some Spanish officers, and the former immediately complained to Gov.-Gen. Augusti. As a result the Spanish officers were reprimanded, and it is said with doubtful veracity that the chief offender was given a term of imprisonment as punishment.

Another incident relating to the attitude of the Spanish toward the English occurred a few days since. A steam launch flying the insurgent flag stopped at the English man-of-war Immortalite and one of the insurgents went aboard. This was taken by the Spaniards as implying a recognition of the insurgent flag. A protest, or rather an inquiry, was sent to Capt. Chichester asking why he allowed the launch flying a rebel flag to come alongside. The captain sent word back that he knew his business, and if any information was desired explaining why the insurgent flag was flying in Manila bay it could be obtained from Admiral Dewey.

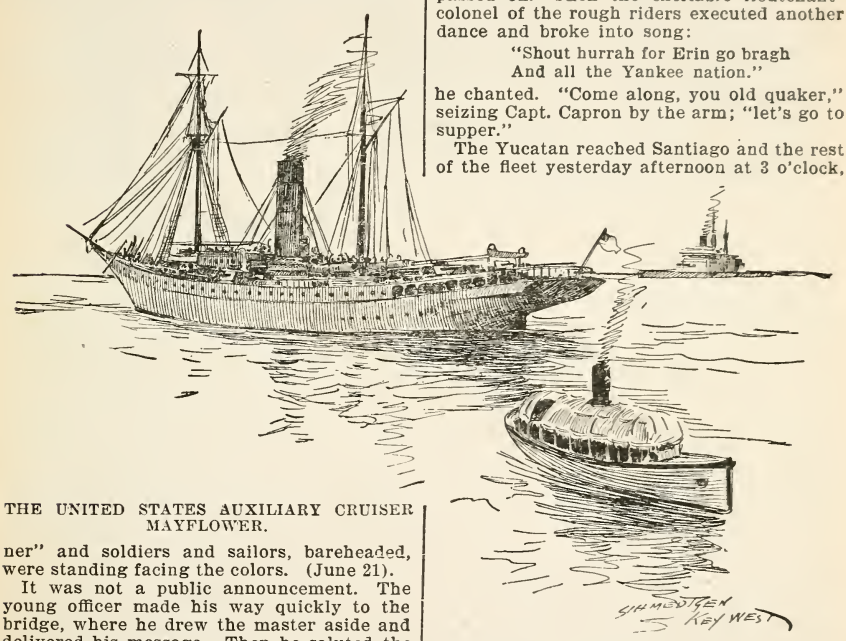
The fact that American interests in Manila are being attended to by the British consul, Mr. Rawson Walker, and all communications between the American fleet and the Spanish authorities have been conducted through the same channel, probably has given the Spanish the impression that the English are particularly friendly to America. The further fact that there have been frequent interchanges of courtesy regarding the taking of dispatches to Hongkong might imply that an understanding existed. This, however, besides indicating a friendly spirit, has no significance. The same invitation to carry mail has been extended by every foreign ship that has gone out of the bay.

Early yesterday morning Admiral Dewey's white launch left the flagship and started toward Manila. Flag Lieutenant Brumby was on board and had been commissioned by the admiral to visit the English ship Immortalite. The launch steamed alongside the ship and Lieut. Brumby mounted the gangway and disappeared within the vessel. Very soon after a launch flying a red and yellow flag was seen leaving the river at Manila, and was thought to be steaming toward where the Immortalite lay. From the Olympia, the flag she flew looked like a Spanish flag, and it was thought an attempt was being made to capture the admiral's barge and Lieut. Brumby. The McCulloch was at once signaled to get under way. Ensign Scott was sent aboard from the Olympia with instructions to capture the steam launch if it flew a Spanish flag, and to protect Lieut. Brumby. The McCulloch immediately steamed toward where the Immortalite lay, only a few hundred yards from the battery on the Manila lunetta. There was a good deal of peril involved in the movement, for an attempt to capture a Spanish vessel right under the big Krupp guns of the enemy would certainly provoke a heavy protest from shore. The steam launch had advanced well within the circle of German vessels lying near the Immortalite. General quarters were called on the McCulloch, guns were hurriedly manned and small arms quickly strapped on the crew. In this state, the American ship steamed well inside the big group of foreign ships so as thereby to intercept the suspicious launch if an attempt were made to return to the river. At this time the McCulloch was hardly 1,200 yards from the shore battery. The boat that had created the stir was cruising among the German ships. She flew an Austrian flag, which closely resembles the Spanish flag. The Austrian consul had come off to pay an official call on the German flagship, and what might have been a thrilling episode ended very peacefully.

# ROUGH RIDERS AT SEA.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

At daybreak to-morrow seven of the transports will line up before Baiquiri, about sixteen miles east of Santiago, to land 6,000 of the invading army upon Cuban soil. The welcome intelligence was brought to Shipmaster Robertson of the Yucatan by a smart young ensign from the Bancroft, who swarmed nimbly up the vessel's side and vaulted over the rail as the 2d regiment band was finishing its usual evening course with "The Star-Spangled Banner" and soldiers and sailors, bareheaded, were standing facing the colors. (June 21).



THE UNITED STATES AUXILIARY CRUISER MAYFLOWER.

It was not a public announcement. The young officer made his way quickly to the bridge, where he drew the master aside and delivered his message. Then he saluted the group of officers and hurried away, jumped into his boat and was pulled rapidly off to his ship. Long before he reached her Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt, who with Col. Wood had been questioning the master, was dancing a jubilant heel-and-toe dance on the swaying deck and beaming through his spectacles on the expectant crowd. "We land to-morrow," he said. "Hooray!"

There was a general demonstration of joy for five minutes later, when the little Castine, flying what looked like the five of clubs at her signal halyards, drew near. Her officers were at the megaphone and everybody crowded to the side to hear what the message was. "Be ready to land at daybreak," yelled the commander of the little gunboat. "The Castine will lead the column." A simultaneous whoop of delight burst from the throats of the delay-sickened men and every hat was swinging around its owner's head. "Good luck to you all, and all our regards to Col. Roosevelt." Col. Roosevelt waved his hat and shouted his acknowledgments. Followed by a storm of cheering the Castine passed on. Then the excitable lieutenant-colonel of the rough riders executed another dance and broke into song:

"Shout hurrah for Erin go bragh
And all the Yankee nation."

he chanted. "Come along, you old quaker," seizing Capt. Capron by the arm; "let's go to supper."

The Yucatan reached Santiago and the rest of the fleet yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, or, rather, she reached a point from which we on board could barely make out the narrow opening to the bay. By the aid of glasses we could distinguish Morro castle and the funnels of Admiral Sampson's fleet keeping watch and ward about this gap. Over the mountain and the town rain clouds hung darkly and at times obscured everything from view. Now and again came a faint booming sound across the water. Was it firing? We watched with strained eyes, and presently, as the somber rain curtain lifted for a moment, we saw the quick flashes of the guns of the blockaders, and then, after a few

moments' interval, again the sullen booming sound. Then signals went up on the flagships and the transports slowly moved westward and out to sea.

A morning landing was confidently expected, but instead the vessels moved slowly about, rocking in the heavy ground swell, and then took a northeast course. In the afternoon they put about and went back to Santiago, where the yellow and red flag was still floating above Morro and where Sampson's squadron was still lying in wait. Then came the order to make ready.

The column that is to make the landing is as follows:

The Allegheny, having on board Gen. Wheeler and his staff; the Leona, with Gen. Young and the 1st and 10th cavalry; the Mann, with the 9th cavalry and 6th infantry; the Breakwater, with the 3d infantry; the Matteawan, with the 20th infantry; the Rio Grande, with the 3d and 6th cavalry, and the Yucatan, with the 1st volunteer cavalry and part of the 2d infantry.

To-night every preparation has been made for the landing. The men are in the highest possible spirits. They are now lying about the deck, rolled in their blankets, but they are not ready to sleep yet. Instead they are chorusing an absurd doggerel that is immensely popular with them:

"I went to the animal fair,
The birds and the beasts were there;
The little raccoon by the light of the moon
Was combing his auburn hair.
The monkey he got drunk
And sat on the elephant's trunk,
The elephant sneezed and went down on his knees
And what became of the monk?"

The voyage from Tampa had many delightful features. The Cuban hills for many miles stretched along our starboard quarter, so near that in places where the purple haze had cleared away the rocks imbedded in the barren slopes could be clearly discerned.

The southern coast fifty miles east of Santiago has a homelike appearance. There is no expanse of yellow sand and there are no cocoanut palms or anything else suggestive of the tropics. It rather recalls the approaches of the Rockies, for the hills are of a dull sage green in hue, with here and there patches of scrub timber and winding trails belting their scarred sides. It is the first good sight of land that we have had since we left Tampa, and it is land that is beautifully solid and real. Golden beaches and palm groves we might distrust, but there can be no mirage or deception of any kind about such a shore as this. We are elated—unmistakably elated—at the prospect before us, none the less so that we expect the landing which we are to make within a few hours will be, in all probability, under a storm of shot and shell.

With the sight of land come tidings of victory. From Guantanamo bay, where we have seen as we passed three tall-masted transports lying at anchor, comes the Bancroft steaming at full speed. Presently she is almost alongside, and Commander Richardson Clover hails the bridge through the megaphone. "A thousand marines under Col. Huntington landed in that bay," he shouts. "Been fighting three days without sleep. Hundred and sixty Spaniards killed——"

A wild cheer interrupts him here and the rest in unintelligible in the tumult. Word is passed along for silence and the trumpet tones continue: "Two hundred Spaniards wounded, eighteen captured and the enemy driven off. We go to Santiago to the rendezvous."

Then the Bancroft sheers off and the men on board the Yucatan cheer until they are hoarse.

The Yucatan and the City of Washington had been alone for the last two days. The latter transport had been towing a schooner loaded with water or ammunition, and in consequence had retarded the progress of the fleet to a considerable degree. On Friday afternoon Gen. Shafter's ship, the Seguranca, came alongside the Yucatan and gave her masters orders to stay in the rear with the City of Washington. Then the rest of the fleet steamed on and by Saturday morning were out of sight.

On Sunday afternoon the smoke of two vessels was seen off Cape Maisi and there was an anxious ten or fifteen minutes on the bridge of the Yucatan. The leveled binoculars and telescopes made out that the foremost vessel was a battleship, but no one could decide whether it was Spanish or American. The general impression was that a Spanish fleet was coming up and the men began to examine their carbines and buckle on their cartridge belts and the gun details rolled up their sleeves and hurried forward in readiness for a call. Closer and closer came the strangers, then the first officer closed the long tube he had been looking through. "It's the Indiana," he said. The other vessel proved to be the Olivette and the two had been waiting to see that the stragglers did not get lost.

The weather throughout the voyage was perfect and the sea so calm that there was hardly a case of seasickness on board. Through the day the ships steadily plowed along, scattered over the bright blue sea in loose array, and at night they gathered together, their lights turned low or entirely extinguished and the indicators on the bridges marked dead slow.

Drills in the manual of arms have been constant and every evening the officers of the rough riders have assembled in the saloon for school. Outpost duty, fighting in intrenchments, scouting, every method of harassing an enemy, discovering his designs, destroying his magazines, evading, attacking and exhausting him have been discussed at these nightly meetings. Capt. Allyn K. Ca-

JACKIES OF THE NEWPORT AND THEIR PETS.

pron, formerly in command of Indian scouts at Fort Sill, has been instructor at these nightly meetings and Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt has been one of his most attentive pupils. At the last session Capt. Capron found fault with the many provisions "in case of retreat" found in the regulation book of tactics. "There is too much of that and I don't believe in it," he said. "If you go into action you want to go in to win and this eternal 'in case of retreat' has a bad effect on the men. I have heard officers say in the presence of their troops that soldiers cannot live in the face of a direct fire from the modern rifle. You had better impress on your men that the only way for them is to charge through it and to charge through it quickly."

"I quite agree with you," said Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt. "There should be no retreat. It is possible that the exigencies of the situation may demand that we fall back occasionally, but our men must understand that we are simply falling back, and that falling back was part of our original intention."

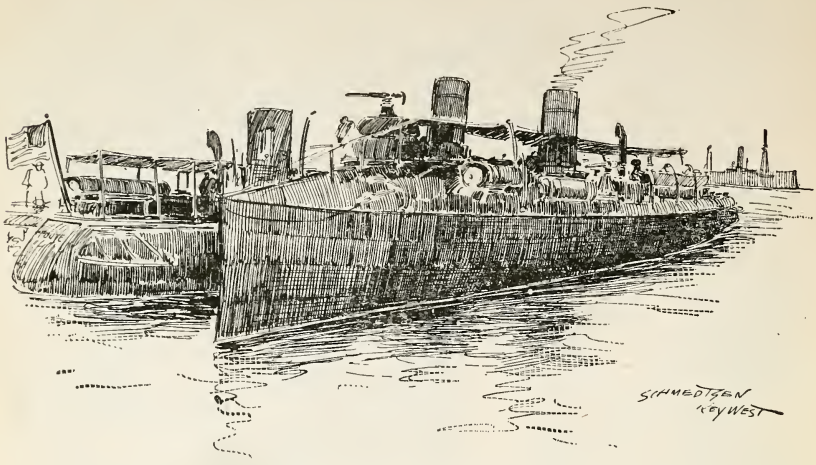
No veteran troops could bear themselves more coolly and carelessly in the face of an approaching action than do the rough riders. Except for an occasional jest, usually in the nature of a cheerful promise to take charge of the personal effects of a comrade, including his "best girl," and to see that he has elbow room on the top row in the burial trench, it is hardly alluded to, but is taken entirely as a matter of course. Yet there is an evident realization of the grim work that is to be done. That can be seen as the men are drilling on deck, facing the shores they are soon to tread.

"Load, aim, fire!" calls the sergeant, and the muscular hands jerk the levers of their carbines up and down with lightning speed. The weapons fly to the shoulders of the troopers, whose faces become curiously intent and full of purpose as they sight along the gleaming barrels, and with the snap of the lock it becomes evident that every man has a Spaniard in his mental vision. In a few hours they will have enough of them in reality.

The departure from Tampa had some picturesque aspects as seen from the Yucatan.

The start was made on Sunday morning, June 12, but not more than a few hundred yards' advance was made that day. At 5:30 o'clock the thirty-one transports, with their freight of 18,000 men, one by one cast off the great hawsers that moored them to the docks and slowly moved out into the open water. The regimental bands struck up their liveliest airs and the men who swarmed on the decks and clustered like bees on the ratlines cheered lustily. They were off at last. Here was an end to the heart-sickening delays, and only a few hundred miles of water lay between them and a glorious fight.

But after awhile the cheering stopped, for the vessels, instead of forging ahead with blazing smokestacks, began to spread out




TORPEDO BOATS FOOTE AND PORTER.

through the gray haze and stop and turn and even back. At noon they came to a dead standstill and a strong-lunged man on the deck of the foremost could still have successfully hailed the shore.

An hour's wait and the drab gunboats began to bustle about, and a string of bright-hued signal flags fluttered up to the peak of the Seguranca, Gen. Shafter's flagship. Answering pennons were displayed and the engines once more began to thump beneath the vibrating planks and the water boiled into white foam astern. Some of the men began to cheer; but one, with the wisdom born of experience, exhorted then to save their breath. "Let's see how far we are going first," he said.

It was not far. Ponderously and cautiously, to avoid the shoals and sandbanks, the transports by degrees formed themselves into a long V-shaped line, the gunboat Helena at the head, and her smaller sisters, the Castine, the Annapolis, the Morrill and the impertinent little converted yachts, the Wasp and Hornet, hovering about the wings. Then they stopped again and anchored for the night.

In the maneuvering a collision that would have resulted in the instant annihilation of at least two of the transports was narrowly averted. The Mattewan was about to cross the course of the Yucatan, which was coming on at about half-speed, but reconsidered and tried to stop half a cable's length away. Her headway and the force of the tide swept her on, and for an anxious minute it seemed that a crash was inevitable. There was a long brass tube in the bows of the Yucatan, a harmless-looking thing that might easily have been mistaken for an astronomical telescope, and around it stood an exceedingly uneasy-looking squad of men. The officers on the bridge looked down at it and then at the Mattewan, now almost broadside on, and officers and men held their breath, for the tube was a dynamite gun, and it reminded them that about a ton of explosive gelatin bombs was stored immediately below it. Still there was not a cry of alarm and not a man left his post. The motion of the Mattewan almost ceased, for her engines were fighting with the current; then she began to back, and at the same time the Yucatan answered to her helm and swerved aside just enough to leave about a foot's space between the two hulls as they passed. Some of the officers laughed, and one or two took out their handkerchiefs and wiped their foreheads. "As good as a mile," remarked Col. Wood, laconically. "I don't know," said Lieut. Woodbury Kane; "I think I'd have felt better if that confounded thing had been a mile away."

All night the transports remained at anchor under the blood-red, unwinking eye of the lighthouse on the starboard side, and when morning came there was no indication of leaving. The men took their morning bath, got out their fishing tackle, their books, pipes and letter paper, and proceeded to amuse themselves as usual. Boats went ashore and everything was as it had been for a week past. Pessimists predicted a return to the dock. But at 2 o'clock in the afternoon hope revived. The little Hornet was coming down the line, and some one on board was bellowing through a megaphone. At last he reached the Yucatan, and the men strained their ears to listen. "You will

sail in columns of three," called the stentor in the white uniform. "Follow in the wake of the Helena." A storm of cheers greeted the announcement, and presently the whole fleet was in motion. The shores gradually receded, soon becoming mere lines of white fringed with a faint green that melted imperceptibly into the blue of the sky, and as the mouth of the harbor was neared a gentle swell lifted the vessel up and down. The lighthouse, surrounded by its clumps of palms, came into sight, drew nearer and was passed, and then the square battery and the narrow tongue of sand running out into the gulf. Straight ahead across the bar the transports steamed in one long line reaching as far as eye could see, rounded the buoy and steered due south. The expedition was fairly off.

Once clear of the harbor and with plenty of sea room, the fleet was formed into the column of threes originally directed, and this order was afterward maintained. The battleship Indiana headed the column and the cruiser Detroit brought up the rear. The Bancroft, the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius and the gunboats before mentioned were placed at intervals along the line. Every night lights were ordered out at 7 o'clock.

## SOLDIERS IN THE TROPICS.

BY KATHERINE WHITE.

There have been so many articles written since our army was sent to Cuba giving advice and information to the soldiers it would almost seem that the catalogue would be exhausted. The dissertations concerning the care of the health and the recommendations of different kinds of wearing apparel would fill volumes. I read an exhaustive article the other day on the subject of "What the Soldier Must Take Into Camp"—as if he was going out on a summer vacation. No doubt the anxious feminine relatives would be delighted with the simple, substantial comforts set forth for the benefit of "dear Harry or Tom." But if "dear Harry" would take half the articles named as absolutely necessary he would be obliged to take a commodious trunk in which to keep them, and on the march through the Cuban sand and cactus I am afraid the object of so much solicitude would feel inclined to consign the offending baggage to the blue waters of the tropical sea.

When the boys start out in heavy marching order, with their rifles, 100 pounds of ammunition, their tents, blankets and canteens, it is about all with which they care to be incumbered. I talked with one of the soldiers yesterday—a United States regular who is accustomed to marching—and he said: "When I left home I had a trunkful of clothes, which I sent back when I reached Key West, and now when I start over that hill to Santiago to-morrow I shall abandon everything except the clothes I have on." His uniform consisted of a rough blue flannel shirt, blue trousers, slouch hat and shoes.

Aside from traveling luxuries, however, there are some practical suggestions that might go far to mitigate the real hardships of the camp if care would be taken to follow them. The medical staff of the Red Cross has given me some suggestions for the maintenance of the health by northern soldiers when in the tropics. They are the results of its own observations, coupled with the opinions of the most eminent Cuban medical authorities. Dr. Egan of the Red Cross staff has had wide experience in the treatment of yellow fever. He was for several years in the Pacific Mail service, and he himself suffered with a severe case of chagras fever in Aspinwall, Panama. He is thoroughly familiar with tropical climatic conditions.

Dr. Egan has repeatedly assured me that too much stress cannot be placed upon the importance of sleeping dry and above the ground. Where hammocks are provided there will of course be no difficulty, but in the absence of them it would be practicable for the soldiers to improvise hammocks by swinging their blankets by ropes between trees or stakes driven in the ground. The next best thing is to build up a bed of boughs from trees or of palm branches. A bed one foot from the ground is better than one that is directly on the ground, and the higher it can be the safer it is from the miasms that arise from the earth. Camps should always be pitched on ground as elevated as possible and back from the sea or stream. When coming into camp from the battlefield or a long march don't lie down without changing the clothing. Take a bath and a brisk rub with a dry towel. Use salt water for bathing when on the seashore, or use clear running water, but never use stagnant water unless it has been boiled. If very tired a sponge bath is better. Never go to sleep in damp clothes. The temptation is very great for the soldier when coming in from a weary march to roll up in his blanket and go to sleep, but it will be an economy of strength in the long run and probably will insure an escape from a severe attack of malaria or typhus fever to take the precaution of retiring for the night in dry clothes.

At night one should always sleep under

ADVANCE TROOPS MARCHING ON SANTIAGO.
[From a photograph by William Schmedtgen.]

cover. After the extreme heat of a tropical day the dewfall is heavy and impregnated with fever germs that are carried from the decaying vegetation into the dry air to fall again with the dew. Consequently it is unwise to sit or lie down in the evening outside of shelter of roof, tent, canvas or tree. Avoid the sudden checking of perspiration by sitting in draughts. Colds are as likely to overtake one in a hot climate as in a cold one.

In the first weeks of coming into the tropics it is extremely necessary to observe moderation in food and drink. Have the meals at regular hours, if possible. Eat only when hungry and the food is needed. Until thoroughly acclimated very little meat should be eaten, and no fats at any time. It is better to go hungry for a time until the proper kind can be procured than to take food indiscreetly. Everything should be freshly cooked except bread. Hard breads are the best, and they can be made very palatable by toasting.

When first coming into tropical countries where the fruit is abundant it seems a very welcome change from the regular army rations, and when eaten in moderation and only with meals it may be very beneficial, but discretion should be exercised or a severe case of dysentery may follow. Carefully avoid all unripe and overripe fruits, and should any symptoms of that very dangerous

disease appear quit all solid food at once and drink only boiled water and let the food consist of boiled milk or some mild gruel until the stomach reaches its normal condition. A light-weight woolen bandage worn over the abdomen is an excellent protection and gives almost instant relief.

Unless the drinking water is known to be absolutely pure it should be boiled thirty minutes. Drink as little water as possible, and only with meals. Water taken on an empty stomach rapidly diffuses itself through the system, and then, if impure, the most serious results are bound to follow. Never take water from below camp—always above. Water, even after boiling, should be kept in perfectly clean, closed vessels. The canteens should be scalded out frequently. If the tea left from meals is saved in the canteens, to be used when cold instead of water, it will be found very refreshing, as will also lemonade, or any mild acid drink. Alcoholic drinks of all kinds should be avoided in the tropics. It is very necessary always to wash the hands before eating, as impure germs might be carried directly into the stomach. Avoid the promiscuous taking of drugs.

The safest plan is to consult the physician if one suspects anything amiss with one's health. A slight indisposition may develop into a serious illness where the climatic conditions are so favorable to the progress of disease. The camps should be kept in a perfect sanitary condition, even if the stay is short. Burn all refuse, otherwise bury deeply.

The importance of caring for the soldiers' feet cannot be exaggerated. The reasons are obvious. In the German army the soldier who allows his feet to get sore is severely disciplined. The socks should be changed every day, or if it is impossible to have several pairs they should be washed out in the evening and dried ready to be put on clean the next day. Unbleached balbriggan socks will keep the feet in much better condition than the colored ones. If the feet are bathed in cold water well impregnated with witch hazel it will reduce the inflammation and be found wonderfully refreshing.

For mosquito and other insect stings an application of diluted ammonia will give the quickest relief.

Many of the soldiers are already suffering from heat prostrations. I was told yesterday of one poor fellow who dropped out on the march, and his comrade carved with his knife on a palm tree his initials to mark the spot where he lies buried under the tropical sun. Wet leaves worn in the hat will afford great protection. Care must be taken, however, in the selection of leaves where there are many poisonous plants growing. Palm leaves are usually obtainable and perfectly safe.

There are numberless prescriptions for preventives and curatives, many of which are no doubt excellent, but the remedies and precautions that are simple and convenient are in all probability the only ones for which our soldier boys will find time or room in this hot, hurried campaign.

## AFTER A BIG BATTLE.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

I have been asked to relate the adventures which befell me during the night following the battle of July 1 before Santiago de Cuba. On that day Gen. Lawton's division, supported by Capt. Capron's battery, had taken the enemy's fortified position at El Caney, and Gen. Joe Wheeler's cavalry division, uniting with Gen. Kent's infantry division and the remaining three batteries of artillery under Maj. Dillenbeck, had driven the enemy back from the line of intrenched hills they had held at San Juan. Seventeen hundred and fifty-two of our men had been either killed or wounded.

I had passed the entire day watching the course of the battle at El Caney. When the fort fell and the last hostile gun in the town had been silenced the fleeting tropical twilight enveloped the battlefield, and we knew that but a few minutes remained before night and its heavy, miasmatic damp would be upon us. And yet Siboney, where alone it was possible to reach THE RECORD'S dispatch boat, the Hercules, and send to the cable station an account of the day's great achievements, was eighteen miles away by the shortest road, running through a country that we knew to be still infested with the enemy's sharpshooters. The report must be sent to THE RECORD; but how? A difficult undertaking, to be sure; and the ride it necessitated was one I am not likely soon to forget.

It is essential for me to explain at this time how at this crisis in the affairs of a war correspondent I had come by a mule, a Spanish mule, and almost the first of the spoils of war taken from the enemy. During the whole of the Santiago campaign mounts of any kind were at a phenomenal premium. The army had brought scarcely enough horses to supply the commanding officers, their aids and a troop of cavalry. The native horses had been long since appropriated by the Spanish army; and if any poor, starving brute remained in the hands of a Cuban

it could not be purchased without offending a law proclaimed by the Cuban government making it an act of treason to the cause of "Cuba Libre" to sell or otherwise dispose of a horse or mule.

As time went on the correspondents at the front were supplied either by buying the horse of a dead or wounded officer or by importation from Jamaica. However, at the time of the battle those who wished to follow the course of events had, with one or two exceptions, to march to the front carrying their canteens and blankets.

I had gone forward early in the morning with the first movement of the advancing column and had trudged painfully under the hot sun from point to point while the battle was in progress, getting into the fort shortly after it was taken by that superb charge of Gen. Chaffee's brigade. It is remembered that the victory was not complete for two hours afterward. Then there were other interesting events happening. The enemy's dead in the fort were collected and buried in the trenches they had so stubbornly defended, and their wounded were to be cared for. On the side of the hill lay motionless figures in blue—men of the valiant 24th, 12th and 3d infantry, who had perished in the charge. Among them, too, were many wounded; one man in the agony of death was torn by the most violent contortions, and each time he moved he rolled a little farther down the hill. To add to the grim terror of the scene there was for all of us in this exposed position constant danger from scattered groups of the enemy, still lurking in protected places about and in the town, holding out with the insane courage of despair. While I watched this remarkable scene sink into the soft gray of twilight I was suddenly reminded of my reporter's task, and that it was undone until my report was safely on its way to its northern goal. A sense of extreme weariness fell upon me, due largely no doubt to a slight reaction from the excitement of the day and the nervous tension one always experiences when the sharp, metallic "ping" of flying bullets has become so familiar one ceases longer to dodge them.

While standing in this perplexity an infantryman rode up the hill to the fort on a fine-looking yellow horse, somewhat larger than the common run of Cuban stock.

"That there horse belonged to the Spanish commandante," suggested a rugged cavalryman beside me. "The old man was killed and the horse is shot in half a dozen places, but I reckon the fellow that captured him can sell the saddle and bridle for something."

Saddle and bridle to be sure! In my frame of mind just then I would have given $100 for a wounded goat that could carry me to Siboney. I pushed into the crowd, but I was too late. The horse had been sold for four times its worth the moment the lucky musketeer offered him for sale.

My reflections of the succeeding moments were not pleasant. Very much chagrined, I strolled back to a part of the hill where I had not been before. It overlooked a low depression in the contour of the ground just back of the town, and there, sheltered from the hail of bullets and shrapnel that had poured over the place since daybreak, were two cows, two bony horses and a mule.

Seized with a new impulse, I hurried up to a squad of soldiers standing well out of the hearing of their officers.

"I'll give any man who will go into that town with me and help me capture a horse $25."

No one moved or spoke. They looked at me as if they thought I was mad. Only a few moments before they had been taking long shots into the town at Spaniards skulking in the shadows of buildings.

"I'll give $40," I urged. "I must have a horse to-night, and there are horses to be had for the taking. Will any man go with me?"

No answer, except that each man began to speculate on the possibilities of getting out alive.

"I'll give $50," I said at length, almost desperately.

"You're my man." A stout young trumpeter, evidently of German parentage, though his accent was but slightly foreign, had spoken, and without saying another word he started down the hill at a smart run, loosening his pistol in the holster as he went. By his action and words as well he gave me to understand he purposed to boss the job, and I was willing to consent and followed.

We reached the first street of the town after crossing a narrow brook and mounted a steep, stony bank. Drawing our revolvers we moved at a sharp pace through the nearest lane leading to the back of the town. My companion and leader in horse theft was for bolting straight through the center of the town, "because," he said, "we may find something there better than the crowbaits you have in mind." We went as he directed. What notion the inhabitants formed of us I cannot say. The greater number seemed to be weeping over the deaths or wounds of members of the family, and hardly noticed us. It was, indeed, a hard necessity that compelled Gen. Lawton to fire upon the town, but the blame for the deaths of innocent people rests upon the Spanish. They had fortified themselves there, and before noon it was learned that nothing less than a merciless fire directed at the town could dislodge them. And volleys and shrapnel make no choice of victims.

As we hurried about our errand we were constantly confronted by evidence of the severity of the fire delivered at the town. In strange, out-of-the-way places we ran

LIEUT. JOHN D. MILEY, AID TO MAJ.-GEN. SHAFTER.

upon wounded Spaniards, most of them helpless. One with a shot through the abdomen scowled at us as we passed and drew toward his rifle. But he thought better of it, for the odds were against him. Another was dragged hastily into a hut as we approached and the door was barricaded.

But horses were scarce, though Spaniards were much too plentiful for the ease of our operations. The first horse we came upon was standing saddled and bridled in a stable and I almost shouted for joy at the find. A minute later my attention was attracted by the wheezing of escaping wind like one might create by working a leaky bellows. On investigation I found the poor brute had been shot twice through the body by shrapnel. We relieved him of his saddle and bridle, and started on like good Samaritans, having done what we could for the brute and our own comfort. One or two picketed horses and mules were found in the street farther on, but all of them were more or less torn by shot and shell. But, when we well-nigh despaired, we came upon a trim little mule no bigger than a donkey, but wearing a Spanish pack saddle. To catch him and swap saddles was the work of but a few minutes. We were then near the edge of the town. I whipped out at the first opening between the houses, and soon joined our troops coming to occupy the place for the night. I paid my brave trumpeter, and with the exultation of a conquerer started Jenny at her best for Siboney. I do not say that my pride was justifiable, but the truth is that with that little mule under me I felt competent to match all the dismounted road agents and sharpshooters in the island.

But triumphs, big and little, are short-lived; and even so was mine. It lasted only while I kept to the main thoroughfare, the familiar postroad leading direct from El Caney to Santiago. At this time it was crowded with soldiers—several regiments lying in scattered lines along the road's edge

waiting for orders, others moving forward to fill up the dangerous gap in our front which the day's fighting had left between San Juan and El Caney. Just enough light remained above the darkness, gathering momentarily thicker in the gloom of the lowland thickets, for the waiting regiments to recognize the command passing them as the one that had made the assault upon the fort and intrenched hill above the town. It was not a time for cheering when the enemy's advance posts might be but a few hundred yards away, and yet the muffled clapping of hands and kind words of commendation, given with the soldier's forceful if not elegant simplicity, was for these brave fellows who had left behind them upon the battlefield from 8 to 15 per cent of men and officers, a reward of merit more welcome and timely than wreaths of laurel.

A few moments carried me beyond the moving columns and into a worse confusion—the interminable, hopeless confusion of men massed and scattering without a leader. Men separated from their commands moved about aimlessly and wearily, seeking a word of information that would aid them to find their regiments. Most of them had come from the field hospitals after bearing a cherished comrade to a place of safety or to his last bivouac. I myself stood in direct need of information as to the present location of Gen. Shafter's headquarters; but none could give me more assistance than I could supply, for they had been no farther toward the rear than their duties had required. More than once I came upon a staff officer, and he, too, seemed to be groping about as blindly in his efforts to regain his chief as were the enlisted men.

The helpless perplexity of ignorance began to have a dreadful significance for me. The night before it had been a part of Gen. Shafter's plans to move his headquarters forward to the De Coro house, then plainly visible outlined upon the horizon a mile distant down the road. This he had not done, and with fearful misgivings I reflected on what could have been the cause. I had heard cannonading on the left throughout the day, and knew what had been the purpose of the advance upon San Juan. But of the results of the day's battle in that quarter no one knew anything, and now that I began to see evidences of failure it was not difficult to imagine that our own good victory at El Caney had been more than offset by defeat at San Juan and the consequent turning of our left wing—a contingency which was certain to bring utter defeat to the army by penning it up in a narrow valley, where it must famish unless it could cut its way back to its base at Siboney or make a new exit to the seashore by way of Aguadores.

Revolving in my mind that news of defeat might be of even greater importance than news of victory, I determined to communicate with the first commanding officer I could find. After making two experimental trips for several miles into blind trails, I at length found Col. Evans Miles, commanding the 2d brigade of Gen. Lawton's division bivouacked under a low bush beside an abandoned road.

I inquired if he had heard anything concerning the action on the left, and he replied he had heard nothing except the cannonading. Could he tell me how far forward Gen. Shafter had moved his headquarters? No; though he believed the general had come forward some distance, perhaps as far as El Poso.

He knew nothing more; in fact, he was as much in the dark as I, for at the time his division commander even had not deemed it expedient to inform him of his whereabouts. Still, with the uniform courtesy which is a common virtue with nearly all regular-army officers, Col. Miles directed me with great care along the trail leading to the rear, and, the moon having risen full and radiant over the blue mountain top far away beyond the dark borders of the valley, I set out once more, putting down my misgivings and blessing the good luck that had given me a mule.

Into the bush and on through the dark shade I hastened as fast as my little servant could go. I reflected that the trail was probably clear, and with the stars for my compass I must sooner or later find the familiar Sevilla road, which passes through El Poso and on to Siboney by the route the army had taken in its advance.

Suddenly my mule stopped short. I looked about me and saw dark, silent figures moving about under the trees.

"What regiment is this?" I asked.

"The 25th, sah," came in familiar African accents from the ground near the mule's feet. "Don't stop; keep right a-goin', an' get that mule's feet out o' my face."

True enough, I had come upon the 25th regiment in bivouac—the regiment which I had seen charge a hill in the face of a fire that had mowed down one in ten of them. Great, muscular negroes though they were, and inured to constant service on the plains, the labors of the day had exhausted them, and at the command "Break ranks" they had fallen upon the ground where they stood, and supperless and without blankets had dropped asleep almost immediately.

Carefully we picked our way among the prone figures. Scarcely one moved, except to draw in a leg that was threatened or accidentally touched by the mule's hoofs. But by this time the mule and I were on good terms, and for my part I was willing to trust her little legs to any task, and she was not likely to have a more difficult than the one before us then.

On through the brush we hurried, breaking down our way where the trail had been impeded by falling brush, and shortly we

came into the open, where the moon shone clear and bright over the trail, though it had by this time dwindled to a narrow foot-path, winding over a mile of low meadow in a thin dark line until it was hidden again in the thicket that bounded a mountain brook.

I was aroused by the quick pat-a-pat of bare feet approaching over the soft earth in the path. Looking ahead I could at first see nothing. Then I discovered beyond a thicket two or three slouching straw hats. Soon I reached an opening, and as far as the vision extended there was a line of lightly clad figures in straw hats and with guns swung at every angle hurrying toward me at a smart dog trot. There was a possibility they were Spanish guerrillas, but all doubt was removed when the head of the column came up and a dark figure sang out merrily:

"Good night."

The salutation was greeted by a chorus of laughter and raillery carried on in Spanish, and I joined in, guessing that they had recognized me as an American and were making a jest at the pretensions of their companion to "talk Americano."

From this on my way was no longer lonely. Mile after mile this file of half-clad, half-armed men hurried by me, though, for the most part, as silent as a train of ghosts. I surmised I had come upon the main body of the Cuban army and that it was being pushed as rapidly as possible toward our right. But even this was a revelation, for I had been told Gen. Garcia and 3,000 of his men had been on Gen. Chaffee's extreme right during the day and had engaged the Spaniards west of El Caney. Failing after repeated inquiries to find any one in the line who could speak half a dozen words of English, I pursued my way in the hope of coming upon the commanding officer and his staff, who keep themselves near the rear in Cuban tactics.

It was near 10 o'clock and I had traveled an unconscionable distance when I came upon a Cuban cavalry troop halted near a straggling ruin. In the center of the cleared ground was a Spanish blockhouse. I had never before seen the place and was not aware the enemy had held a position of even this strength here between El Caney and San Juan. But there was good news in its abandonment and the presence of the Cubans here reassured me, and I began to hope the enemy had been beaten on the left as well as the right. Hoping to obtain more positive information I renewed my search for a man with whom I could converse. But I found only a negro, from whom I could get nothing except that the road to Gen. Shafter's headquarters led in a direction that he indicated with his hands.

Again I resumed my journey, but not in the best of spirits, for I had already lost a third of the night in a hopeless quest and had reached no locality I could recognize or identify on any map I posssessed. But the road I had been turned to soon broadened out to a wide, well-beaten thoroughfare and I hoped for the best. I pushed on at a sharp trot, watching closely for something that would mark the place. The road bent gently, almost imperceptibly, to the westward. I noticed the change in direction, and, while I believed El Poso lay to the east, I had sufficient confidence in my guide to think for a time that headquarters were perchance advanced well on toward Santiago in consequence of the day's battle.

I had gone two miles in the new direction along a road that was utterly deserted. I had seen nothing to arouse my suspicions, until suddenly I came upon a line of empty breastworks and entanglements at the side of the road. They were plainly Spanish and they had not been long deserted.

My attention was at this moment called to a figure in dark clothes that moved slowly toward me out of the shadow of the hedge. I approached the man and found him to be a soldier of the 12th infantry, who had been on detached service with the Gatling-gun battery. He still clung to his poncho, gun and cartridge belt, but he was so weak he could barely raise one foot above the other, and though my questions were kindly meant he seemed to expect no favors and asked no assistance.

"Do you know where you are going?" I asked at length.

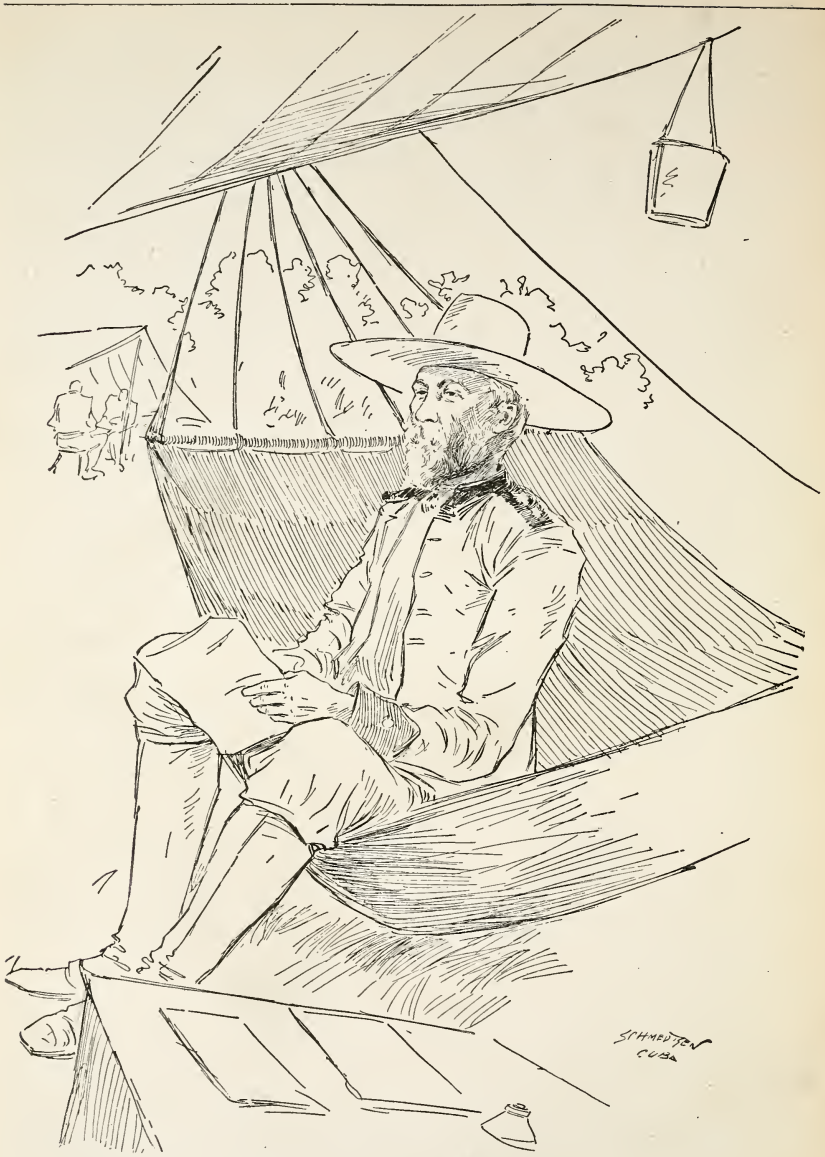
"To the hospital," he said.

"Do you know where it is?' The question was one that interested me as much as him, for the hospital was near headquarters.

"No," he answered weakly. "The truth is I don't know where I'm going; but I must keep moving. If I lie down I—I won't get up again."

The poor fellow felt—and he was doubtless right—that his life hung upon that slender thread; to give up would be the end.

I put him at once upon the mule and by further questioning learned he had been left very near the enemy's lines in a sudden retreat of Capt. Parker's busy Gatlings, and that I would probably fall into a Spanish outpost if I went farther along the road. Not wishing to supply a subject for testing Blanco's latest order, according to which newspaper men captured within the lines were to be given the short shrift of spies and hanged, I retreated with my new acquaintance back to the place where I had seen the Cuban cavalry. My inquiries this time were more successful and I found a courteous gentleman, evidently an educated man of Spanish blood, who spoke good English. He informed me Gen. Garcia was but a few yards away and at my request took me to him so that I could make request for a guide. The general readily consented and a Cuban was brought to me for the purpose. At




"FIGHTING JOE" WHEELER IN HIS HAMMOCK, SAN JUAN, SANTIAGO.

first I had to hold my soldier upon the mule, for he fell off twice, and I feared my undertaking was nearly hopeless. But we got along better as we proceeded; our Cuban guide took a lively pace over the narrow path and before midnight we reached El

Poso. Later I learned I had passed the Cuban army at Marianaje and that my blind excursion westward from there to the place where I found the sick soldier took me dangerously near the enemy's lines.

El Poso—what a scene of horror and human misery it sugests to any one who remembers it on that night!

We had pursued our path at the heels of our Cuban guide for a full hour with heavy hearts; for the stillness of the night and thoughts of the desolation about us had grown steadily more oppressive. Then a clump of bushes opened and before us lay the fords of El Poso. Against the white background of the moonlight the picture stood out like a silhouette upon a canvas—men and horses crowding to the brink of the water; mule trains and ammunition wagons pushing on toward the road that led to the front; the wounded straggling in, sometimes in the arms of comrades, often on stretchers; one cavalcade moving onward toward the scene of the day's conflict, the others going backward, and all as silent as death. Off to the right a group of tall cocoa palms stooped their spreading tops as if in sympathy with the rest; beneath them were the ruins of a sugar mill, and seated there were three staff officers with drooping heads, their horses standing as motionless as they beside them; each figure outlined perfectly in black against the glistening sky.

But our delay was of shorter duration than it requires to relate my impression of a scene that moved me as no other has ever done. A question, and a terse answer, and we push across the river, to find the field hospital known to be located somewhere upon the farther bank.

The familiar white flag and red cross was hanging from the bending limb of a bush beside the narrow road, but before I could reach it with my burdened mule a heavy ammunition wagon pushed by me and I saw it was filled with wounded, the greater number so nearly dead they were thrown about from side to side in the box as helplessly as bags of meal. The wagon passed on and I hurried toward the first opening in the brush beside the Red Cross flag. Several long, dark bodies lay beside the roadway, so near I wondered the wagon had not crushed them.

"Hold, there, you with the mule."

I stopped and looked about me.

"There's a man lying in front of you," the same voice continued out of the darkness. "He's dying, but don't run over him."

Grim scenes these were, but the time for sentiment had passed. I inquired for a surgeon and hurried to help my sick soldier dismount. The surgeon responded, but his first salutation glued the soldier to the saddle.

"Don't let that man get off here," came in commanding tones. "Take him to the division hospital at headquarters."

I protested; the mule was my own; I had picked the man up, and being nearly exhausted I asked that I be relieved of the burden. The surgeon was not in good humor and demurred, but I was convinced he would take such care as he could of the soldier once he was consigned to him, and giving my charge a quick dismount, as quickly mounted and rode away.

Within a week, as I passed along at the rear of our firing line, I was hailed by a familiar voice, and glancing up recognized my sick soldier.

"You're out again?" I inquired.

"Yes."

"Seen any fighting?"

"You bet."

"What did the surgeon say was the matter with you?"

"Malarial fever."

The field hospital at El Poso was but a small clearing in the underbrush, where men might be laid upon the ground, though for the most part without blankets or even shelter tents to keep off the dew and rain. But the surgeons there were brave, conscientious men, who worked hard and did what they could with none of the appliances commonly deemed necessary. They were able to give temporary relief in most cases, and in some instances, as in the one I have mentioned, they certainly saved life.

As quickly as my tired mule would allow I left this distressing scene and the smell of iodoform, and passed over the three miles to Gen. Shafter's headquarters. It had not been moved forward, according to plan.

As I turned from the road I saw a group of officers sitting about a small fire. I recognized Col. Wood of the 1st volunteer cavalry, otherwise the rough riders, and inquired if his command was encamped there, for it was late and I was sure of a welcome wherever they were, though they might have but a yard of canvas and a mouthful of bacon to share.

"No," said the colonel—sadly, I thought. "They are up there," nodding up the road.

"At San Juan?"

"What's left of them. Capt. Buckie O'Neill was killed."

Capt. O'Neill killed! Alas! I had spent the night previous in his tent and only a minute before had thought gratefully of him and how his generosity might again be called upon to rest my tired limbs. But the scenes of the day had made me callous to sorrow. I only felt more than ever wearied by the news that a good friend had died and having long since given up as useless any effort to get my report to Siboney that night, lay down under the first covering I found and had two hours of sound sleep before the camp was again on the move for the second day's battle.

# IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SANTIAGO

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

Between the rifle pits of the opposing army a white flag is curling from a staff planted in the middle of the road over which our troops will pass before many days. It is just 950 yards from this line of works, thrown up last night by the men of the 9th infantry, to the Spanish line on the opposite hill. At least that is the killing range to which the sharpshooters of the crack 9th adjust their sights. Hundreds of men are lying flat on their faces in the bottom of the trench trying to snatch a little sleep, although the hot sun is sending its stinging rays straight down on them. Others are watching some Spanish officers walking around back of the Spanish white flag, for there is a lull in the fighting while the foreign consuls in Santiago are trying to prove to the commandant the utter folly of holding out longer. The truce is not a military one in the strict sense of the word; we have no white flag flying, and the Spaniards can take theirs down any minute and open fire immediately if they desire. So our men are wary. The commanding officers have warned regimental commanders to keep their men inside the rifle pits or back under cover of the hill, for fear the Spaniards may open up on us unexpectedly. But not a shot has been fired today on either side, except a few from some bushwhackers on the road a mile back.

Yesterday a couple of our bands played patriotic airs because it was the "Glorious Fourth," and every note was heard by the Spanish soldiers.

I had the pleasure of chatting with a Spanish officer this morning, one who spoke English fluently. We stood near the flag of truce, and he borrowed every one of my precious store of matches. I had a copy of THE RECORD in my pocket, and he grasped it eagerly, reading and translating it aloud to his fellow-officers. I asked him if the army would surrender.

"No," said he, "we cannot unless we get permission from Madrid."

"But your fleet is destroyed. Cervera is a prisoner. There no longer is need of our killing each other."

"That's so," he replied; "but we have been ordered to fight to the last. I would rather be shot by the Americans than by a pile of Spaniards." Then we shook hands cordially and he carried my matches, tobacco and RECORD back to his own line.

Our men have built a strong practically impregnable, line of works. It is said the American intrenchments are seven miles long. They are deep enough to permit a man to stand almost erect when shooting without exposing more than the top of his head, and wide enough for a soldier to lie down crosswise. When Wykoff's and Hawkins' brigades carried the hill last Friday they found rifle pits around the blockhouse and to the right. In addition to these defenses the natural formation of the crest of the hill and three lines of barb-wire entanglements made the Spanish position exceedingly strong. Almost as soon as the Spaniards had run down the hill the Americans threw up hasty intrenchments with bayonets, tin cups, mess pans and bare hands. That night some picks and shovels were sent to the front, and men who had marched all the night before and had fought all day worked until dawn digging rifle pits. Then the Spanish batteries opened on them, and for nearly thirty-six hours shrapnel and eight-inch shells burst over our boys in the trenches, and not a man budged. Gen. Kent sent word to the brigade commanders to hold their lines, and the brigade commanders passed down the line, saying: "We are ordered to hold our lines, and we are going to hold them."

"We will hold them," replied the men in the trenches.

To-day one regiment hailed another with "Are you holding your line, fellows?" Back came the reply: "You bet we are."

Whenever a little spur juts out from the backbone of the ridge an intrenchment has been thrown up, and woe to any body of Spaniards who attempt to carry such works, for they will find themselves "crossfired" and raked fore and aft and on each flank.

Every night the men sleep in the trenches, with pickets thrown out from 150 to 250 yards and sentinels posted in the pits. Just when the east begins to show a bit of gray the officers and men are awakened, and soon the pickets are called in. Every eye keeps a sharp lookout until the day is far enough advanced to enable us to see plainly the works of the enemy. Then a dozen or more men are sent down the slope back of our works to fill canteens and make coffee.

Until the works were completed the men built bomb-proofs—little huts in the side of the hill, covered with earth, heaped up to form a conical roof three feet thick—and dug trenches at night, but that work is about over now, and the boys are devoutly thankful. While under fire, before the white flag of truce was raised, the men in the trenches lived as they could. They slept on the damp earth without blankets, nibbled hardtack for breakfast, chewed hardtack for dinner and bit into it for supper, easing the operation by swallowing tepid water. But they bore their privations cheerfully, and the blessed sense of humor which enables Americans to

MAJ.-GEN. NELSON A. MILES AT SIBONEY.

pull through a tough proposition came bravely to the front, and the boys "guyed" the bursting shrapnel and the wasted Mauser bullet, and sent all sorts of Americanisms toward the Spaniards with every crack of the Krag-Jorgensen.

Sergt. McInerney of E company, 9th infantry, was peeping over the edge of the trench Saturday morning; near him stood his lieutenant. The 9th had received orders from its colonel not to fire unless so ordered.

"Lieutenant," said the sergeant, "there's a Spaniard on a white horse, with staff officers around him. I think he's a general officer. The distance is 1,000 yards. Can I pick him off? The word was passed along and permission came back. McInerney rolled his cartridge over his tongue (a soldier's

superstition) and loaded his rifle. Then resting his rifle on the edge of the pit he aimed and fired.

"I undershot just 100 yards," said he, drawing another cartridge from his mouth. "But it didn't scare him."

When McInerney's rifle cracked again he cried, "I got him," and the officer on the white horse fell over with a shot in his shoulder. It was Gen. Linares, the Spanish commandant.

Before McInerney could get under cover a Mauser clipped the dirt an inch from his ear. "A little too far to the right," he cried, waving his right arm as though he were a target-marker on a rifle range.

"That was a lulu," cried one soldier when a ball passed through his hat, "and lulus roost high."

"Here comes another Spanish fly," yelled another when he heard the scream of a shrapnel.

"Keep off that grass!" shouted a burly colored trooper of the 9th cavalry, when he shot into a mass of retreating Spaniards.

"Whoop! They're throwing stoves at us," was the remark of a veteran in the 16th, when an unexploded 8-inch shell dug a great hole not ten feet from him.

"Hear the yellow canaries sing!" meant that Spanish bullets were coming thick and fast.

"How do you like our coffee-grinder?" was the derisive inquiry shouted after the flying Spaniards when the Gatling gun section, after a rush up the hill, unlimbered and turned a stream of bullets loose on the retreating enemy.

Even when the men were falling on all sides in the "bloody angle" soldiers bandied jokes and exchanged the rough repartee of the camp. A man would let fly a side remark intended to be funny while his lips were white and his chin quivering with fright.

I have asked probably 100 men if they were frightened when they found themselves under fire and each one assured me in emphatic language, garnished with classical profanity, that he was never so scared in his life as he was last Friday morning. They generally closed by saying: "And the man who says he wasn't scared is a blankety blank blank liar."

Walter R. Kitchell, well known as a young society man in Evanston, who for years was a leading spirit in the Evanston Boat club, being stroke of a four-oared gig, and known as "Bob" Kitchell, enlisted in the 16th infantry, and he was one of the first four soldiers to reach the crest of San Juan hill. I asked "Bob" to describe his sensations when he found himself a mark for thousands of Spanish bullets.

"I was good and scared," he replied (his captain had just said to me: "Kitchell is one of our best men. He is a brave fellow!"), "just so long as we lay in the road with the shrapnel bursting over us and the bullets coming down on us from some place we couldn't see. The mental agony was awful. There we lay, without firing a shot, without knowing where to shoot; men being struck on all sides; we were helpless. Then our captain said: 'Come, men, come this way.' And we moved down the side of the road in column of twos. The sense of relief when I knew we were moving was indescribable, although we were passing through a very hell of fire. Then we suddenly came out of the underbrush into the open, and we looked up and saw the line of Spanish fire, and I tell you it was like taking a great long breath. Then I forgot my scare, and when we were told to go up that hill I simply kept running forward, not even stopping to load and fire until we were on top looking at the backs of running Spaniards.

"In what seemed to be a minute the top of the hill was jammed with 6th, 16th, 9th, 13th, 24th and 10th regulars and 71st New York men, all of us pouring bullets into the yellow canaries. That's all I can remember, except I was so thirsty that my tongue was covered with dust, and I didn't have a drop of water in my canteen."

Matches are few and precious in the trenches, and it is not uncommon for an officer, or a man with an officer's permission, to slip out of the pit, walk down the hill, 300 feet or more, light his pipe or cigarette and bring back the fire to his comrades. Officers and men lie together in the trenches, share each other's canteens, hardtack, tobacco and lights. The relationship between superior and subordinate becomes very close when men face death together. In a military post an officer, by reason of years of precedent and t dition, is widely separated from his men, so far as personal relations go. But here before Santiago, in the trenches or under the pup tents at the base of the hill, an officer is more of a big brother than a commander. Most of the post etiquette is disregarded. Nevertheless the soldier never fails to show that his officer is his commander; the officer does not "mix up" with his men, although he may sleep on the ground with them and take his turn to light his pipe from a glowing brand. The men seem to have unbounded personal confidence in their officers, and they are continually bragging of the prowess and courage and dash of "my captain," "my lieutenant" or "our colonel." On the other hand, the officers never weary of praising the sturdy courage and steady bravery of their men. Say the soldiers: "We go with our officers." Say the officers: "Spain hasn't enough men to drive our boys out of these trenches." And thus mutual confidence, esteem and appreciation performed almost a miracle last Friday morning when San Juan hill was carried by the Americans.

# SHRAPNEL, DYNAMITE AND SHELL.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

We are giving the enemy another chance to surrender. He has been metaphorically on his back all morning, either incapable of serious retaliation or unwilling to provoke a vigorous fire. At five-minute intervals the American guns and mortars have been sending their missiles crashing into his trenches, but it has been in a perfunctory sort of way —a kind of gentle cuffing meant to assure him that we retain our position on top, rather than a desire to inflict mortal damage upon him. The American commanders realize his predicament fully. They know that he would joyfully "holler 'nuff" if he dared, and they sympathize with him to such an extent that they are now sending him another flag of truce and a message. The general tenor and effect of the message is: "Are you ready to quit yet, or have we got to kill a few thousand more of you to satisfy your honor?"

The probability is that Gen. Toral will continue to reject the proposals of unconditional surrender, in which event the desultory bombardment will continue until the siege guns are brought up and planted. At present (July 11) an assault would be madness, the available artillery being altogether inadequate to the task of reducing the stone fortifications and earthworks behind which the Spaniards are sheltered.

The first truce ended at 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. At that time Gen. Shafter had declared the American batteries would open fire on the city if there was no surrender. At 3 o'clock the Spanish general sent his reply. His choice was to fight. So the artillerymen, who had been crouching under shelter from the rain that was beginning to fall, threw aside their dripping ponchos and took up their stations by their pieces, and the supports in the roads below moved up to the batteries. The men in the trenches jerked open the magazines of their rifles and threw in the complement of bright silvery cartridges, and their comrades of the relief, who had been walking about in plain sight, retired behind the crest of the hills.

The hour arrived, but still the silence in the opposing camps was unbroken. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, and not a shot was fired. "Capron's battery must be the first," had been the order. "Do nothing until you hear from Capron." The officers, no less anxious and impatient than their men, leveled their fieldglasses at the knoll to the northward, where, screened by dense thicket, Capron's battery lay. Still nothing. Was it another truce? They looked westward, where the outer fortifications of Santiago stood out in bold relief against a golden patch in the dun sky, but no cavalcade of Spanish seekers for truce showed along the winding road. Ten minutes more, and from a cloud-wrapped hill within the enemy's lines broke a little puff of white smoke, followed a few seconds later by the distant sound of the report. A second and a louder report, and a Spanish shell, sailing well over our lines, burst harmlessly in the wooded valley below. Our move now.

Two bright flashes and a double detonation from Capron, a roar from two of the four mortars at his front; crash from Dillenbach's batteries on the left below El Poso and an answering crash from the right, where Lawton's brigade holds the line. Then the hoarse lowing of the shells overhead, the sound rising to a harsh crescendo, dying gradually away and ending in a sullen boom beyond the walls of Santiago.

The Spanish were not terrified into silence, but their return fire was weak and ill-directed. A battery they had posted well upon the mountain side to the north opened fire, but after two or three shots was silent, though it was well out of range of our artillery. A battery opposite Gen. Wheeler's position succeeded in throwing some shrapnel below and over the trenches, but the Gatling guns operated by Capt. Parkhurst and Sergt. (now lieutenant) Tiffany's rapid-fire Colts silenced them effectively. For an hour the cannonade was constant, battery following battery in rapid succession. At intervals the heavy boom from the big guns from the fleet could be heard, and then the long curtain of smoke that shrouded the line would shiver with the concussion of the air. Then would come the sharp rattle of the Gatlings, like a stick drawn sharply along a row of palings, and then sounds of an unusually loud explosion in the direction of the city would tell where a shell from the dynamite gun had burst. About 6 o'clock the intervals between the shots were longer and more frequent, and half an hour later the order to cease firing was given.

Of the effect of the bombardment it has been almost impossible to judge. Those shells that fell in the trenches must inevitably have killed and wounded large numbers of the enemy—if the enemy was there to be killed. A theory that most of the Spanish troops had been withdrawn into the city to make their escape northward by crossing the bay finds supporters, and it is believed by many that the best of the artillery has been taken also. One of the shells from the dynamite gun was pitched neatly into a Spanish battery, and, it is thought, blew it up. In any case, nothing has been heard of it since, and Sergt. Alsop Barrows of the rough riders, who pointed the gun, is convinced that it blew up. The shells

contributed by the fleet fell in the town, and, as nearly as could be seen, wrecked things pretty completely where they settled. Still, not many were fired. Tiffany's little battery, in conjunction with the Gatlings operated by Capt. Parkhurst, operated splendidly in discouraging the Spanish gunners. Three times from behind their earthwork the little men in the blue-striped coats strove to point their field pieces at the American trenches, and each time the long cartridge ribbons slid and clicked into the breeches of the Yankee guns and the bullets flew out of the muzzles at such a rate that panic seized upon the army and they fled precipitately.

Nevertheless they succeeded in working some mischief. Capt. Charles W. Rowell of the 2d infantry, standing in the trenches, was struck by a fragment of a shell and killed instantly, and one of his men was so badly wounded that he died within an hour. Two other men were wounded. That was the full extent of the casualties on the American side. Gen. Lawton, who with Gen. Breckinridge was visiting Capron's battery, had a narrow escape from a shell which burst within thirty feet of where he was standing. There was a brisk fire from the Spanish trenches about sunset, but nobody was even inconvenienced.

Lieut. Henry Moore of the 2d infantry did rather a plucky thing by advancing into the open with a detail of men to drive back some Spaniards who were constructing an earthwork. He succeeded in his purpose, the enemy, with the exception of the officer directing their operations, beating a rapid retreat. The officer stayed alone in the work for two or three minutes, though he did not disdain to duck the bullets and kept constantly in motion. At last he turned and fired two shots from his revolver at Lieut. Moore, and then walked away—very calmly, considering the circumstances. Under cover of night, however, the work was completed.

The cannonading recommenced at daylight this morning and continued, in a languid sort of way, until an hour ago, when Gen. Shafter sent out his flag of truce. The dynamite gun got in a few shots, but most of them fell short, and their only effect was to excite a spiteful sputter of Mauser balls from the Spanish sharpshooters.

A little while ago Barrows reported to Col. Roosevelt that he had hit the corner of a building and that they heard yells for five minutes after. "Most likely they were yelling with glee over our poor marksmanship," observed Col. Roosevelt, sarcastically. This was undeserved, but the chief of the rough riders is chafing under the delay. He does not seem to consider that four shots an hour are going to reduce the enemy to a state of abject submission. His plan of battle is beautifully simple, and so far he has found it as efficacious in the Spanish campaign as in municipal warfare. It is "Hit 'em, hit 'em, hit 'em."

The rough riders glory in "Teddy." "It's a sight to see him in a fight," said an F troop man. "You'd think his hide was double-chilled steel in three thicknesses, an' that he knowed it, to watch him runnin' around wavin' his gun to bring the boys up and takin' a crack at the Spaniards now and then jes' to show us how. I don't never trust no man with gold-rimmed glasses and a beamin' smile no more. When I seen him at San Antonio I figgered he was raised a pet an' wouldn't kick if you tickled his heels with a toothpick. I wouldn't undertake to harness him with a pitchfork."

Up to the present time the rough riders have lost fourteen of their number killed outright and seventy-seven wounded. Three are missing. Dr. Henry La Motte, the chief surgeon, was struck on the head by a spent ball the morning after the capture of El Caney and has been sent home. This left Dr. James R. Church to care for the wounded alone—a task he is struggling with heroically, though he himself is suffering from malarial fever.

Gen. Wheeler is still weak from the effect of fever, but his energy is undiminished, unconquerable. He is a little uneasy about the Spanish army, fearing that they may escape by the back way. "When they are so anxious to be allowed to go," he said this morning, "it is only reasonable to suppose that they will go if they can without our permission."

## SCHLEY'S UNFOUGHT BATTLE.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

Every officer and seaman in the naval service of the United States believes, with good reason, that our fleet is invincible. Expert gunnery has made it so and the quick destruction of the Spanish squadron under Admiral Cervera has justified the prediction of Commodore Schley that "good gunnery is worth more than heavy armor if a choice must be made between the two." When the official reports are filed at Washington and the final deductions drawn, it will be found that the famous engagement of July 3 was won by American gunnery. Our fleet suffered the loss of but one man killed and eight wounded—no ships

COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY.

disabled—not because the Spaniards were such poor marksmen, but rather owing to the fact that our fire was so rapid and accurate that the enemy could not properly serve its guns. Had it been otherwise some of our ships must have suffered, and the Brooklyn, which engaged every one of Cervera's squadron, must have been seriously crippled, if not permanently disabled or sunk.

Every Spanish ship had orders, when the word was given to sail from the harbor of Santiago on that memorable Sunday morning, to ignore, so far as possible, every American ship but the Brooklyn. It was the intention to sink the flagship if nothing else was accomplished. Every Spanish ship had a chance at the cruiser, as her scars show, but that awful line of flame which stretched fore and aft without cessation for an hour tells the story of her escape from annihilation. Every vessel of the destroyed fleet bears the marks of shells from the Brooklyn's guns, and once during the battle, when the Vizcaya attempted to ram her, the fire was so incessant and true that her captain was unable to stay in

the conning tower and ran his vessel ashore rather than longer face such a terrible bombardment. Had the Brooklyn's fire been less active she might have fallen a victim to the enemy's attempted maneuver, the Vizcaya being in a good position to strike her square amidship.

So impressed are the men of our navy with their expertness at gunnery that not a ship's company would hesitate to attack an antagonist no matter what the superiority of his rate. Wainwright and the crew of the Gloucester showed this to be true when the converted Corsair, former yacht of Pierpont Morgan, added luster to naval achievement by defeating two torpedo boats, engaging both at the same moment and accomplishing what theorists in the art of war have held to be impossible.

But here is an incident which shows more clearly than anything else just what the navy is ready to do and how delicately balanced is the chip on the shoulders of our sea fighters. When Schley had enriched our history on July 3 and every ship in these waters under the royal banner of Castile had been shattered, he was sailing east to resume station before Santiago. Word came to him that the Pelayo, pride of the Spanish navy, had reached the Carribean and he was directed to engage her as soon as found. To naval experts the suggestion that a cruiser fight a battleship is insanity gone mad, but nevertheless the Brooklyn started on her errand.

Near Santiago a battleship was sighted, heavily armored and turreted, but at such a distance that her colors could not be distinguished under the glass. Toward her the Brooklyn started. Commodore Schley and Capt. Cook stood on the forward bridge as the big cruiser fairly leaped forward to give battle.

"She is white—an unusual thing in war time," said the commodore, watching the stranger through his glass. "I don't believe she is Spanish," he remarked a moment later, and then, consulting the picture of a sister ship to the Pelayo, suddenly exclaimed: "By Jove! It is the Pelayo, after all!"

"On the signal bridge!" shouted Capt. Cook. "Can you make out her colors?"

"Not yet, sir," came the answer, followed a moment after by: "We have raised her colors, sir, and she is Spanish."

"Send your men to quarters, Cook," said the commodore, "and start an eight-inch shell for her when I give the word."

On went the Brooklyn, fast closing the distance between herself and the stranger—a big battleship of modern type and with her flag aft —two stripes of red on each side of yellow, as it appeared, and the crown in proper place. The bugle sung "To quarters!" and the men, although they had been fighting all morning, rushed to their guns with a cheer. For a moment the commodore hesitated. "On the signal bridge!" he called. "Are you certain the stranger is a Spaniard?"

"Certain, sir," came the reply. "I can see her colors distinctly."

The commodore had his glasses on the battleship. Turning to the captain of his ship he said: "Cook, that fellow is not at quarters. His guns are turned away from us. He is not up to snuff. Watch him closely, and the moment he sends his men to quarters or moves a turret, let drive. Give him everything you have. We will sink him in twenty minutes, unless he gets a shot under our belt."

Just then the officer on the bridge reported that the battleship was signaling with the international code, and soon translated the message: "This is an Austrian battleship."

Half an hour later the commander of the Maria Theresa (Austrian) was seated in Commodore Schley's cabin.

"If you had sent your men to quarters or moved a turret I should have raked you; it was a narrow escape," said the commodore, during the conversation. "Your flag is so like Spain's, saving that you have a white stripe where she has yellow, that it is hard to tell them apart at any considerable distance, and I came very near letting drive at you."

"We know that," returned the Austrian, "and we were much worried. We signaled long before you answered. We had no wish to be troubled. We have seen the wrecks along the coast. But," he inquired, as he arose to leave, "do you send cruisers to meet battleships?"

The commodore smiled as he answered: "We always make a fight with the first ship we have at hand. We never wait because we are outrated. We try to win with what we have."

"You Americans are very remarkable," said the Austrian, as he went over the side to his boat.

Plans for a speedy commercial invasion of Cuba are already being formulated by investors in Jamaica, and as soon as the United States army is actually in control of the province of Santiago de Cuba merchants, manufacturers, planters and speculators will march to the conquered portions of the island. So open is the preparation and so sanguine are those interested that the United States will retain the territory as a colonial possession that the Cuban refugees in Kingston and Spanish Town are beginning to talk of the prospects of an American government, while advocates of Cuban independence in the literal sense are already evincing antagonism to Americans and saying that the conquest of the country is to prove a mere change of dependency from Spain to the United States.

Some of the more radical go so far as to assert that the intent of the Americans is to

provide a political system which will, in effect, disfranchise the native Cubans, making their position but little better than that of the Indians of our own country. This element among the Cubans is even now advocating the desirability of prompt action on the part of the revolutionary government, pressing the necessity for immediately curbing the desire of Americans and others to obtain political and commercial control, and even going so far as to hint that when the Spaniards are driven from Cuba notice should be served on Americans to keep their hands off until the native government is properly in control and prepared to administer affairs.

While the English in Jamaica generally accept as a fact and applaud the idea of Cuba as an American colony, they are soberly reflecting as to the effect it may have upon British possessions in the West Indies. Jamaica is practically dependent upon the United States. Her commerce with us is large and her fruit trade is almost exclusively with us. Cuba as an American colony might leave Jamaica in a state of commercial coma.

As an example. The Boston Fruit company at Port Antonio practically supports the town and surrounding country. It sends steamers loaded with bananas, cocoanuts, oranges and limes to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore almost every day in the week. It circulates more money than any other concern in the island, controlling vast fruit estates and employing thousands of people. Already this company is anticipating a movement to Cuba. It has purchased and secured options upon an immense acreage in that island, and expects to begin a transfer of its business just as soon as the conditions will permit. The loss to Jamaica in this instance alone will be incalculable, as this market cannot compete with the Cuban, provided an advantage in customs dues is afforded the latter.

## LIFE ON A TORPEDO BOAT.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

Fat men are not wanted aboard torpedo boats, nor men who tower head and shoulders above the average crowd. Space is so valuable on one of these little marine sprinters that the cook sleeps in the pantry and the men have to go ashore to salute their officers. The torpedo boat consists of an engine out of all proportion to the craft it drives, a powerful propeller, three or four Whitehead torpedoes and a hull, covered with a turtle back, just wide enough to carry essentials and long enough to get the greatest speed possible from the engine and propeller. This hull is of steel only three-eighths of an inch thick, and it is pushed through the water at the rate of thirty to thirty-seven miles an hour—the speed of an express train.

The torpedo flotilla in the war fleet lying off Key West is a little fleet of itself, commanded by Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Kimball. It consists of the Foote, Lieut. W. L. Rogers commanding, Ensign R. H. Jackson; the Cushing, Lieut. A. Gleaves commanding, Ensign F. P. Baldwin; the Ericsson, Lieut. R. N. Usher commanding, Passed Assistant Engineer O. W. Koester, Ensign L. A. Bostwick; the Winslow, Lieut. J. B. Bernadeu commanding, Ensign W. Bagley; the Porter, Lieut. J. C. Fremont commanding, Assistant Surgeon M. S. Elliott (for the flotilla), Ensign I. V. Gillis; the Dupont, Lieut. S. S. Wood commanding, Ensign F. H. Clarke, Jr.

There are six torpedo boats, any one of which is capable of sending to the bottom the strongest, stanchest, largest ship in the fleet, and any one of which will curl up like hot paper if the gunner of a six-pounder draws a bead on it and sends a few armor-piercing six-pound shells into it. The men who serve on these little marine porcupines with their explosive quills are not paid extra money, as their class in some of the foreign navies are rewarded for the extra-hazardous duty, but there is an eager rivalry to draw a billet on a torpedo boat. The space restrictions, nature of duty and character of the boat make it impossible to maintain on a torpedo boat the rigid discipline of a battleship or cruiser, both as regards uniforms and the thousand and one details incident to the daily routine of a large warship.

Torpedo-boat crews are made up of picked men, especially selected as to physique and character. Their uniform is not white and natty, but consists of a knit watch cap and a suit of blue Dungoree. The men at a short distance look like high-priced machinists in a first-class railroad shop, for mechanics and machinists wear jumpers and overalls made of blue Dungoree. But the men aboard a torpedo boat are active as cats, alert and enthusiastic, and from their

hearts believe a torpedo boat, and the identical torpedo boat on which they sail, is the greatest war vessel afloat.

Torpedo boats are divided into three classes. The third class now is considered obsolete. They were small enough to be carried aboard a ship, for they were thirty-tonners. The second class were about sixty-five tons. They were intended for harbor service only, and were not sea-going. The first-class boats are sea-going craft, but are intended to operate from a base, for the coal and water storage capacity is limited. This precludes a torpedo boat from cruising more than seventy-five to eighty miles from its base of supplies.

First-class boats vary in tonnage from 115 to 175 tons, in length from 140 to 190 feet and in draught from five to eight feet. They are perfectly seaworthy and can ride out the heaviest gales. But there is no sleep aboard a torpedo boat in rough weather, for it pitches rolls and prances around to a degree which gives every man under the closed hatches an acute attack of insomnia. The armament consists of three to four 18-inch Whitehead torpedoes and three or four one-pounder rapid-firing guns. In addition there is a revolver and two or three rifles for each of the twenty-two to thirty men, the rifles supplied with sword bayonets to repel boarders.

The Cushing is one of the best known of the torpedo boats in the navy. It has the longest cruising record and is known all the way from Galveston to Bath, Me. Its engines of 1,820 horse-power, can drive it 23 knots (a knot is one and one-sixth miles) an hour. To do this its twin screws, each 4 feet 2 inches in diameter with a pitch of 8 feet 4 inches, must make 450 revolutions a minute. Each of its engines has five cylinders, increasing in diameter from 11½ inches for the high-pressure cylinder to 22½ inches for the low-pressure cylinder, with a stroke of 15 inches. Each of the two water-tube boilers has 950 tubes. Steam is used at a pressure of 250 pounds to the square inch (100 pounds is a good pressure on an ordinary boiler) and the boilers develop 1,820 horse-power.

Coal economy doesn't enter into the operation of torpedo boats. They are like fire engines—when needed expense is no object. But on an economical speed of 11.3 knots an hour the Cushing consumes but five tons of coal a day, and her bunkers can carry thirty-nine tons. When running at maximum speed the stokers must shovel nearly five tons of coal an hour into the boiler fires.

But two officers are required on a torpedo boat. In the flotilla there is a surgeon and a passed assistant engineer, but they might be called "fleet" officers. The commander of a torpedo boat is a lieutenant of the line, and his assistant generally is an ensign. The lieutenant is called captain on the boat he commands.

Life aboard a torpedo boat in fair weather is as cozy as existence in a five-room flat. On the Cushing Capt. Gleaves and Ensign Baldwin have snug quarters in the after part of the boat. Folding bunks, which are laid up against the sides of the room like the upper berths of a sleeping car, are separated by curtains when down for the night. With bunks and curtains out of the way, there is a tight, tidy room, with leather-covered divans running around it, suspended lamps and electric lights over a square reading table, a folding desk for the captain, some easy chairs and a stub-tailed dog.

Leading aft from the captain's quarters is the pantry, in which the cook sleeps, over a box of fixed ammunition for the one-pounders. Up against the wall of the captain's quarters are two innocent cupboard boxes; in one are the wet and in the other, which is on the opposite wall, are the dry gun-cotton primers. There is enough explosive force in each box to blow the whole internal economy of the Cushing all over Key West.

Forward of the aft conning tower is a small square compartment, occupied by the four chief petty officers—the chief gunner's mate, the gunner's mate, first-class, and two-chief machinists. Forward of that is the after fireroom, containing the after boiler; next comes the miniature engine room, its two engines filling it almost entirely; then the forward fireroom; then comes the galley, the kitchen of the boat, and the ship's nose, in which are berths and hammocks for the eighteen men who compose the rest of the crew. Half the crew belong to the engineer's force, for the entire boat is but a mobile machine, and is filled with machinery and intricate mechanism. The magazine is under the after conning tower. In it are stored the ammunition of revolvers, rifles and rapid-firing guns, and in times of peace the war heads of the Whitehead torpedoes, each war head containing seventy pounds of gun cotton. But there are now no war heads in the magazines of the torpedo flotilla. Each is on the business end of a cigar-shaped steel cylinder, which is stowed away in a torpedo tube, ready to be sent on its frightful errand.

Of more than ordinary interest are the six young ensigns who are billeted on the six torpedo boats, for they are the men who will start torpedoes toward a Spanish man-of-war if the dons and Yankees ever "mix up." No range-finders or spiderweb sights are used to draw a bead on a hostile warship from the deck of a torpedo boat. The sighting is done with the eye of judgment and experience gained from practice. It is an exaggerated case of wing-shooting, for when the torpedo is launched the boat is traveling rapidly, and the ensign, hanging over the off side of the boat, sights his big prey much as a duck hunter brings his shotgun to bear on a winging mallard.

When a torpedo boat goes into action

POLISHING THE PROPELLER OF A TORPEDO.
[From a photograph by James Langland.]

everybody is ordered below except the man at the torpedo tube and the executive officer, who "sights" the self-moving missile. The captain is in the forward conning tower. The engineer and his crew are in the fire and engine rooms. The cook stands ready to hand up ammunition for the one-pounders. There is 250 pounds pressure of steam in the boilers. The engine is spinning the propeller wheel around 450 times a minute. Not a light is seen on the boat, and it drives straight through the night toward the black shape which sweeps the water with the luminous fingers of the electric searchlight, feeling for just such deadly pests as a torpedo boat. The little craft has no puffing steam to betray it, for every bit of steam goes to the condenser, to return as water to the trembling boilers.

The captain in the conning tower steers the torpedo boat on a course which brings it in line with the forward quarter of the ship he is after. On the turtle-back deck the two men crouch—the ensign on the side farthest from the ship and the gunner at the torpedo tube, training it as directed. When within 500 yards one torpedo is launched; the boat sheers around, and as she points directly at the ship she sends out her bow torpedo, if she has one, as the Cushing has. By this time the boat is within 300 or 200 yards of the ship, and as she swings around to show her stern to the ship she sends out the torpedo on the other side. Then the little craft gives a leap and scuds away for dear life. That is, if no dazzling electric beam discloses her and holds her in the full radiance of the searchlight. Then the rapid-firing guns on the warship spit out explosive shells, and if enough hit the mark the chances are that torpedo boat will not fire any more Whiteheads. An impression has gone abroad that a torpedo is shot under water. The fact is the torpedo is ejected from a tube which is mounted on a standard bolted to the deck. The tube may be swung around and has a vertical motion, so that the inclination may be varied. The torpedo is ejected by a charge of four ounces of black powder, just enough to throw the automobile projectile into the water. When once in the sea the screw propeller drives it to the mark at the rate of twenty-nine knots—nearly thirty four miles—an hour.

The Whitehead torpedo has a shape somewhat like a Londres cigar. It is 11 feet 8 inches long, and, to be exact, 17.7 inches at its greatest diameter. When loaded it weighs

839 pounds. The shell is of steel, and is built up in five sections. Propulsion is effected by compressed air, 7,154 cubic feet of which are stored up in the "air flask" under the enormous pressure of 1,350 pounds to the square inch. Although built up in five sections, the torpedo is divided into three parts—the head, or the exploding end; the "air flask," the central part, and the "after body," in which is the propelling and steering machinery.

There are two heads—the "exercise" head and the "war" head—and they are interchangeable. The exercise head is used for practice; it is of steel and is ballasted with lead and water. The war head is made of phosphor bronze and contains ninety pounds of wet gun cotton and a "primer case" for the dry gun-cotton primer. The "war nose," which contains the firing mechanism, occupies the forward end of the primer case.

While the principal object in "firing" a torpedo is to blow up a hostile ship, it is equally important to prevent the torpedo exploding near the torpedo boat. So the firing mechanism performs a double service. It keeps the torpedo a harmless shell until it is at least seventy-five yards from the launching point, and it explodes the gun cotton when the war nose rubs up against the bottom of the enemy's ship. The device which does this is regulated by a small four-bladed screw-fan on the extreme bow point of the war nose. The fan is revolved by the resistance of the water as the steel fish darts ahead. When the prescribed distance is covered the mechanism driven by the screw fan sets the "firing pin" in a position to strike the detonating cap of the primer case when the torpedo comes in contact with the target.

Air pipes lead from the air flask to the engine and suitable valves reduce the storage pressure to the required working pressure. The "engine room" of the torpedo contains the main or driving engine, the "valve group," the "steering engine" and sinking and locking gears. The ingenuity displayed in condensing and compressing this nested mechanism so that it has working room in the torpedo seems little short of marvelous when it is remembered that the indicated horse-power of the engine is sixty. The engine is a three-cylinder single acting one, the cylinders arranged around the crank shaft at an angle of 120 degrees apart. The engine begins working at low speed, while the torpedo is in the air between the ejecting tube and the water. But the instant the shell enters the water a steel flap is swept backward by the resistance of the water, and the throttle is thrown wide open.

The torpedo is driven by two two-bladed twelve-inch propellers—one is keyed to the main shaft and the other to a hollow shaft. By means of bevel gears these screws are revolved in opposite directions, and other things being equal the torpedo is kept on a straight course without the use of vertical rudders.

By a combination of horizontal rudders, a pendulum and a hydrostatic piston, too complicated to describe without the use of unfamiliar technical terms, the torpedo can be made to swim horizontally at a required depth, generally five feet below the surface.

Provision is made to sink a torpedo carrying a war head, in case it misses its mark, for if left to float around a friendly ship might foul it and never know what it struck. So holes are bored in the walls of the buoyancy chamber. During a run little or no water enters the holes, but when the torpedo stops the water fills the chamber, the torpedo sinks and $2,500 is lost.

## ON THE EVE OF BATTLE.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

The Asiatic squadron is getting ready for war.

When the McCulloch left Singapore we had department cable orders to hurry on to Hongkong and join the fleet under Admiral Dewey. Consequently Capt. Hodgson pushed her all the way up, and the ship trembled so from the jar of the engines that it was almost impossible to draw or write. We made an average of 13.6 knots coming up, which means over sixteen miles an hour. The instructions were to avoid Spanish ports and war vessels during our trip up the China sea, and the fact that we passed comparatively close to the Philippines gave the last five days a considerable interest, especially as no one knew whether or not war had been declared. Every vessel we saw was studied anxiously until her identity was established.

The first three days were rough, and the speed of this small ship battling against the big waves kept a procession of heavy seas piling over the forward part of the ship.

Of course we were all very eager to hear the news at Hongkong, for we expected that the crisis had been reached.

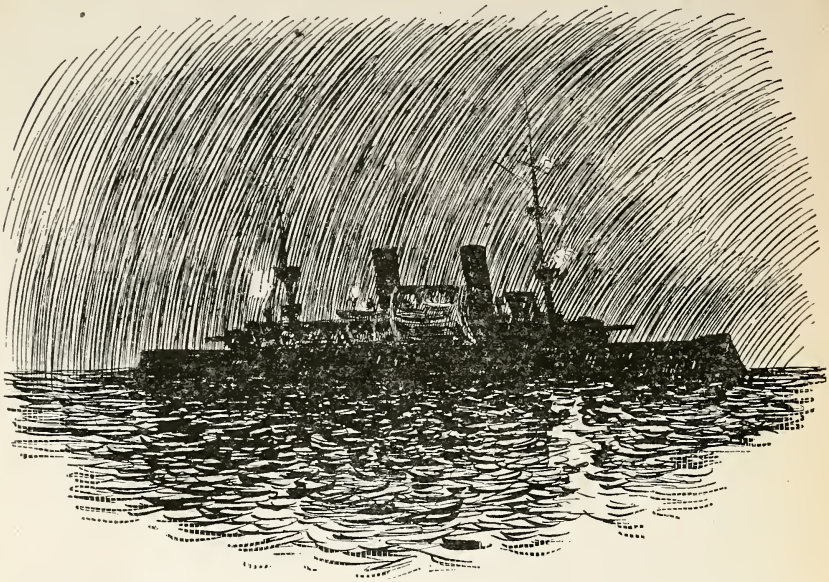
Since our arrival here last Sunday there has been the greatest activity among the American warships. Last Monday, April 18, the situation at Washington seemed so critical that orders were signaled from the flagship Olympia commanding that no shore

ADJUSTING MOTOR MECHANISM OF A TORPEDO.
[From a photograph by James Langland.]

liberty be granted and that the ships must be ready to go to sea on the shortest notice. Early Tuesday morning the work of painting the squadron a battle color was begun. This color is a dark drab or gray, contrasting very slightly from the color of the deep-sea water, and is intended to render the vessels as inconspicuous as possible. In the civil war the blockade runners used nearly the same color. By 10 o'clock the Boston had put a coat of paint on every spar and boat and mast and funnel, as well as the entire hull itself, thereby absolutely changing the ship in appearace in less than four hours. During the day the McCulloch, which has now become one of the squadron here, completed her painting, and before night the Raleigh and Concord and Petrel were transformed. The flagship Olympia remained white until the last, but by Wednesday she became one of the "gray squadron."

The Baltimore had been expected on Wednesday with a cargo of ammunition, but on account of very heavy weather outside she was delayed until yesterday, the 22d. About 7 o'clock in the morning she entered the harbor and an hour later came to anchor. The work of distributing the cargo of ammunition will be begun to-day. Her arrival makes the list of available fighting vessels in these waters complete, as the Monocacy, which is stationed now at Shanghai, is hardly thought to be serviceable in a battle. The fleet now includes the Olympia, Baltimore, Boston, Raleigh, Concord, Petrel and McCulloch, and the two cargo ships Zafiro and Nanshan, purchased by Admiral Dewey for $54,000. When the squadron leaves this port, which it may do before any declaration of war is made public, it will proceed to some bay on the China coast and go through necessary naval tactics for a day or two. Then the ships will proceed to Manila and begin the work of destroying the Spanish fleet and capturing the valuable supply of coal which is stored there.

In the action, if one takes place, it is understood that the Olympia, Baltimore, Boston and Raleigh will take the front line, the Concord and Petrel supporting it in the rear. The McCulloch will guard the cargo boats and be held as a reserve. She is insufficiently armed to be a good fighting boat, as her guns consist of only four six-pounders, Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns, and she has no armor. Her crew is small and the probable use she will be put to will be dispatch-boat work and feeling for torpedoes. It is possible she may be used for the latter purpose on account of her light draught.



COMMODORE DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP, OLYMPIA, SIGNALING TO THE SQUADRON THAT WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED.

The German warship Kaiserin Augusta probably will go to Manila with the American fleet, to be on hand to protect German residents at Manila. It is understood that an English ship will also accompany the fleet for the purpose of similarly guarding the British residents.

There are now living in Hongkong about forty native Philippine islanders, who were leaders in the rebellion and who were bought off by the Spanish government for $400,000. This sum was paid them to surrender their arms and cease fighting. The arms were surrendered and the leaders were paid and shipped to Hongkong. The money is now in a Hongkong bank here, and is tied up in litigations among themselves. In the meantime, the profession of leadership having proved to be so remunerative, other leaders have succeeded them on the islands, and it is said that 8,000 natives are only waiting the arrival of the American fleet to descend on Manila in all their force. About 8,000 Spanish soldiers are located in Manila, but much resistance can hardly be expected of them. An entire company brought from Spain deserted only a short time ago and joined the rebels. The rest have been denied their pay since April 1, and are said to be discontented. It is said that an awful massacre will take place when the rebels descend on the city. At present the rebels hold nearly all points in the islands except the city of Manila and some smaller ports. The forty rebel leaders will return to the Philippine islands if war is declared between Spain and the United States and resume their fighting against Spain in spite of the fact that they have sold out.

There is lots of gossip here in the fleet about the probable outcome of the assault on Manila by the American forces. Reports have come from Manila of such varying colors that there is room for a good deal of speculation. It is said that the Spanish ships will not attempt open resistance, but will scatter among the small islands and elude the Americans, only showing themselves when a chance to take a single American ship is seen. In this way it is thought that they could not be very troublesome. It is also said that they have not sunk torpedoes or mines in the harbor there because they would not be able to do that in less than a year, and besides they have not got the money. In regard to the ships stationed there, it is said that they are poorly manned, and that the largest one, the Reina Cristina, has not been in dry dock for two years and that she is in great need of repairs. Some of the American officers prophesy that not a gun will be fired, while others more conservatively prefer to look forward to a hot and stubborn fight.

At any rate, preparations in the fleet will be based on the latter assumption. Every day there is a succession of drills on all the ships and at night there are signal drills with searchlights and colored lights. The sight of half a dozen searchlights whipping across the sky and traveling up and down the side of the peaks here is a beautiful and memorable one.

The news came day before yesterday that President McKinley had issued an ultimatum giving Spain forty-eight hours to begin to leave Cuba. Consequently it may be reasonably expected that by to-morrow the answer to the ultimatum will arrive. Rumors come every day of sensational blockades being established at Havana, and that the Spanish fleet has left Manila for the western coast of America.

This is considered a bad time for operations in the China sea, as the southwest monsoon is now coming on and the season of hurricanes is at hand. A fearful gale was blowing night before last and all day yesterday, making shipping even in the harbor dangerous and the usual traffic by small boats impossible.

The bubonic plague is now raging here and in Canton. In Hongkong there are about twenty deaths a day. In Canton three nights ago I saw a long Chinese procession going to a temple to invoke the joss to suppress the plague. They had all kinds of banners and beat gongs and exploded firecrackers. As I went into the native prison a body was carried out, which was an evidence of some epidemic. It was thrown in a rough sack and carried by two men. In the bay of Hongkong as our ship passed out there was the body of a small child floating in the water. It had evidently been dead some time, and no attempt was made by the passing boats to pick it up. A ship came in port two days ago from Bangkok with cholera on board. Thirty people died on the ship.

News comes to-day that Havana harbor has been blockaded, and that practically settles the question in the minds of the naval officers here. I understand from the fleet paymaster that we leave here Monday for a bay about thirty-five miles north, to maneuver. United States Consul Williams, from Manila, comes Monday, and it will be necessary to see him before a leave is taken for the Philippines. He will have valuable information about the force there.

## GLIMPSES OF A BELEAGUERED CITY.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

The truce—or more properly the suspension of hostilities by mutual agreement—was to have expired at noon to-day. But the Spanish within the intrenchments at Santiago sent in at the last moment a proposal of surrender, and the truce was extended. With the purpose of the proposal and with all the facts concerning it every one must be quite familiar now. To-night we await the instructions from Washington that will decide the fate of Gen. Linares and his army. Our men, thoroughly seasoned to war, are lying by their guns, eager to push forward and complete the work set before them when they were disembarked in Cuba.

But the time of waiting is not being lost. To-day I went to the extreme outposts on the right of our position, now held by the insurgents under Gen. Garcia, and I was impressed as never before with the strength of our lines and the utter hopelessnes of the cause of the Spanish within Santiago. The eight days that have passed since our troops drove back the enemy from the hills about Santiago at such awful cost have been used to some advantage, if not the best, in making the position almost impregnable. Each day a regiment or battalion has been a little advanced, a battery located or an intrenchment made more formidable. This work has been done for the most part at night, to avoid drawing the enemy's fire, so that if he went to bed discouraged the sight to greet him when he arose would not be of a kind to put him in good spirits. This morning he awoke to find that the whole line of earthworks, wherever it is not concealed, was piled with sandbags, a perfect protection against shells and bullet fire, and affording at the same time convenient portholes through which the men behind them can fire with the least possible exposure of their bodies.

This was a part of what I could see and appreciate, very nearly, I have no doubt, as a Spaniard in the trenches opposite me must do, when I was with Gen. Garcia this afternoon. It shows extreme confidence in him that it has been given him to hold and defend this position of utmost tactical importance. It is known that he asked the privilege of leading the assault on San Juan and El Caney on July 1, and was refused. It has been hinted his present service was allowed as a form of palliation.

This position now held by the Cubans is upon the crest of the last wave of undulating foothills that roll down from the lofty Sierra Maedras range. Between them and the confines of the city, two miles away, there is a sweeping valley, dotted here and there with trees, but for the most part tilled land or meadows. Not more than 1,500 yards from Garcia's extreme right is the shore of the

harbor of Santiago—by only so much space does the investment at this moment lack of being a completed line of guns and rifle pits. There is everything to indicate that the position is secure from attack, and if the Cubans should prove to be good marksmen they probably could prevent a formidable force from passing this open space, it being easily within the range of their guns.

Standing upon these commanding hilltops, one seemed to look into the beleagured city through the skylights. In fact, this is not a climate for skylights, and really it is possible to see only countless roofs and red tiles thrown together helter-skelter, with not a distinguishable line to indicate the locality of street or thoroughfare. In one place, near the center of this indistinguishable mass, the monotony is relieved by two tall and stately Spanish towers. Even from where I stood they seemed stained and grimy. But they are majestic blocks, superb, massive sentinels standing at either side of the great open portal to the cathedral. A more modern church building, with newer tiles and cleaner paint, thrusts up its tower not far away, but though the fine old lines of Spanish architecture are imitated, a weaker hand turned the task, and it is puny and trivial. One feels instinctively that one sees here represented the old Spain and the new.

Looking toward the harbor, which lies directly southward, the view is uninterrupted for its entire length, and is checked only by the high promontory upon which Morro castle stands. Now it is possible for me to understand the insuperable difficulties of making a forced entrance. The lofty point upon which Morro stands folds back upon a correspondingly high promontory on the west shore, completely locking the channel. In front of the passage where it turns into the harbor stands Cayo Smith, steep and formidable, and just the place for a battery to deliver a raking fire head on upon an encroaching vessel. Cevera could not have chosen a place where he could be more secure from attack, and he would be there still had not the army smoked him out.

But the harbor is almost vacant now. Two large merchantmen with black hulls float at anchor, and another lies at the wharf. Still another vessel, a white hull not unlike the Spanish steamers engaged in West Indies trade, lies close to the shore at the head of the harbor. All the vessels seem abandoned. No smoke comes from their funnels. The Cubans tell me the Spanish commander has impressed every sailor left in port and set him in the trenches.

But all of Santiago is now at arms in the trenches. There is no life discernible elsewhere. The eye searches in vain for a moving figure along the water front, by the wharves which were the center of the community's thrift and business not many months ago, at the open portal of the cathedral, about the deserted locomotive roundhouse at the city's edge and on the broad yellow highway winding down beside us into the city. It is possible to see only a few men in groups upon the intrenchments beneath us. Here, it would seem, "Spanish honor" is determined to be satisfied; and yet, if I may judge anything from the stories told by Spanish prisoners and deserters, the men upon whom the burden of the penalty will fall are heartily sick of the whole business. A good meal and the assurance that they are not to be put to death is much dearer to them than Spanish honor. One cannot blame the poor, ignorant fellows; they must realize that they are overpowered, if not outnumbered, and that if their commanders insist upon further hostilities a plunging fire from our works above them must result in slaughtering them like rats in a basket.

"Americanos fight like Turks," say these thin, blue-gingham clad fellows when we talk to them. "They fire, then they come right on and never stop."

It has been said frequently that if the advance of our men had not been checked on July 1 they would have driven the enemy into Santiago and taken the city. The Spanish army was at the time badly demoralized, and some persons from Santiago say that after being driven from San Juan there was no more fight left in the Spanish troops; that they ran back to the town trembling with fear. There may be an atom of truth in this report, but I am convinced our thinned ranks would have had some difficulty in breaking the last line of defepnse, in which the enemy now stands at bay. The wise move was made when that wiry and valiant soldier, Gen. Joe Wheeler, and one or two other officers said "Stay," and, though some counseled retreat to the position of the morning, insisted that the position captured was the one that should be held, and they were well able to hold it, though it cost Gen. Linares 500 men the night before Cervera deserted him to learn our army meant to release nothing they had got and paid for with blood.

From where I stood this afternoon I could see these lines from our extreme left, toward the high hills that extend along the seacoast to Morro, to the extreme right. They are naturally irregular, for they follow the contour of the hills. But wherever they go is a narrow ribbon of yellow earth upon the green grass. Where the face of the hill is smooth, as at San Juan, the strategical center, the line makes a clean curve over the crest, running away down the slopes on either hand. Elsewhere there are sharp, claw-like spurs shooting out over a point that affords a chance to enfilade the enemy. For three miles north and south these insidious fortifications spread about the enemy. They suggest the arms of a huge sprawling cuttlefish, the fort at San Juan, with its peaked top, being the diminutive head of the monster.

Gen. Shafter was able to go to the front last Thursday, and this was the first opportunity of viewing the works. He is still very lame from gout, and moans painfully, but everything along the fighting line has since shown the good results of the personal attention of the commanding general. The men are now getting rations regularly, and in consequence are in infinitely better spirits. It is a happy change, and the morale of this courageous, spirited army has been improved immensely.

"Merci!" exclaimed a little woman, a fugitive from Santiago, talking in her own language to a friend beside her, as they passed a squad of tanned and bearded cavalrymen in the road. "What great men; what big, fat horses; they could eat our people alive."

So, indeed, our men seem beside the small Spaniards and emaciated Cubans. Sometimes I have thought we are again doing what our cousins the Visigoths did in Spain. An inferior race is meeting constant defeat at the hands of a superior.

## SUNDAY IN CAMP AT CHICKAMAUGA.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

Eight thousand soldiers, artillerymen, cavalrymen and infantry, the pride of the army, the admiration of the nation, were in camp in the great Chickamauga park when the trumpets sung retreat to-night. Maj.-Gen. John R. Brooke has established headquarters in the field, brigades are being formed, and to-morrow's reveille will warn the troops that the rigorous duties of the biggest camp of instruction since the time when Bragg and Rosecrans faced their men in a terrible death struggle on this very ground are begun.

Fifty thousand visitors have spent Sunday on the reservation. Union and confederate veterans have exchanged fraternal greetings, fought again the fight of those bloody days of September, '63, and told of deeds of wonderful heroism and unequaled bravery. Then the wearers of blue and gray have shaken hands and with brimming eyes, with voices that rang with patriotism, vowed to each other loyalty to the flag of a people united to preserve it unsullied from defeat. Young officers barely graduated from West Point, old soldiers who have spent their lives on the plains, younger ones whose knowledge of the civil war came from school histories, all these have to-day been interested students of the historic field. They have read the records of courage told in iron and stone at the points where brother fought against brother. They have marveled at what now seems impossible. They have had their blood stirred at the relation of stories told by men who were factors in the conflict. The regimental bands have played solemn anthems, national airs and thrilling marches. The whole atmosphere has breathed with enthusiastic patriotism. It is the very essence of being on the national battlefields of old Georgia, and the fighting men of the country are under its spell.

From Chattanooga and back in Tennessee for fifty miles people have been pouring toward Chickamauga. Trains with excursionists from Cincinnati, Nashville, Huntsville, Atlanta, Knoxville and Memphis have unloaded at this place, and the government road between Tennessee and Georgia has been crowded, packed and jammed with civilians and soldiers. Every vehicle in the city has been in service to-day. A thousand wheelmen have pumped their machines over the hills. Elegant carriages of the aristocracy have mixed with the queer mule wagons of the negroes. Cavalry squadrons have galloped through Rossville gap in heavy order. Batteries of light artillery have pursued at a breakneck pace. Wagon trains have filled the turnpike from dawn until dusk. Aids and orderlies have dashed along Lafayette road as furiously as did their predecessors when messages to Missionary ridge were marked "rush." Country people in wagons built a score of years ago have urged their tired, unwilling horses to scenes of activity and confusion. And there old people have cried as they looked and were reminded of the days when they were vitally interested. The battle monuments were sacred to them. They thought of the fifty-nine commands which Tennessee had in the fight of years ago, fifty-seven of them heroes in gray, two regiments gallant wearers of the blue.

Maj.-Gen. Brooke, wearing the service uniform of a general officer, was actually in the field to-day. His twenty-three-foot Sibley tent went into place at first mess-call this morning. It faces east, overlooking the famous Dyer field, and here the troops will drill.

On the commanding general's right is the tent of Gen. Sheridan, adjutant-general of this army corps. To the north Capt. Richards, chief of staff, is quartered, and then comes the canvas shelter of Lieuts. Dean and McKenna. Quartermasters, commissaries, medical, signal and ordnance officers have their appointed places, while to the rear is the tentage to be occupied by the clerks and other attaches of the official family. Pacing slowly back and forth is a gigantic sentinel with ebon skin, one of the men of Col. Burt's command. As he glances

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to the west he sees Lytle hill, and looks with reverence upon the monument marking the spot where Brig.-Gen. William H. Lytle, United States volunteers, commanding the 1st brigade of Sheridan's division, gave his life just as the sun reached the meridian on Sept. 20, 1863, in order to insure the freedom of the black man, and gave him the right to wear the uniform of his country.

All day long Capt. Daniel McCarthy, field

quartermaster from Fort Sheridan, has been riding about. He is working hard these days and is one of the busiest men on the field. He has exchanged his natty uniform for a dress which betokens service, and the habitual cigar has been traded for a short brier pipe. A tobacco bag dangles from his right wrist, and he is prepared to refill his bowl while at a gallop. To-night he is working in his tent by candle light. "Taps" are sounded from the cavalry camp and the deeper-toned trumpets of the artillery are ordering "lights out," but the quartermaster pays no attention. He must be ready for 2,000 more men in the morning, and his ingenuity is being taxed to accomplish this task. The government has failed to send enough quartermasters, and as a result Col. Lee and Capt. McCarthy are doing double duty without adequate supplies. Some of the soldiers are grumbling, but their complaints are good natured and they are promised the comforts of a modern camp within a day or two.

At the north end of the immense acreage named after the renegade tribe of the Cherokee nation is quartered the artillery. The Bedford stone memorial to the 88th Indiana infantry marks the entrance to the camp which occupies McDonald's field, the field of confusion on the second day of the battle of Chickamauga, where union and confederate soldiers were tangled in deadly embrace. It was here that Illinois planted her batteries and had a duel with the guns of a sister state, the firing distance between opponents being but 500 yards.

The artillerymen are dressed for business. The field dress has replaced the ordinary service uniform. Blouses have been relegated to the tents, and the blue flannel shirts are worn when the "assembly" is sounded. The long rifles are in "park," but even the coverings fail to entirely shroud their deadly length, and the visitors shudder when they think what happened here when the old-fashioned cannons were used, and speculate as to fatalities should these movable volcanoes begin to send forth their destructive steel.

Almost four miles away is the cavalry camp. Marking the position of Armstrong's confederate brigade is the Tennessee monument, where a bronze cavalryman stands at guard to remind all who pass that that state had heroes in two great armies, that Forrest's cavalry corps had once charged along the path, and that three confederate and one union general had sacrificed their lives for their cause.

Before the troopers' camp is reached a road turning to the east leads to the house of Widow Glenn, where Rosecrans had his headquarters, and Gen. Arthur C. Ducat of Chicago, then a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers, served as inspector-general of the army. The turn is marked by a stone which tells that the Chicago board of trade battery gave a good account of itself that day, and 100 sons of Illinois gave their lives with their faces to the foe.

Farther along is the infantry camp, with the black veterans of Col. "Andy" Burt, 25th United States infantry, guarding the entrance. A famous soldier is the colonel, and in a day or two he will have command of an infantry brigade made up of the 7th, 8th, 12th and 25th regiments. His command is the most picturesque in camp, the men are giants in stature and the discipline is rigid. The colonel loves the men and the men return the compliment by adoring the colonel. But there is more than admiration back of it all, for its fighting record is unsurpassed in the army.

It is progressive, too, is this Nubian battalion. The trumpeters can blow the Morse telegraphic alphabet and send messages along the line effectively, whether the day is still or the noise of battle drowns the sound of the human voice. Every man knows the torch and flag signals; every one can read and write, and not one would miss a man if instructed to put a bullet into him at 1,000 yards distance. The colonel came from Ohio as a private soldier and fought at Chickamauga. He won his "eagles" by hard work and meritorious service, and is as busy with his command to-day as when a subaltern lieutenant. He is proud of the fact that six of the nine general officers of the army commanded colored troops—Maj.-Gen. Miles and Maj.-Gen. Merritt and Brig.-Gens. Shafter, Wade, Merriam and Otis.

An incident which happened in Chattanooga to-day tells something of the personnel of the men of the 25th. Deputy County Register J. P. Pemberton, who came here from Virginia after the civil war, was walking through the union depot, when a big black soldier hailed him with "Hello, Mars Jim." Turning and recognizing the speaker, Mr. Pemberton called out, as he grasped the negro's hand: "Why, hello, Washington Pemberton, I have not seen you since the old days when we were boys on the old plantation."

After a few moments' conversation Mr. Pemberton told the soldier that it was his intention to give a little reception next week and he wanted the soldier to get him a lot of cartridges for use as souvenirs for his guests. The colored man hesitated a moment and then said:

"I'd like to do it, Mars Jim, and I will if I can get some of the white boys to give me some ammunition, but I can't get any cartridges for you in the 25th. You see with us every cartridge counts a man, so the colonel says, and out on the plains we had to bring back the cartridges or bad Indians for the ones we used."

Another soldier of the 25th asked for a glass of beer at a bar in Chattanooga last night. He was refused by the white bartender, who taunted him as a coward and said that he couldn't fight. The black man

reached over the bar, grabbed the saloonkeeper, lifted him bodily across the room and then, shaking him like a child, dropped him to the floor with the remark: "You are just poor white trash, and I don't want anything to do with you."

On Col. Burt's camp table stands the picture of a beautiful child, and it is known throughout the regiment as "the good fairy of the colonel's tent.' The subject of the likeness is Dorothy Burt Trout, the colonel's granddaughter, and her father is Lieut. Harry Trout of the 2d cavalry. Besides his son-in-law, a son of the commander of the 25th is an officer in the regiment.

Col. Burt is a believer in the national guard, and has always been an advocate of it as an auxiliary to the regular army. He is as eager as "Fighting Bob" Evans to get into Havana, and he paid a compliment to the citizen-soldiers when talking of the possible operations in Cuba. He said:

"I wish that I could have a contract to take Havana. I could do it if I had my way. I would take the black brigade of the army, a few batteries of artillery and pick some men from the national guard of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York and Illinois. From the latter state I would take Col. Turner and the 1st regiment of Chicago, make him a brigade commander, and run every Spaniard out of Cuba in short order. I believe that I could do it, but at any rate I am willing to stake my life and commission on the result."

Other officers than Col. Burt are looking upon the national guard with especial interest at this time. All of them say that the citizen-soldiers are to see hard service, and the men from Illinois who wear shoulder-straps in the federal service are wiring Gov. Tanner that they are willing to accept commissions. They see chances of promotion in the volunteer service and are anxious to take them.

## SAMPSON'S PICKET LINE.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

Prizes drawn from the Spanish grab-bag by Admiral Sampson's ships are growing common in Key West. When the Nashville came in with the Buena Ventura, which was the first Spanish merchantman to be picked up, Key West moved to the wharves, docks and seawall. But after the advent of the Pedro, the Miguel Jover and the Catalina the novelty wore off and few people, comparatively, saw the pudgy little lighthouse tender Mangrove bring in the best prize of all, the mail steamer and Spanish auxiliary cruiser Panama.

The harbor is full of Spanish merchantmen, steamers and schooners, and they are visible and unquestionable evidence of the airtight blockade which the North American squadron is maintaining off the north coast of Cuba.

The irregular line of warships stretches all the way from Bahia Honda, west of Havana, to and beyond Cardenas, east of Havana, more than 125 miles, blockading the ports of Bahia Honda, Mariel, Havana, Matanzas and Cardenas—cruisers and gunboats sweep the Florida straits with long-distance eyes glued to powerful glasses on the lookout for Spanish colors.

The flagship New York goes to the chase like a fox-hunter, for torpedo boats, like a well-trained pack of hounds, scout in front and on the sides. No particular order of alignment seems to be observed and the ships are constantly changing their positions. One day the Helena paces the water back and forth before Mariel, the next day she may be hunting, single-handed, miles from her nearest neighbor. To-day the monitor Puritan sprawls on the ocean within tantalizing range of the guns mounted in the shore battery which guards Mantanzas harbor. To-night she slips out and before dawn her shotted guns are "peaceably" blockading Cardenas.

The fleet has its picket line which stretches across the straits from Havana to Key West like an immense seine, and nothing which floats in salt water can pass the line without being held up. Men who have grown gray-haired in the navy say that never has a blockade been maintained with such marked success. It is skiff-proof, for several times small rowboats have been "picked up" by the searchlights and rounded up.

The line of blockade is of such length that the newspaper obeservation yachts can see but little at a time. The panorama must be taken in sections, and while a dispatch boat is at one end of the line the warships at the other end may be fighting duels with Spanish men-of-war, unnoticed by observing noncombatants.

When a prize is captured it is taken to the flagship New York and reported. Then it is brought to Key West to lie alongside the other ships which did not pass in the night. The prizes are known in Key West as "reconcentrados," and the name is well given, for the United States must feed the crew and passengers until they can make arrangements to leave the island. The people aboard the prizes are not held as prisoners of war;

SPANISH STEAMER PANAMA—A PRIZE SHIP.

they all could leave on the afternoon boat but for the quarantine regulations and lack of money to pay transportation.

A captain of one of the prizes burst into tears when the ensign in command of the prize crew clambered aboard the captured ship. Then he fell on his knees and begged piteously to be spared. It seems he was told last week by a Spanish officer that if he were to be taken by the "American hogs" he should commend his soul to the saints and prepare to die, for the Americans at once would cut him open.

A member of a crew of another prize attempted to commit suicide when he saw the shipping at Key West, for he imagined he was to be taken ashore and hanged. The "prize masters," as the officers in command of prize crews are called, have much difficulty in convincing the affrighted Spaniards that they are perfectly safe and need have no fears as to their personal safety. A day or so at anchor calms their fears, and they accept the cigars and cigarettes thrown up to them by sightseers in boats and launches and chat with all comers, provided the "comers" speak Spanish.

The harbor is well stripped of warships, and the only signs of defense are the antiquated brick walls of old Fort Taylor. This excites the derision and scorn of the Spaniards. They count the ancient muzzle-loading smooth-bores which peer over the top of the fort, and then, with much gesticulation, shrugging of shoulders and animated finger calisthenics, they describe the "huge monsters" in Havana, and tell of shore batteries and "impregnable castles." They did not know they were giving out information of immense value to the United States at this time. Some of them were in Havana only a few days ago, and they have betrayed the location of some batteries and "blind" forts, built since Gen. Lee left the city. Admiral Sampson, of course, is in possession of complete and detailed information of

Spanish fortifications, but the "reconcentrados" have added materially to this information.

It is difficult to believe that war actually has been declared between the United States and Spain. The prize ships come into the harbor as any other steamer or schooner would. No dead and wounded men are brought ashore, and no gaping holes or battered hulls tell of destructive projectiles or steel-ripping shells.

Yet Key West is a frontier post, right on the danger line. Close to its doors is a great fleet, waiting eagerly for another great fleet to challenge it to a finish fight. If the Spaniards should win the battle nothing but the mines laid in the harbor could keep Spanish warships from blowing Key West off its parent coral reef. It is destined to become a vast hospital when the armies and navies meet, and it is the birthplace of some of the wildest rumors and reports which ever startled a nation.

Key West takes it all quietly. Last night the young folk danced in the beach pavilion, which looks out on the straits toward Cuba. The street-car company is leisurely changing the mule motors to electric motors; the sponge fleet rakes its porous catch from the reefs; people go to sleep every afternoon and drink coffee in the cafes every morning, as though nothing out of the ordinary is happening.

The occasional press bulletin posted in the hotel tells of great excitement in the states; of enlisting booths being erected in the streets of large cities; of special trains rushing troops to gulf harbors; of great crowds awaiting late war news before the newspaper offices; of riots in Madrid and Porto Rico; of calls for volunteers and enthusiasm like to that which sprung up when Sumter was fired upon; but here the hot sun sends everybody indoors at 2 o'clock, and a fight between two cur dogs brought the crowd looking at the Panama back to the custom house.

But the soldiers on duty here realize that they are on a war footing. A sentinel who was posted near a gun nearly went to sleep on duty. He mentioned this to his sergeant, and the man with the chevrons started cold chills down the soldier's backbone by saying:

"It's lucky you didn't go to sleep. You'd be a dead man now."

The soldier gasped, for the sergeant spoke seriously.

"Why," he said, "I wouldn't be shot, would I? I would get three months in the guardhouse."

Then the sergeant gave his men a hint of what war meant. He said: "That would go in time of peace, but see what the regulations say, 'A sentinel on post in war time, if found asleep or neglecting his duty, shall suffer death or such other punishment as the court-martial may direct,' and, look you, if any of you desert now you will be hanged."

The soldiers in Key West now are so wide awake they have hard work dozing when off duty.

A well-known man here, who has been in the habit of walking out toward the new fortifications and chatting with soldiers who might be there, is certain that a state of war exists. Last night, with a long, fat cigar between his teeth and a few more in his pocket for a chance companion, he strolled down the familiar road toward the derricks and dirt piles which in a few days will form a strong fort. He took the familiar turn to the right and was about to walk up the familiar dirt heap, when a sharp "Halt! Stop where you are!" came from the dusk.

"It's me, Billie," said the man, advancing a couple of feet.

"If you make another step I'll shoot," replied Billie, and the click of firing mechanism made a suggestive period to the terse sentence. The man fell back, and to-day he met Billie on the street. He chided him with considerable warmth for threatening his life.

"It's orders," said Billie. "And just bear this in mind—there's a war on."

"By George! That's so!" cried the Key West man, and he remained strangely silent all morning.

Bulletins announcing Dewey's victory reached here at midnight. There were few people out at the time. They read the bulletins and then ran down the street yelling, pounding on doors to awake the sleepers, and shouted the news and ran on, spreading the glad tidings. Naval officers ashore ran to their boats and hurried on board with the news.

Cubans in the cafes left their coffee and crackers and raced home. Soon nearly the whole town was awake, shouting and yelling. The first report early in the afternoon had it that two of Dewey's ships were sunk and that 500 American sailors had perished, while 2,000 Spanish were killed and Manila was taken.

This was pronounced false at the time and the later reports of a crushing defeat for the Spanish were at first received with caution, but when the later bulletins confirmed them the demonstration of enthusiasm began.

# ROUGH RIDER O'NEILL.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

"Any one who wants to go back to the United States when this cruel war is over can go; for my part, I intend to stay."

Capt. W. O. O'Neill of troop A, 1st volunteer cavalry, leaned back against a roll of blankets beneath a stretched square of canvas after the fight at Guasimas, and, blowing a thin stream of cigarette smoke from his lips, made this declaration. From where he reclined he could see a wide stretch of open ground covered with waist-high grass blown into far-reaching ripples by a rare breeze; a border of dark-green manigua, from which arose broad and leafy mango trees, gracefully drooping crowns of palms; cedrelas, with trunks like polished bronze, and here and there the well-named flamboyants, bearing their masses of blossoms of flaming scarlet. Beyond were the hills, meeting the intense blue of a cloudless sky, and within hearing, when the first sergeant ceased pounding coffee with an ax handle in his tin cup, were the musical plash and ripple of a brook clear as one of his own Arigonian streams. Like many another man, Capt. O'Neill was well pleased with Cuba. The possibiilties of the fertile soil and the hidden wealth of the mountains appealed to the practical side of his nature as the picturesque beauty of the landscape did to his well-developed artistic sense.

"I'm going to stay," he repeated.

Cuban ground holds the dust of many high-souled and brave men, patriots and warriors, who, counting honor and freedom above all things earthly, lightly risked and heroically lost all else, that their country might be redeemed from tyranny and oppression, but it holds the dust of none braver, kinder, more generous than Capt. O'Neill.

I like to think of him now as I saw him then—a picture of robust manhood and perfect rest. He had thrown off his blouse for greater comfort, and his blue flannel shirt was unbuttoned at the throat; his hands were clasped behind his head and the brown cigarette between his lips was burning evenly and well. He was at peace with all the world and was inclined to be charitable even toward the Spaniards, concerning whom one of his brother officers had spoken unkindly.

"They can't help being Spaniards any more than a skunk can help being a skunk," he said. "God made them that way. Did you ever get close to a skunk and watch him—when nothing has occurred to irritate him—going to get his evening drink, for instance, gliding over rocks and logs with a beautifully easy, undulating movement and dipping his sharp little black nose daintily in the water? There's the true poetry of motion for you. Their pelts are worth something, too, and so is their fat. Skunks have their good points, and so have Spaniards. They made it interesting for us yesterday." Then, after a pause, "I'd hate to have to die in Cuba for fear of being reincarnated as a Spaniard."

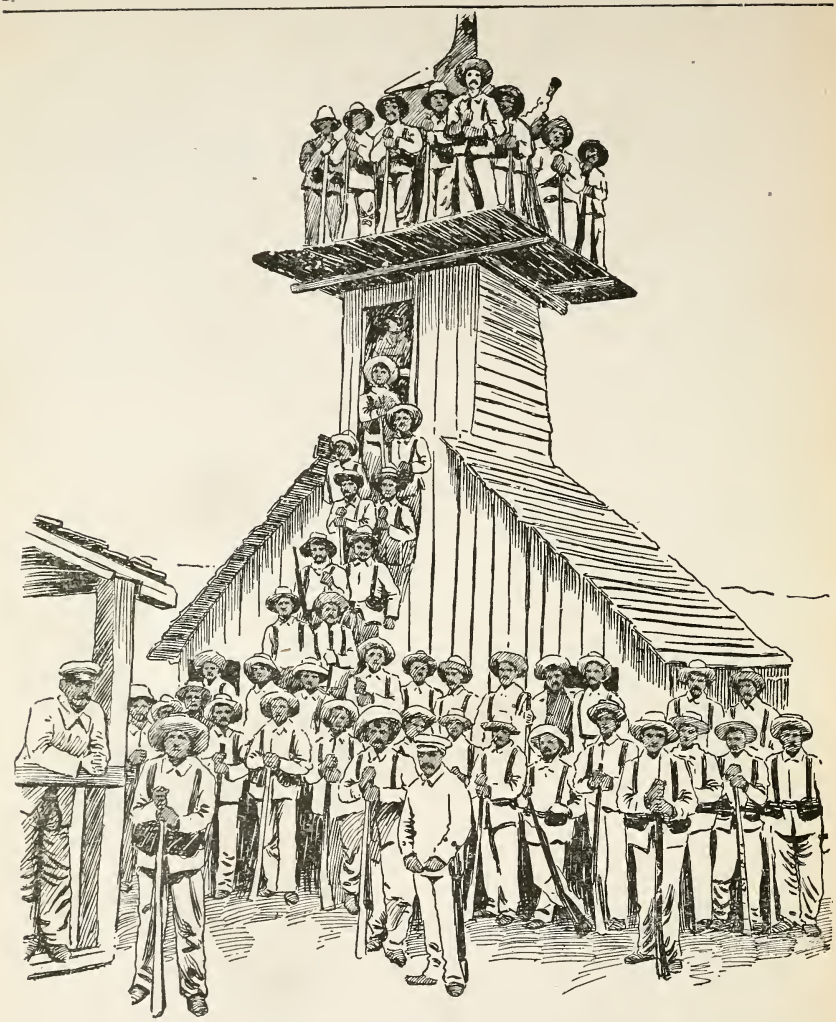
There was some desultory talk, and then O'Neill began, half in jest, half in earnest, to tell of the enterprises he was going to start in Cuba—after the war.

"I'm lucky," he said. "I can make money anywhere. Any one could make money here. I tell you, boys, we are going to have a new set of millionaires—Cuban millionaires—and I am going to be one of them. The Klondike fellows won't be in it."

But if he had made millions he would have given them away. He was absolutely unselfish, caring for everybody but himself. He looked after the well-being of his troops with almost fatherly solicitude; there was no comfort he could obtain for them that they did not have, and he had the rare faculty of treating them as equals without losing their respect in the smallest degree. When occasion demanded he would rate them in a good-humored, hectoring sort of way that was very efficacious, but he had a dread of even seeming to take advantage of his rank, and it was always as one comrade to another. It rather vexed him to have them present arms or rise to salute him as he passed. "They're just as good as I am," he would say. That was not true, but he was modest enough to believe it was. When he jumped from the dock at Baiquiri among grinding, tossing boats, to save the two drowning troopers of the 9th, it was in obedience to a perfectly natural impulse. And he could not understand why any one should make a fuss about it.

O'Neill and I were "bunkies." Our hammocks were hung together at San Antonio; we had a stateroom together on board the transport when we sailed from Tampa, and after the landing I shared his blankets in the field. I have wakened in the night more than once to find him spreading the whole of the scanty cover over me. When we arrived at Siboney on the night of the 24th, after the fatiguing afternoon march, and camped down on the hard coral road, O'Neill was the most cheerful man in the regiment. He was not going to bother about supper, because the man who usually cooked his ration for him was dead beat; but a sergeant who adored him brought him some coffee, which he insisted I should share.

I honestly didn't want the coffee or anything else but just to rest, for I was utterly exhausted, and I think there were few men



A TYPICAL SPANISH BLOCKHOUSE IN CUBA.

in the regiment who were not. Ten or twelve dropped out by the wayside and came staggering in at intervals through the night. Then it began to rain, and O'Neill must needs drag out a canvas wagon cover—"to keep the bedding from getting wet," he said. "Don't imagine it's on your account, you irritable brute, and stop swearing or I'll put you under arrest." Then he crawled in beside me and thrust something deliciously soft under my head—a real pillow! "I've got another here," he said. Knowing him, I had my suspicions, and groping through the darkness I found that his head was resting on a canteen carefully adjusted on a coiled cartridge belt.

As a popular man he had, of course, to have a nickname. The Arizonans called him "Buckie" on account of his having in his unregenerate days "bucked the tiger" in a

very royal and audacious style, leaving the beast scarcely enough sinew to wriggle out of town with. On the muster roll after that fatal fight I read his name among the killed —" 'Buckie' O'Neil, captain."

His belief in his luck was invincible and he looked on the bright side of everything. One thing he said impressed me at the time: "I have never had a friend go back on me." I am sure that he spoke the truth. He was a man to inspire loyal friendship. He firmly believed, too, that he would come safely through the campaign. He felt it, he said. This feeling, I think, may be accounted for by the fact that he had so often escaped a violent death at the hands of border outlaws, Indians or Mexicans. Capt. Capron was another who had encountered innumerable perils of the same description, yet he was nearly the first to meet his death. Custom had made both reckless.

I saw O'Neill last an hour before he fell. From Grimes' battery I was going to the left as troop A moved up to the right. Once in awhile a Spanish shell would drop uncomfortably close, and two or three of the rough riders were already down, wounded by the flying fragments. O'Neill was directing his men to march at intervals of twelve feet. "There will be fewer of you hurt," he said. We talked a minute or two, and then parted, to meet no more. His first sergeant, himself wounded in the foot, told me the next day how he fell, and twice as he told me he bent his head and hid his face in his arms. "After we left you," he said, "we went north and then went down a sunken road. It was pretty bad there, but nothing like it was when we got out of it. Then there was an open field, and the bullets from the blockhouse and the trenches in front swept it from end to end. There was a barb-wire fence there, but we beat it down with the butts of our carbines and scrambled through. Then we lay down and fired, but Capt. O'Neill stood up as straight as could be and told us not to get rattled, but to fire steady. Then we made a rush and troop K came up behind us, and then we lay down again, but Capt. O'Neill walked along the line. Lieut. Kane called to him and says: 'Get down, O'Neill; there's no use of your exposing yourself that way.' Capt. O'Neill turns around an' looks at him and laughs. You know how he laughed. 'Ah,' he says, 'the Spanish bullet isn't molded that can kill me.' Two minutes afterward one struck him in the mouth and he fell dead."

## A DAY OFF BLOCKADED MANILA.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

The story of a day in a blockaded port is an interesting one. Sometimes it may become dull and monotonous, but there always exists the possibility that something exciting may suddenly happen. In the blockade that exists before Manila now there are a number of features which make it unique and alone. The warfare that is being waged between the Spaniards and insurgents on the shores around the bay gives constant touches of excitement, while the frequent squalls incident to the commencement of the southwest monsoon make life on the fleet full of interesting danger. Nearly every day the sound of skirmishing comes from the fringe of trees that lines the shores, and nearly every day come those fearful torrents of rain that mark the beginning of the rainy season. The Philippines are the birthplaces of the dreadful typhoons which have made navigation on the China sea so full of danger to mariners. Manila is the home of the earthquake and the abiding place of the hot weather. Added to these natural perils is the constant menace of torpedoes which overhangs the blockaders. There are two torpedo boats in the Pasig river, which render every precaution necessary on the American ships, and make every night fraught with the possibility of an attack from one of them. As a consequence the nights are always interesting, and the thrilling call of general quarters may at any time be expected.

The American ships lie clustered near Cavite. The Olympia is a mile off shore, and the Concord, Boston and Baltimore are in line with her. The Raleigh and McCulloch lie a few hundred yards nearer the shore, with the Nanshan, Zafiro and Cyrus near by. Farther in and nearly abreast of the Cavite arsenal is the Petrel, while between the Raleigh and the arsenal are the Honolulu and the big four-masted bark Crown of Germany. These two ships are part of the number of sailing vessels that were off Manila the morning of the battle. The former has part of her cargo of coal, and is waiting until it is all taken by the American ships before sailing for her home port. The Crown of Germany, which was empty at the time of the engagement, has been waiting in the hope that she might take on a cargo of hemp before leaving the bay. The Callao and Manila are anchored back in Canacoa bay. From where the McCulloch is stationed the shattered sunken hulks of the Reina Cristina, Castilla and Don Antonio

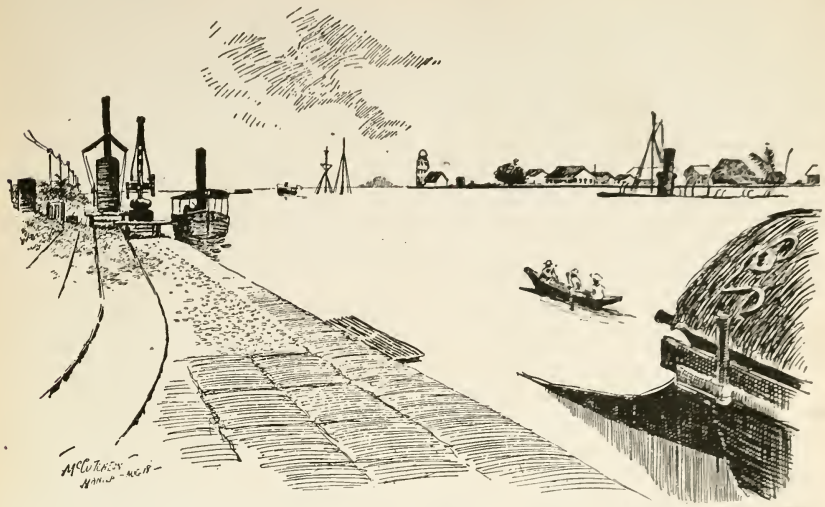
de Ulloa are visible, relieved against the dark stone walls of the Cavite fortifications. Behind the arsenal, in Bakor bay, are the other sunken Spanish ships, but they cannot be seen from where we lie. A low fringe of trees extends from Bakor bay around to the city of Manila, five miles east of the Olympia. It is a mere strip of dark verdure and stands out strongly at the base of the long slopes that are behind it, and which extend gradually up until they merge into the foothills of the mountain ranges that mark the eastern and southern horizons.

Manila, with all her domes and steeples and her water-front batteries, always looks the same, and from this distance shows nothing to indicate the suffering and privations of the people within its boundaries. The faint smoke of a volcano away off to the south makes a distinctive spot on the sky line. Beyond Manila, to the northward, are the foreign warships and the merchant vessels with Manila refugees on board. There are over twenty of them now, and they lie there, waiting, like the spectators in a circus, for something to happen. Corregidor is a mere blue lump on the western horizon, with a spot of blue to the south of it, marking where Caballo lies. The high peaks of the Mariveles mountains are just across the Boca Chica from Corregidor. It is behind these peaks that the sun sinks in the evening, lighting the western sky with every shade of brilliant tropical splendor and dipping down in the China sea in indescribable grandeur. Nowhere in the world—not even in the Indian ocean, which glories in its magnificent sunsets—are there such beautiful and varied ones as are to be seen here in Manila bay. Every night brings one that is absolutely unlike any that has been seen before. Sometimes the sun goes down in an explosion of color and sometimes in the most delicate variations of tints. The Manila sunset is a great institution, and if it were not indescribable it would be worthy of a long description.

Every day begins about the same. At 5 o'clock the reveille sounds out from every one of the government ships, and the shrill thrill of the bo'sun's whistle follows closely the last blast of the bugle. Companionways become lively with white figures, and the work of putting away fat folded hammocks begins. At 5:30 coffee is served out, and then the work of scrubbing down the decks is started. For an hour the sound of splashing water and scrubbing brushes is heard, portholes are closed and barefooted sailors drench every inch of Oregon pine that lines the whole decks. This is the house-cleaning time of day, and by the time the bugle sounds "mess formation"—at 7:20—everything is shipshape for the day. Between that hour and 8 o'clock the crew eats and rests. Then comes "colors." At the sound of the first notes of this inspiring call the flag of every ship is run up. The bands on the Olympia and Baltimore play "The Star-Spangled Banner," every soul on deck comes to a rigid attention, and when the red, white and blue ensign breaks out from peak or flagstaff every cap is raised in salute. Eight o'clock marks the beginning of the day. A launch loaded down with marines pushes off from one of the large men-of-war and puts in toward the arsenal at Cavite. These marines go to do guard duty for twenty-four hours and relieve the men who were sent the morning before. Every man is in white and carries a Lee-Metford rifle. They will be divided in shifts when they reach the headquarters of Camp Dewey, in Cavite arsenal, and one shift will begin at once pacing back and forth on the different beats that are prescribed.

During the morning there is a sense of absolute peacefulness and tranquillity about the bay. From every ship comes the domestic cackle of chickens. Flocks of native outriggers crowd up along the gangway ladders, and the broad-belted and scantily clad Filipinos offer for sale big yellow mangoes, boxes of Manila cigars, wicker crates of chickens, baskets of eggs and bunches of delicious bananas. There is nothing to indicate that the lazy ships and calm waters of the bay had so recently been part of a great naval battle and that now the vessels are on the verge of another struggle which may be more terrible than the first. The country around the shores is beautiful and smiling. With all the varied mountain peaks, the green uplifts that stretch away for miles from the waters of the bay, the low Spanish buildings and ancient fortifications of Cavite, the white clusters of houses that mark where Bakor, Paranaque, Old Cavite and other little villages lie, the domes and steeples of Manila, and, lastly, the vast fleet of foreign and American ships and native fishing boats that are scattered between Cavite and Manila, combine to make a panorama that rivals the beautiful Bay of Naples.

There is usually a little visiting from one ship to another of the American vessels, but that is only when it is necessary. Although lying but a few hundred yards from one another, and barely a mile from shore, the officers very seldom get away from their own ships. Occasionally the launch from one of the foreign fleets comes across toward Cavite and groups of foreign officers visit the wrecks around the arsenal or explore the picturesque quarters of the town or the very interesting native settlement of San Roque. The English captain of the Immortalite is a frequent visitor on the Olympia. He calls to see Admiral Dewey and to help him and Capt. Lamberton pass away part of a monotonous afternoon. Every two or three days the white barge of the admiral may be seen running in toward the arsenal, and that is an almost unfailing sign that the admiral is taking a



MOUTH OF THE PASIG RIVER, MANILA, SHOWING SUNKEN VESSELS OBSTRUCTING THE CHANNEL.

trip to the American possession of Cavite. On these little excursions the bronzed face of the hero of Manila is shaded by a white sun hat, and he looks like the ideal warrior. His face is very brown, his hair and heavy mustache quite gray and his eyes and eyebrows black. The admiral is a man of striking appearance, and much better looking than the pictures that have been printed of him. His face is full of character and firmness, usually very amiable, but sometimes, as the officers of the Olympia testify, as fierce and glowering as a thunder cloud.

Just abreast of the Olympia, 200 yards away, is the dispatch boat McCulloch, which has been my home for so many months. She is always under steam, ready to start out and intercept any vessel that may be seen entering the bay. This is an interesting duty, for there is always the possibility of the stranger being a Spanish merchant ship which has been for months away in the Carolines, or else it may be a ship direct from Hongkong with mail or late news. No sooner does the first faint smudge of smoke show in Boca Chica, seventeen miles away, than the flagship signals the McCulloch to "communicate with the stranger." Instantly there is a hurry and rush on the fast dispatch boat, a sound of grinding anchor chains, the rumble and jolt of the engines, and almost before the signal on the Olympia is fairly up the water at the stern of the McCulloch is being churned white by the propeller and the spray is falling away from her keen stem. The McCulloch holds the record for swiftness in getting under way. She did it to-day in a minute and a half. The best record attained by any of the other ships is held by the Concord, which did it in eight minutes.

Away out near Corregidor the smoke of the stranger is distinguished. In fifteen minutes the McCulloch has gotten well out in the bay and is bearing down toward the west. Gradually the faint streaks of masts are made out, then the funnels and then the hull. It is still too far to determine her character and the glasses are held on her until the significant fighting tops are discernible and she is known to be a warship. Her colors are too faint to be made out and her nationality then becomes the subject for betting. Later it is probable a wager is made whether or not she brings news of an engagement in the Atlantic in which at least six ships are involved. The greater part of the men-of-war which have come into Manila bay have been English and Germans, and these two nations paint hull white and funnels yellow, and as their ensigns are almost identical it is hard to distinguish between them. If the ship is a light gray it may be freely predicted that the flag of Japan will be found at the peak, and if she shows herself to be squatty and short, with a ferocious ram bow, you will know that she is French. The ram bow is an unfailing characteristic of the French vessels that I have seen in the far east. In the meantime the McCulloch has borne down toward the ship and her nationality has been determined. A boat's crew is at the whaleboat falls, and Lieut. Ridgely, the "boarding officer," is getting on his cleanest white and strapping on

his sword. The stranger comes on at slower speed, the McCulloch's engine-room bell gives a clang and the propeller stops its hurried throb. The ropes and tackles of the whaleboat fall, creak and strain, and the boat, with a crew of five men, is lowered at the port quarter. Then it swings beneath the gangway, Lieut. Ridgely, dazzling in stiff duck, takes his place at the tiller, and away the boat goes, tossing and bobbing on the long waves. The two ships are now abreast, 200 yards apart, and there are almost simultaneous bugle calls on each vessel, calling everybody to "attention." Long lines of white appear at the rails and every man in the line is straight and rigid. The boarding boat has arrived at the gangway ladder of the foreign ship and the American officer ascends to the landing. He salutes the officer of the deck, passes between the side boys and goes to the commander of the ship. Here he obtains the name of the vessel and of the captain and of the last port from which she sailed. If she came from Hongkong the commander usually has some letters or cablegrams for Admiral Dewey, and if she is an English ship she probably has a bag of papers and letters for the American ships.

When Lieut. Ridgely returns he is greeted with anxious eagerness. "What is the news from the Atlantic?" "Did they bring any mail?" "Where is the Spanish fleet that started for Manila?" "When did the Monterey and Monadnock sail from 'Frisco?" and a dozen other questions. Perhaps one small bag of mail has come, but it must be taken to the flagship before being opened and distributed. Suddenly the saluting battery of the stranger begins its salute to the American admiral. The starboard side opens like a clap of thunder, and even on the McCulloch the concussion of air is distinctly felt. There is a ten-second pause and the port gun breaks loose, but with a greatly diminished report, owing to its being pointed away from us and being on the opposite side of the ship. Now the loud starboard and now the muffled port go smashing away alternately until the admiral's salute of thirteen guns is fired. The American flag, which has been floating at the fore during the salute, is now drawn down, and every eye turns to where the Olympia lies, five or six miles away, toward Cavite. The McCulloch has signaled the stranger's nationality and a dark spot of bunting breaks out from the Olympia's fore, and almost immediately a white burst of smoke shoots out from the side of the ship and unfurls and floats away. Then from the other side there is a similar cloud of smoke; and then comes another, at a five-second interval, from the starboard gun; and just about as the fourth billow of smoke is seen the dull boom of the first shot reaches the McCulloch. The guns on the farther side of the Olympia give no sound at this distance, and so only every other shot is heard.

The foreign warship steams slowly over toward the anchorage off Manila and the McCulloch returns to her position near the flagship. An officer reports to the admiral the result of the trip, delivers any dispatches or mail that may have come and returns to the McCulloch. Then, after half an hour of impatient waiting, a signal is run up on the Olympia which reads: "Send boat for mail." Half a dozen pulling boats are soon on the way and several hundred officers and sailors are counting the minutes until the boats return with the welcome letters from home. The man who gets a newspaper is immensely popular, and every line of news in it is read by nearly every one on shipboard.

The trips that the McCulloch makes are not always peaceful daylight trips. She has had a number of night cruises, searching for any boats that might be trying to run the blockade or slip out of the Pasig river. On several occasions she has quietly drawn in her anchor, under orders from the flagship, and started out at midnight for a tour of the entire harbor. All the lights are put out on an expedition of this kind, and everything is in readiness to fire on any boat that may try to run away from her. She goes out to Corregidor, explores Mariveles bay, steams back along the northern shore, taking careful notice of all the little rivers that empty into the bay, and finally circles in toward the foreign fleet in front of Manila. All the ships here are counted and a careful observation made that none has slipped out in the darkness of the rainy nights. It was suspected at one time that two small gunboats which have been in the Pasig river since April had slipped out under cover of darkness and were concealed in some of the rivers along the north shore. When this report was started it was almost the nightly work of the McCulloch to cruise out and watch for them. Every boat, even the native fishing boats, were overhauled and examined. At daylight the ship would resume her anchorage in the fleet, with steam always up, and ready at five minutes' notice to get under way. The most notable exploit of the revenue steamer was her mission the night of May 1. When darkness had come over the bay she was sent into the mouth of the Pasig river to intercept any torpedo attack that might be attempted. All night long she lay there, only a few hundred feet from the Krupp gun battery. Twice there were calls to general quarters and every gun was manned and every one on the ship had strapped on his side arms. Beyond the alarms, however, nothing happened. This part of the harbor was said to be well protected with mines, and it was afterward positively asserted that the McCulloch had anchored almost in the heart of the dangerous district.

Twice within the last week she has been

sent over in the shadow of the Lunetta battery—once as an escort of Admiral Dewey, who was making an official call on the French admiral's flagship, Bayard, and once to protect Flag Lieutenant Brumby. The latter incident was rather an exciting trip. The lieutenant had been sent over to the English ship Immortalite and had gone in the admiral's barge. Soon after he had gone on board the Englishman a steam launch came out from Manila and bore down toward the admiral's barge. It was supposed to be a Spanish boat, and it was suspected an attempt would be made to capture Lieut. Brumby. The McCulloch was instantly ordered to steam across, and if the suspected boat proved to be a Spaniard capture it and rescue the American officer. The McCulloch advanced well within the range of the shore battery, the decks were cleared for action and every preparation was made for the fight that would be undertaken if the steam launch carried a Spanish flag. It was known that the capture of a Spanish boat right under the enemy's guns would immediately precipitate a hot fire from shore. It was some time before the identity of the launch could be ascertained, for it had disappeared behind some of the German warships. When it was finally overhauled the flag was found to be that of Austria. The close resemblance of the Austrian ensign to the Spanish flag had caused the mistake. The incident, however, was an exciting one while it lasted, and the fact that the launch turned out to be the Austrian consul's spoiled a good story.

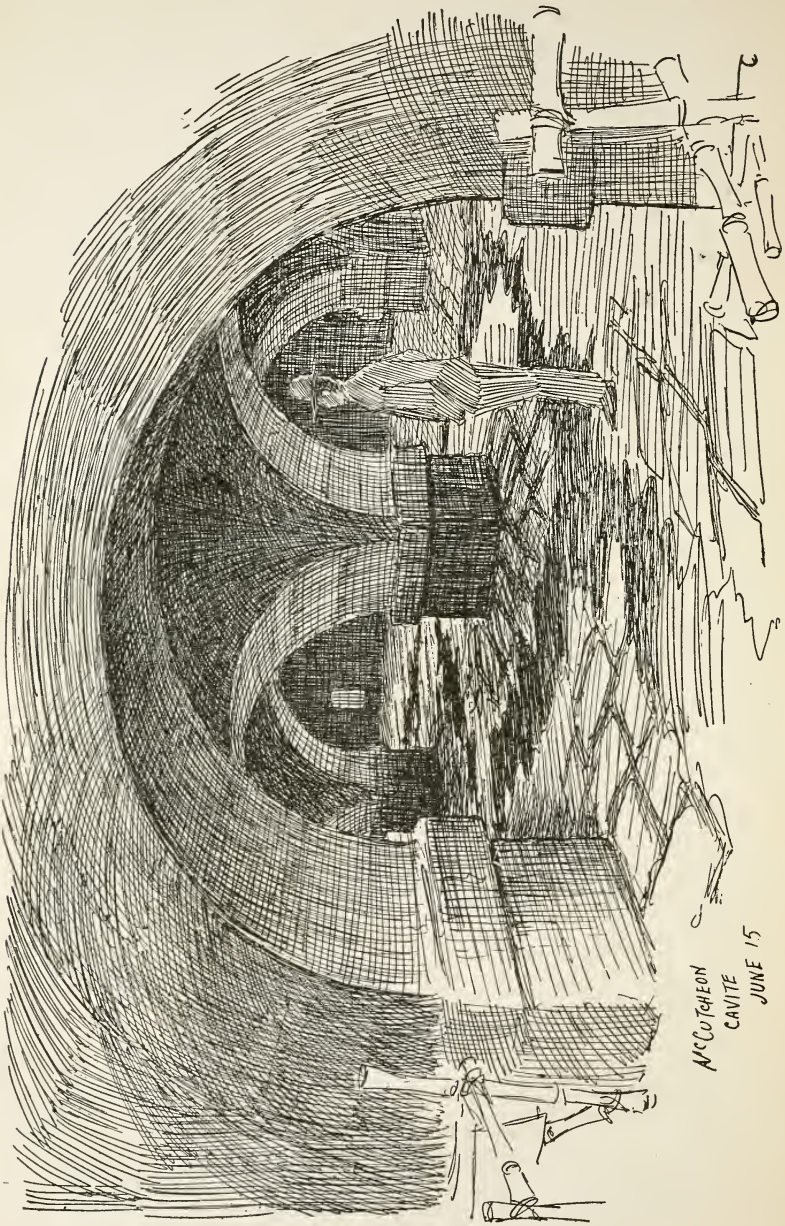
When Admiral Dewey goes to return official calls in the fleet of foreign warships he is always escorted by either the McCulloch or the Concord. The anchorage of the different men-of-war sent here by other nations is so close to Manila that it is considered inadvisable to expose the admiral to the possibility of capture. One of the small gunboats in the river might easily steam out, overhaul his barge, tow it into Manila and be safe before one of the American ships could prevent it. Consequently a gunboat always accompanies the admiral when he visits the foreign ships.

During the day there is usually sub-caliber target practice on one or more of the American ships. A steam launch with a small boat in tow is the most common target used. A flag is stuck up in the small boat, which is several hundred feet behind the launch, and the gunners direct their fire toward the little patch of red bunting. The accuracy of aim which has been developed shows what a perilous undertaking it would be for a Spanish torpedo boat to attempt to get within striking distance of one of the ships.

As the rainy season is now on, hardly a day passes without sudden and heavy rainstorms. The bay may be calm and placid at 1 o'clock, while a half-hour later it may be rough and tumbling in a drenching storm. Boating in small craft is very uncertain and in a measure dangerous because of these sudden and unexpected squalls, which come up nearly every day. There is some comfort in knowing that the temperature is cool and pleasant in this season, even if there is too much rain. It rains much less, however, in the bay than it does on shore, and it is much more healthful on shipboard than it is on land.

The most enjoyable and interesting time of the day is in the evening. The Olympia's band begins its concert at 6 o'clock, "colors" is sounded at sundown and at 7 the band finishes with "The Star-Spangled Banner." Soon the long water front of Manila begins to twinkle with its row of electric lights, and bright constellations a little to the northward mark where the foreign ships lie clustered together.

The American ships are darkened, and the searchlights begin traveling across the waters of the bay. Easy-chairs on the quarterdecks hold white-clothed, shadowy figures, and the curling smoke from many cigars floats off into the night. This is the time for gossip. Every topic that has been suggested during the day is discussed and thoroughly digested. The operations of the insurgents, late rumors from Manila, speculation about the Atlantic squadron, prospects of new mail, the news of the Spanish fleet being sent to the Philippines, what the Germans are up to, all come in for calm consideration at nearly every session. Just now the arrival of the Charleston is a popular theme. Before many minutes one of the armed sentries breaks in with the sharp cry of "Boat ahoy," and the answering cry of "Olympia" comes faintly out of the darkness. A dark, puffing mass creeps up, and a voice shouts out that the password of the night is "Boston." This will be the word that must be answered by every boat hailed during the night, and any boat not answering will be stopped with a shot. The password, of course, is different every night, and is always announced to the officer of the deck of all the ships soon after sunset. This interruption is only a short one, and the conversation that has been disturbed goes on lazily until something new happens. If it is drizzling and rainy the deck awnings are housed and the uneasy columns of dazzling light from the searchlights become more vigilant. Small native boats are picked out of the background of water and clouds over a mile off, and as long as they are within a mile of any American ship the light is kept on them. Suddenly comes again the sharp hail of "Boat ahoy," but there is no response. The hail is repeated with the same result. The sound of a rifle shot comes immediately, and an instant after the picket boat gives the password. Quite often the picket boat is warned by a shot, for the noise of its engines drowns the sentry's voice, and




ONE OF THE DUNGEONS AT CAVITE PREPARED BY THE SPANISH FOR AMERICAN PRISONERS.

it takes a loud report to call its attention. All during the night the picket boat steams around the fleet, keeping a most vigilant watch. Nearly every night there is a good deal of cannonading and musket firing near Manila. The flashes of the big guns and the faint sputter of rifle volleys come distinctly out to where the ships are lying. This periodical warfare, which almost always occurs in the evening, has become so common that only a lazy interest is taken in it. It is on such a night as the stormy one we had a week or so ago that real excitement comes. The flagship signaled that there was reason to expect a torpedo attack that night and cautioned every one to be ready. The report that the two gunboats had left the Pasig river led to the alarm. There was extra vigilance that night, but nothing happened besides a heavy rainstorm. These touches of excitement are what relieve the monotony of this blockade.

Just now the harbor is full of German warships, and there is considerable speculation as to the intentions of William in this war. The Charleston and the transports are expected any hour. A Spanish fleet is expected in a few weeks, and we are getting into the typhoon season. The insurgents and Spaniards are fighting every day, and the news comes that France has forbidden its ships entering Japanese waters, and we are guessing what it signifies. So, taking everything into consideration, a day in a blockaded port is very interesting.

## THE DARING TRIP OF THE UNCAS.

BY TRUMBULL WHITE.

Lieut. F. R. Brainard, a stalwart Chicagoan who commands the converted boat Uncas of the mosquito fleet, returned this morning (May 16) from a daring journey to Havana. He is the first American to hold direct communication with the Spanish authorities in Cuba, except by way of the rapid-fire guns and heavier artillery, since the war began. Lieut. Brainard has been making a good record for himself ever since he worked his way through the Chicago high school and was appointed to Annapolis by Carter Harrison in 1876. This little expedition will be remembered with the other one from the Roncador reef, when he volunteered and took eight sailors in an open boat 200 miles.

The errand of the Uncas was one of humanity. As soon as the capture of the newspaper artist, Hayden Jones, and Correspondent Thrall became known a movement was begun to effect their rescue. With Lieut. Brainard went Correspondent Knight of the London Times, who had credentials from Madrid permitting him to go to Havana, and he sought this method of reaching the Cuban capital. The Uncas came in sight of the entrance of Havana harbor yesterday morning. The persons aboard began to realize that their mission was a ticklish one. The orders of Commodore Watson to go in under a white flag of truce were simple enough, but their reception was still doubtful, because the distance at which signals can be read is not as great as the range of the guns.

A little personality on board the Uncas was of a character to please the commander and showed the temper of his men. The only white flag available, something not expected to be used by the American navy, was a sheet from Brainard's bed. That was brought up, and Lieut. Brainard ordered Quartermaster Kelly, a splendid big Irishman, a great favorite of the commander and crew, to run up the signal. Kelly seemed to have some difficulty, and the work was progressing slowly. Lieut. Brainard finally became impatient, as the Uncas was drawing nearer to Havana. "Hurry up with that sheet!" ordered Brainard.

Kelly's face got red. He straightened up, dropped the sheet and promptly said: "I'll not do it."

Brainard was secretly immensely pleased, but he repeated his command, this time more sternly.

"I'll be darned if I'll do it," reiterated the Irishman. "I never sailed under a white flag yet, and I'm not going to begin by raising one meself." And Kelly didn't raise the flag, nor is there any suggestion that he will be disciplined for disobedience. That is pretty good sort of timber to have in a crew, even if it is not very tractable at times. But that sheet was raised by some one.

The Uncas was within three miles of the entrance to Havana harbor. Signal flags were hoisted upon the staff of Morro castle, but they were still too far away to be read. The Uncas hoisted the signal, "We wish to communicate with you," and steamed on, not knowing the nature of the Morro signal, which might be saying: "Come no nearer or we will fire on you."

The Uncas got within two miles, when another signal was run up at Morro, reading, "Wait there; we will send a ship," and the Americans stopped. In about an hour a little Spanish first-class gunboat came steaming out. After proceeding a little way a signal was run up telling the Uncas to come on. The latter steamed forward, following the

Spaniard till within almost half a mile of Morro castle, when both stopped, the Spaniard evidently expecting the conversation to be carried on by shouting through a megaphone. This did not suit Lieut. Brainard. "Never mind; I'll take you aboard my own boat," said the Spaniard. Lieut. Brainard and Knight were rowed to the Spanish gunboat. There was much evident amazement aboard the latter. All this time the rapid-fire guns on deck were uncovered, and the crew, leaning over the rail, watched events. The guns on the Spanish gunboat were manned by a gun crew, and the muzzles were sweeping back and forth, raking the Uncas at close range constantly. One fine gun was a Gatling, evidently throwing one-inch shells.

When the boat was almost alongside the Spanish vessel the Spaniards made a show of confidence by throwing canvas over the guns, but really only over the barrels, the muzzle and firing mechanism being left carefully uncovered.

Once on board the gunboat, there was an effusive welcome of hand-shaking. The two men were taken down to the little cabin, where they were kept all through the voyage into the harbor. The gunboat steamed shoreward, leaving the Uncas to drift back and forth in the shadow of Morro.

When they reached the dock at Havana an aid of Gen. Blanco came aboard in response to a request and Lieut. Brainard made known his communication with Blanco. The Spaniards were very civil and courteous in their conversation. Gen. Blanco's officers said the two captured Americans should be treated as prisoners of war and promptly exchanged for two Spanish officers when the latter were sent with a flag of truce and the proper official papers.

Mr. Knight of the London Times had an exciting experience. The Spanish were willing to receive him and he was landed at the Havana mole, but a great crowd of excited people facing the mole declared themselves ready to mob him, and the guns of the gunboat had to be turned on the crowd. Knight saw that it was impossible to land safely in such circumstances. Inasmuch as he expected to stay there he did not want to land under guard, because of the threat of future danger, so he came back to the gunboat. By this time the commander of the latter had become very friendly and invited Lieut. Brainard on deck for refreshments, but Blanco's aid countermanded the invitation and required Lieut. Brainard to return below deck for entertainment. The gunboat then started out of the harbor, transferred Brainard and Knight to a small boat, and a few minutes later the Uncas was steaming northward toward Key West.

## MILITARY STATION NO. 1.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

There is now a postoffice of the United States in Cuba. From "Military Station No. 1," Baiquiri, Cuba, soldiers, sailors and marines may send letters to their wives, sweethearts, relatives and friends; postage stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes may be purchased, while money orders are to be had at the usual fee, the postmaster being prepared to cash other orders and conduct the business of his department as methodically as any of his brother officers in the states.

Officially this office is known as "United States Postoffice, Military Station No. 1, Cuba," and is in charge of Eben Brewer, United States resident mail agent for Cuba. It is a substation of the New York postoffice, with Louis Kempner as superintendent and Sergt. Claude I. Dawson chief clerk.

Occupying a neat frame cottage on the hill, this new postoffice commands a view of the harbor, where the transports swing at the mooring buoys, while between it and the water lies the great pier and plant of the Spanish-American Iron company, still intact with the exception of the machine shop, the latter having been burned by the Spaniards when they evacuated the settlement. The house is known as No. 5, and was formerly occupied by an officer of the company. It contains six rooms, is painted white, and from the balcony a beautiful view of the harbor, the sea and the great mountains is to be had.

This new postoffice was opened for business last Friday morning (June 24) at 10 o'clock. Mr. Brewer had landed the day before and rented the building from Frederic Poppe, Cuban military governor of the town and superintendent of the iron works, and by dint of hard work had the place in condition the following day. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon of the opening day 8,000 letters were on their way from the army and navy to the United States. At 5:30 o'clock Sunday morning a second mail of 4,000 letters was sent from the dock, and to-morrow morning a third will leave in a government dispatch boat for Key West. This mail is to be carried by the ex-liner City of Paris, now the Yale, and the vessel's orders are to take the Yucatan channel and look out for blockade runners while en route. Arriving at Key

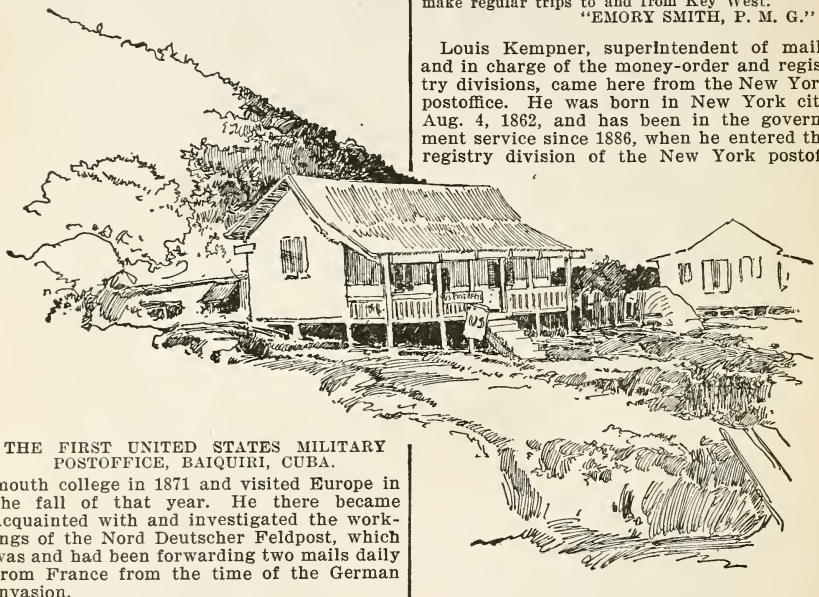
FIRST UNITED STATES MILITARY POSTMASTER ON FOREIGN SOIL.

West the Yale is to convoy the prizes from that port to Hampton Roads and then proceed to New York. She will embark additional troops and bring them and the mails on her return trip to these waters.

In its money-order department our new postoffice did a rushing business yesterday, more than $600 in orders having been issued. J. A. McDowell of the Red Cross society was the first to invest, and he bought an order for $1, payable to himself. The next customer was a private of battery H, 4th artillery, who took $400 worth of orders, paid the cash and sent them to his family. The sale of stamps, postal cards, stamped envelopes and special-delivery stamps has been large and is increasing daily, while the business of the registry division has been so heavy that the office is already a money-maker instead of an expense to the government. But no one begrudges it success, for it is the most popular institution in Cuba to-day.

Eben Brewer, the resident mail agent, is the author of the service as at present conducted. When war was declared he suggested his plan to William S. Shallenberger, second assistant postmaster-general, and was appointed mail agent for Cuba and Puerto Rico on May 3. He was assigned to the 5th army corps and came here from Tampa with the troops.

Mr. Brewer was born in Barnett, Vt., in 1849, but has lived in Pennsylvania since his third year. He is a son of ex-Congressman Francis B. Brewer of the 33d congressional district of New York, who organized and was secretary of the first petroleum company in the United States. He it was that employed Col. E. L. Drake to bore the first oil well at Titusville, Pa., in 1859. Brewer, senior, was a surgeon during the war, and Eben went to Washington in 1864 as a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals at the capital. Mr. Brewer was graduated from Dartmouth college in 1871 and visited Europe in the fall of that year. He there became acquainted with and investigated the workings of the Nord Deutscher Feldpost, which was and had been forwarding two mails daily from France from the time of the German invasion.



THE FIRST UNITED STATES MILITARY POSTOFFICE, BAIQUIRI, CUBA.

On his return to the United States in 1872 Mr. Brewer was appointed secretary of the United States commission to the Vienna exposition of 1873. Returning, in 1874, he bought the Erie (Pa.) Dispatch, and engaged in the newspaper business for twenty-one years, disposing of his interests in several publications in 1895. In 1890 Mr. Brewer came to Chicago as first assistant secretary of the World's Columbian commission, and in the fall of 1891 became chief clerk to the director-general, Col. George R. Davis. He practiced law in Pittsburg for a number of years, and at the time of his appointment was in Washington prosecuting several claims against the government for his clients.

It is Mr. Brewer's hope to establish a postal station in Santiago on the Fourth of July and to have half a dozen offices scattered throughout Cuba within a few months. That his work is satisfactory to the department is shown by the following message from the postmaster-general, which was brought by the Hercules from Guantanamo this morning:

"Washington, D. C., June 25.—Eben Brewer, Resident Mail Agent with Gen. Shafter's Army, Playa, Cuba: Cablegram received. Your handling of mail service very satisfactory. You need not cable reports of army operations. All mail at Key West for Shafter's army and fleet was dispatched yesterday by collier Lebanon. More to follow Sunday by army dispatch boat and authorized to make regular trips to and from Key West.

"EMORY SMITH, P. M. G."

Louis Kempner, superintendent of mails and in charge of the money-order and registry divisions, came here from the New York postoffice. He was born in New York city Aug. 4, 1862, and has been in the government service since 1886, when he entered the registry division of the New York postoffice. In 1891 he was appointed chief clerk of station H, and during six years has been in charge of stations H, P and B, the largest and most important in New York. He went into the money-order division in 1898.

Sergt. Claude I. Dawson, chief clerk to the mail agent, was born in Burlington, Iowa, in 1877. His father is Capt. N. E. Dawson, confidential secretary to Gen. Miles. He held the same position under Gen. U. S. Grant when the latter was commander-in-chief of the army. Sergt. Dawson is a member of company G, 1st regiment District of Columbia volunteers, his company being well known as the Morton ca-

dets, one of the crack drill organizations of the east.

To-morrow Mr. Brewer will go to the front to collect mail from soldiers along the line. He is working enthusiastically and performing carrier work himself in order that the men here and along the coast may have the best service.

In order to facilitate the service all persons writing to men in the army should add the company letter and regimental number, and designate whether the person for whom the letter is intended is in the regular or volunteer service. Be sure and give the name of ship when sending letters to sailors or marines. Writers of letters intended for Cuba cannot be too explicit in the matter of direction. Here is a good form to follow:

SERGT. CHARLES S. WILLIAMS,
BATTERY X, 69TH ARTILLERY, U. S. V.,
5TH ARMY CORPS,
MILITARY STATION NO. 1, CUBA.

Mail addressed to sailors will be delivered as quickly as possible, but there is likely to be delay owing to the movements of the ships.

## REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

El Caney, whose normal population does not exceed 500, contains to-day 8,000 or more people—residents of Santiago, who have fled from the threatened bombardment. All of them are hungry; many of them on the verge of starvation. For famine had stared them in the face for weeks before their flight. There are sick among them, who have been borne along on litters by men whose enfeebled limbs are now hardly able to support their own wasted frames, and aged men and women who have tottered painfully over the five miles of rough and miry road between here and the beleaguered city. Frightened, helpless, not knowing whither to turn for sustenance and safety, the constantly increasing multitude are cowering beneath the shell-rent roofs of the little village or wandering aimlessly through the narrow, rocky streets, waiting for what may happen, praying that help may come.

El Caney is eight miles from Gen. Shafter's headquarters, whence I rode early this morning, meeting no one on my way but a party of half a dozen insurgents. Within a mile of the village there were streams of people moving about the roads and in the fields by the side of the road, with strange patches of color among them—scarlet, saffron and blue—which presently resolved themselves into parasols and the dresses of the negro women. A family party of perhaps a dozen persons were the first I met. There was a very sallow, middle-aged man wearing gold-rimmed glasses, a freshly laundered suit of white duck and a straw hat. Leaning on his one arm was a gray-haired old lady in black, who seemed very much exhausted, and by his side his wife walked, holding a big umbrella over her liberally powdered complexion. Two girls of 14 and 16 years of age followed their parents, and last of all came a fat negress with the baby. The rest were negroes, apparently servants. The man said his name was Martel and that he was a French merchant of Santiago, but his French was not convincing. He inquired the way to Siboney and whether there was anything to eat there.

"We have not eaten since midday yesterday," he said, "and the fatigue of the journey has been excessive."

I told him that provisions for the refugees were then on the way. "That is very good, very kind and charitable of you Americanos," he returned; "but I should have been better satisfied if you had left us alone. We were doing very well. I have two houses already smashed by your shells and I may have nothing when I get back."

All along the road up to the town men and women, were passing bearing bundles and baskets of mangoes and green cocoanuts—ragged negroes, smart young clerks, staid business men, women in dainty gingham gowns and lace mantillas, negresses in gaudy calicoes and blazing rebozas, all bearing the same burden and most of them devouring the fruit as they walked along.

El Caney was formerly a sort of summer resort for the people of Santiago. Before the insurrection they used to come out in excursion parties over the little railroad and dance in the glorieta in the grand square to the music of military bands and hold picnics in the surrounding woods. But to-day the glory is departed from the place. The main street leading from the gate in the barb-wire fence by which the town is surrounded is a steep declivity of bowlders washed naked by the rains. On either side are decaying houses of brick or adobe thatched with palm leaves and covered in patches with faded stucco of once brilliant hue. The verandas are railed with curiously wrought iron and massive iron bars corroded with rust and heavy wooden

shutters protect the unglazed windows. Within the rooms are bare—the barer perhaps that the town was looted by the Cubans the day after it was taken—but at no time can it be imagined that there was comfort there. A few beds, an earthen arroya or water jar, a brick cooking place with a receptacle for burning charcoal and a few heavy chairs upholstered with bald rawhide and brass nails seem to be about all they have ever contained. It is pretty certain that the insurgents carried off no furniture.

Now these rooms are crowded with people—the women either dressing their hair or cooking what scanty provision they may have gathered from the field or brought with them; the men discussing the situation animatedly, smoking cigarettes or thrusting their fingers into their ears to shut out the continual wailing of the children. Not all the children

CHURCH AT EL CANEY WHERE 15,000 REFUGEES FROM SANTIAGO WERE FED.

are crying. There are swarms of them nude and unabashed playing in the streets outside as gleefully as though the whole exodus had been arranged for their especial benefit and amusement. The negroes for the most part seem as happy and care-free as the children. It is the "better class"—the men who as proof of their station wear wilted linen collars and shirts and coats whose cut shows a cunning tailor's hand—who are the miserable ones.

Even these delicately nurtured women, tired, hungry and somewhat bedraggled as they are, show occasional flashes of gayety and flirt their fans at want and fatigue with a brave effort. At the top of the street is the plaza, where, in front of the abandoned church of San Luis de Caney, a great space was fenced off with wires wound about broken Mauser rifles stuck in the ground. The church is now the hospital and for months it has been used as a fortification. The sacred vessels are gone and its walls of shabby brick and stucco are perforated with loopholes for rifles. On the steps before the great doors two burly troopers of the 9th cavalry, white bandages wound about their heads, smoked their pipes, their carbines laid cross their knees and they themselves keenly alert in spite of their easy attitudes, for those within were Spaniards.

They were not capable of much harm, poor fellows. They lay groaning along the aisles on the tiled floors or slung in their hammocks from the wooden pillars, even within the altar space from which a figure of Our Lady of Sorrows looked compassionately down upon them. One of them was dying and a comrade near him alternately called to him words of consolation and prayed fervently with his eyes fixed on the Mater Dolorosa on the wall. There was a Cuban surgeon ostensibly in charge of the hospital, but he had done little to relieve the sufferings of the wounded Spanish soldiers. He was rather in favor of letting nature take its course with them until the arrival of the American hospital corps. Then he bustled about with a show of doing something and eventually the men were got into ambulances and taken to the divisional hospital.

About noon a Cuban officer mounted the balcony of one of the houses and stood in an oratorical attitude and there was an instant rush from all parts of the village to hear what he had to say. It was good news. Wagon loads of hardtack and of canned beef were on the way and would arrive within two hours. It was particularly desired that the senores would refrain from crowding when the happy moment came. Cheer upon cheer, vivas and "heep hoorays," hand clapping and hat waving followed the announcement, and the Cuban officer got down with the gratified air of a man who has struck the keynote of popular approval.

In the meantime a troop of Rafferty's mounted squadron of the 2d cavalry—the redoubtable Rafferty himself at the head—was drawn up in the plaza and a detachment of the troop was scattered through the village, accompanied by two or three Cuban lieutenants, who conducted them through the houses and questioned the occupants. Every once in awhile a man would be seized by a couple of the troopers and bundled off to the hospital. One well-dressed "pacifico" started to run, but three carbines thrown up to aim and a sharp command brought him to a standstill, and he was likewise arrested and hurried away. Seventeen suspected of being Spanish officers were at last garnered in the hospital, and three of them acknowledged that they were officers in the Spanish volunteers. One was a captain and the other two lieutenants. They said that they were really peaceful individuals, but they had been forced into the war, of which they were heartily tired. Now they wanted to get out. A fourth man was held on suspicion of being a spy. The rest were turned loose.

Down a side street, near where a crowd of people were staring wistfully at a baker's sign, the British jack waved over the consul's tent. The consul, Mr. Ramsden, after exhausting every effort in conjunction with the other representatives of foreign governments to induce the governor to surrender, and after getting off most of his compatriots on the warships sent by Commodore Henderson, decided to leave Santiago to be bombarded without him. Mrs. Ramsden was with him and seemed to have suffered acutely from her experiences of the last few days. The consul told me that conditions in Santiago were such as to make successful resistance impossible. This, in fact, has been acknowledged during the truce by the Spanish officials themselves.

From other sources I learned of the scarcity of provisions, the sickness among the troops and the overwhelming sentiment in favor of a surrender. On the day of the first bombardment of the outer works several of the American shells burst in the city, and the panic created was indescribable. Men and women clutching their children by the hand ran screaming from the blazing ruins of their houses, and as they went they were joined by other terror-stricken beings, who grew presently into a crowd that the soldiers found impossible to disperse. The house of the regional governor was besieged with a multitude, clamoring madly for surrender and to be allowed to leave the city, but in half an hour the firing ceased and order was eventually restored.

On the morning of July 4 the governor issued his proclamation, permitting those who desired to do so to leave the city. The same night the soldiers raided the residences, carrying off everything eatable they could lay their hands on. It was a simple choice

before the people—either to stay and starve and run the risk of the American shells or to leave and trust to the tender mercies of the dreaded "Yankee pigs."

It was nearly 5 o'clock before the provisions arrived, and then, in spite of all admonitions, the crush at the distribution was terrific, and at last the thing was accomplished, and every man, woman and child in the place got his little ration of hardtack and pork. To-morrow the refugees will be removed from Caney—most likely to Siboney. Capt. Finley, with troop L of the 9th cavalry, has been left in charge of the village, and Maj. Rafferty has taken his Spanish prisoners back to Gen. Shafter's headquarters.

## WAINWRIGHT'S MEN.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

Safely anchored before St. Thomas in the snug harbor of this beautiful island of the Danish West Indies, the picturesque town of

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER RICHARD WAINWRIGHT.

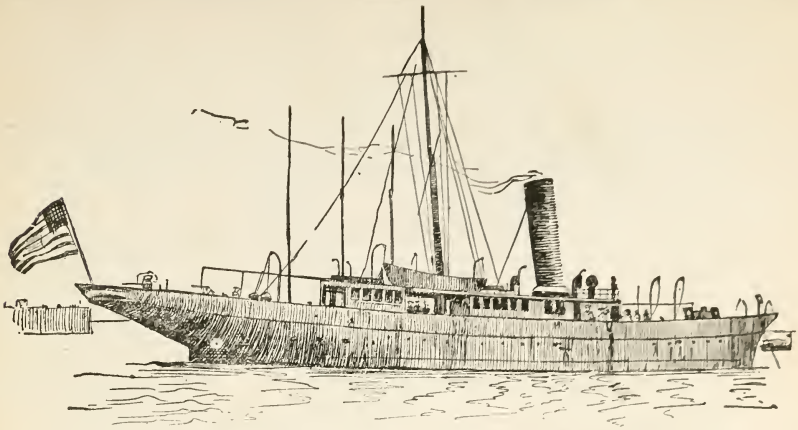
Charlotte Amalia, with its romantic old towers of Bluebeard and Blackbeard surmounting the hills above, the saucy Gloucester is awaiting orders as to her further movements. The cruiser Cincinnati, gray in battle color, is coaling from a schooner off the port quarter; the flags of Denmark, Germany and France are flying from the warships which represent those nations in these waters, visited by Columbus on his second voyage to the West Indies in 1493.

Built as a yacht, designed for the pleasure and recreation of a rich man, the Gloucester, formerly the Corsair, possesses no lines to suggest the fighting ship. There is no armor to disfigure her graceful sides; the comely freeboard is for speed, not resistance, and the overhanging stern is more suggestive of delicate construction than substantial purpose. Only when the deck is viewed does the impression of the Gloucester change from that of the peaceful pleasure craft to the murderous man-of-war. Then one glance at the batteries is sufficient to tell how the battle with the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyers was won on that memorable Sunday in July off Santiago. Eight heavy rapid-fire pieces, four to each broadside, with the Colt machines of death fore and aft—an armament too heavy by half according to naval theorists, but one which has proved the wisdom of its selection.

The big German warship here at anchor, five times the Gloucester's size, does not mount so many or such heavy guns. The Frenchman and Dane, either one twice as large and much more substantially built, have together a lighter battery strength. Six months ago any one of them would have been considered the Gloucester's superior, but to-day the three combined would hesitate before giving battle to the trim yacht, because they know what she has accomplished and have been taught that American gunnery is a terrible and destructive force when playing upon an enemy.

When Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright was seeking an assignment which would enable him adequately to remember the Maine he was offered command of the Gloucester, one of the mosquito fleet. He accepted, and the navy department suggested that the vessel be given an armored protection before going into commission. "Never mind the armor," he said. "The boat is fast; give me guns and men—they will be the best protection." He was permitted to have his way. The former executive officer of the Maine was known as a safe man, but even his stanch admirers looked askance when they saw the guns he placed aboard. Those guns seemed heavy enough to sink the craft when she rolled in a heavy sea. It was predicted that the discharge of a broadside would tear the boat apart. What did happen is now a matter of record.

Having his ship and his guns, Wainwright looked about for the proper men to serve them. His choice has resulted in adding to



THE UNITED STATES AUXILIARY CRUISER GLOUCESTER.

the luster which is shed on the American volunteer, for the men who commanded the guns on the day when Wainwright and the Gloucester were names indelibly written on the page of history were there to serve them for their country's sake in time of need, and now that the work is done they are impatiently awaiting the word which will permit them to lay aside their uniforms and return to their vocations of peace. Not only did these officers direct the fire, but they fought the guns as well. One of them, Dr. Edson, after performing his duty as ensign during the fight, went into the operating room when the battle was finished and assisted the ship's surgeon in caring for the wounded Spaniards picked up by the Gloucester's small boats.

Lieut. T. C. Wood was in charge of the second division. He was with Wainwright at the naval academy, from which he was graduated in 1871. Then he went into business instead of following the sea. To-day he is the president of the Ball & Wood engine company of New York, a man 40 years of age, possessed of wealth, but who, remembering his early training, entered active service when told that his country needed him. In charge of the first division on the port side was J. Tracy Edson, also of the class of '71 at Annapolis, but known in New York as Dr. Edson, medical examiner in chief of the Equitable Life Insurance company and enjoying a large income from a lucrative practice. To the starboard in the same division was Lieut. George Norman. In Newport he is rated a successful man of business, and at the age of 35 is in control of immense properties. Since he was graduated from Harvard he has been a sportsman, yachtsman and polo player of international reputation, to which he added a laurel or two for gunnery on the 3d of last July. Assistant Paymaster Alexander Brown commanded the two Colt guns during the engagement. He is but 26 years old and was graduated from Yale in 1891. He has rowed at Henley, has held the record for throwing the hammer and is well known as an amateur athlete. He is a son of the senior member of the Philadelphia banking house of Alex. Brown & Sons. Dr. Bransford, who is an ensign in command of a gun, was formerly a surgeon in the navy, but during the last ten years he has been devoting himselt to practice in the east.

One of the guns was in charge of a petty officer named Bell. In civil life he superintends a mechanical department of a great bicycle concern. During the great fight the firing-pin of his piece became clogged and the gun was temporarily out of commission. Despite the fact that shells were flying in dangerous proximity, Bell sat down on the deck, took the gun apart, inserted a new pin and was soon active in the work of throwing shells into the enemy.

Dr. Edson has a brother in Chicago, ex-Ald. Manierre. Lieut. Norman has a brother serving as a volunteer under "Fighting Bob" Evans on the Iowa; while another brother fought with the rough riders. It is also a coincidence that Norman's lawyer is Secretary of the Navy Long. Officers and men on the Gloucester are suggesting that he instruct his attorney to advocate the sending home of the vessel now that war is at an end and muster out the ship's complement desirous of resuming the business of life ashore.

This is but a glance at a part of the personnel of an American fighting ship hastily recruited when hostilities begun, but it tells the reason Wainwright succeeded. His crew was thoroughbred.

# THE ROUGH RIDERS.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

One hundred and eighty men, fresh from the heat-gendering wildernesses of Arizona—men keen of eye and prompt in action—arrived in San Antonio on the 7th of May, 1898. They were the advance guard of the 1st regiment of United States volunteer cavalry, already known as Roosevelt's rough riders. One thousand more like them from the ranches and ranges of the southwest were then on their way to the rendezvous, and within two weeks they were all gathered together.

The regiment was discussed by a group of "old-time" frontiersmen—taciturn, gnarled and scarred ex-sheriffs and ex-rangers—at the Southern hotel the night before, or, rather, some one mentioned it. The rest rocked easily back in their chairs and puffed at their well-blackened corncobs. Now and again there was a short explosive chuckle from the circle, then an old sunburned man whose wrinkled neck was traversed by the long, livid mark of a "greaser" bullet, expressed the general sentiment. "Them boys will make the Spaniards hard ter ketch," he said.

There was a popular misconception of the character of the men who were to compose the "cowboy regiment." They were not of the long-haired type, who are, in their own vernacular, "wild and woolly and hard to curry," the kind whose special delight it is, or, is supposed to be, to compel the tenderfoot to perform a pas de seul to the cracking accompaniment of a gun. On the contrary, the "puncher" addicted to riding his pony into a barroom and to smashing the bottles and the mirror was counted distinctly ineligible. The officers who were engaged in recruiting the men chose the best morally as well as physically. Good riders, able to sit the most vicious brute in the string and to bear any hardship of camp life. They were to be marksmen of note even among their fellows and of approved courage. Their officers believed, and had reason for believing, that they would be more effective than any other volunteer regiment that could be raised. They were not to receive much preliminary instruction. They were to be kept in camp for a week or two, during which time they would be able to familiarize themselves with the bugle calls and the more simple evolutions. For the rest they were to be brought into shape on the march. As soon as their equipment was completed it was expected that they would take the road for Galveston, from thence to be transported directly to Cuba.

Col. Leonard Wood, who was to command the unique regiment, arrived in San Antonio two days before, and at once set about his preparations for the rendezvous. He was accompanied by Maj. George M. Dunn, who was to head one of the battalions.

* * * * * * *

The day following Col. Wood went down to Fort Sam Houston to buy horses. On his arrival he had found a number of eager dealers awaiting him and the stock they had was about what he wanted. The only thing was that the market had boomed and prices were soaring skyward. Eventually, however, the horse dealers were made to understand that the colonel of the rough riders was not a man to submit to any imposition and the meeting at the fort was arranged.

There were about 100 horses brought up for inspection to start with when the colonel arrived. First of all the saddles and bridles were taken off and a preliminary examination was made. Saddles were then replaced and the trials of speed began.

The first to start was a man who wore a fuzzy steeple-crowned Mexican hat gorgeously adorned with silver-bullion braid and a big pair of bell spurs. His horse was a good-looking, well-groomed bay, that looked fit for anything, but nevertheless did not jump at the slackened rein. One of the big spurs went into its flank, and then it made a creditable bound and scudded off over the white road in style. At 400 yards it was pulled up for the turn, but there was another perceptible halt, and, though it came flying back scattering gravel behind, its sides were heaving fast when it stopped and there was blood on the big spurs. Col. Wood glanced at Capt. Stevens of the 5th, the post quartermaster, who had come to assist him, and shook his head. The regimental farrier thrust out his under lip and Maj. Dunn said: "No good." So the rejected bay trotted off.

The next horse was a flea-bitten roan, whose ribs showed through, and its rider was a dirty little man with his "chaps" patched and cobbled in a hundred places. The rawhide was half curled off the tree of his saddle and his bridle had been so often repaired that it was more buckskin string than tanned leather. He wore no spurs and he had no need to. The roan, straining at the bit, was off like a flash the instant the rein was slackened, and the little man, his elbows flapping, was round the course and back before the man in the Mexican sombrero had reached the sallyport. The roan was accepted. Then came a chestnut ridden by a Mexican. This one bucked half of the way, but made good time the other half and found favor in the eyes of the judges, and so it

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN THE ROUGH RIDER UNIFORM.

went through the afternoon, until at least fifty sound, mettlesome and speedy beasts were tied up in a row back of the quadrangle.

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Two hundred and eighty men exclusive of those who were to attend to the pack train were in "Rough Riders' camp" at Riverside park by May 8, and, according to expert opinion, a hardier, handier lot never set foot in stirrup.

Standing in line before their extemporized barracks they did not show to advantage for they were of all sizes and all shapes and their pose at "attention" would have made a drill sergeant rave, but they were the pick and the flower of the ranges for all that. Their walk had a sailor-like slouchiness about it, but it was full of spring and if many of them were a trifle bowlegged they had, they said, so much the better grip of their saddles. Their faces had a pink glow showing through the clear tan, telling of perfect health, and there was a generally self-reliant, alert look about them that was very impressive.

The Arizona boys came first, under charge of Maj. A. O. Brodie, formerly of the 1st United States cavalry. The Southern Pacific train that brought them in was switched from the main line and brought to the fair grounds at Riverside park, where Col. Wood was already in waiting. It took the 200 about two minutes to disembark. They began to leap from the platforms where they had been standing and swinging their hats as soon as the engine began to slow up and as they leaped they yelled. By the time the train had stopped every man was out and Col. Wood was already beaming with pleasure as he looked them over. He shook hands once more with Maj. Brodie.

"I congratulate you," he said, "I don't believe there's a man among them I would not trust for scouting. We shall have a regiment of scouts."

They had brought their mascots with them, one a small hairy dog, half Scotch terrier and half French poodle, with a bunch of tri-colored ribbon at his neck and another tied on his stump of a tail. He answered to the name of "Cuby." The other was a 4-month-old mountain lion cub with fierce golden yellow eyes and an innocent pink nose which was spitting and biting viciously at a piece of brush with which one of the men was prodding him through the bars of the cage.

"What do you call him?" asked Col. Wood. The man who was squatting, cowboy fashion, before the snarling little brute did not rise and salute—his military education was not sufficiently advanced—he just nodded in a friendly way at his questioner. "We call him 'Teddy,'" he answered. "He's shor a fighter from Bitter Creek; see him show his teeth."

A few days after an animated discussion arose as to whether the name of the mountain lion mascot should be changed. It had transpired that the cub was really a lioness and the name "Teddy" was therefore deemed by some inappropriate. They proposed Juanita or something of that kind as a substitute, but the original sponsors were unwilling to abandon the compliment to their lieutenant-colonel. The name, however, was never formally changed.

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That night the Arizona men showed what they could do with horses. Fifteen of them were detailed to bring down twice that number of half-broken animals from Fort Sam Houston. It was dark when they got there, but each man dived into the line and brought out his pair without a moment's hesitation. No saddles or bridles had been provided, but there was the all-sufficient rope, and halters were speedily fastened about the heads of the "leads."

For the mounts a simple hitch of the rope about the lower jaw was bridle enough, and while veteran cavalrymen stood by and wondered the boys leaped to the bare backs of the rearing, plunging beasts. As nearly as could be seen, not a horse failed to "buck"; two reared and fell backward. The leads at their ropes' ends "milled" and wound one about another in apparently inextricable confusion, but, dark as it was, not a man in the struggling mass was dismounted. One after another they disentangled themselves, and following their colonel's shout rode through the sallyport, halting there for a minute or two to form, then with a simultaneous whoop they sped away, headed for camp.

During the afternoon a troop of eighty came in from Oklahoma, under Capt. R. B. Houston, who under normal conditions practices law in Guthrie. The first lieutenant of the troop, S. A. McGinnis, is also a lawyer in times of peace; and the second lieutenant, Jacob Schweisser, is an insurance man. In the ranks, however, there were few who were not either cowboys or horsemen of high degree. With the Arizona men came W. W. O'Neill, the adjutant-general of the state militia, who was to ride as captain of troop A.

The regiment was divided into three squadrons, the majors of which were Brodie, Hursey and Dunn.

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The new life the cowboys led seemed to them a huge joke. They laughed to find themselves going here and there in orderly couples at the bidding of some "common waddie" like themselves, just because he was called lieutenant or sergeant, and to have to keep step and get a pass to go down to the town, just like the stiff blue-bloused unfortunates they had watched pityingly at the frontier posts. The humor of the situation appealed to them constantly.

One night the boys gathered around the cracking camp fires quite early, for it was then unusually cool at San Antonio, and some of the men had come from places where the mercury had already registered 110 in the shade. Pipes and cigarettes were lighted and the boys stretched themselves out to take their ease. After a little the inevitable story telling began. There were personal recollections of Cherokee Bill and Three-Fingered Jack. Anecdotes concerning the big black Mexican who married a white woman at the Needles, and, "beating her up a mess" one day, was found strung up therefor, or of Col. Follansbee's branding and the dance that followed, where Pete Jones and Sam Rickard "shot it out" and a bullet went through Matt Bargham's cherished fiddle.

A story in which a spotted heifer, a deputy sheriff and an unauthorized "flying U" branding iron were the principal features was just approaching the appalling climax and the dark eyes under the broad-brimmed hats were shining in the firelight with excitement when tattoo sounded, or would have sounded if there had been a bugle in camp, and a newly made sergeant approached the group. "Fellers, you've got ter quit and hunt yer bunks," he said. There was a general chorus of expostulations. The privates explained that they were much more comfortable where they were and rather preferred the night air; that the smoke kept off the mosquitoes.

"Go and tell Brodie not to be skeered about us hurting our dilikit constitutions," said the man who was telling the story of the spotted heifer; but the sergeant was inflexible. "There ain't no monkey business about this," he said; "it's orders. Come, hump yourselves, now." And laughing at themselves for doing it, but yet without a thought of disobedience, the boys proceeded to hump.

Without taking their military obligations into consideration anything that Maj. Brodie said would have been law to this tribe. Many of them knew him personally. Some remembered when he was the lieutenant of the 1st cavalry under Crook. All had heard of his record as an Indian fighter, for in every campaign of the stirring '70s against the Navajos, Sioux and Apaches Brodie was in the hottest corners.

The equipment of the men consisted of the ordinary brown duck blouse and trousers, with blue flannel army shirt and duck leggings. For arms they were to have the Krag-Jorgensen carbines, revolvers and machetes. The rifles and revolvers were distributed, but the revolvers were afterward taken away. The machetes were shipped, but went astray, and never arrived at their destination. The idea of furnishing the men with machetes was in conformity with the original plan of sending the regiment to Cuba as an independent expedition, to cooperate with the insurgents. If this design had been carried out the weapons would have been useful for cutting through brush and to some extent as a cavalry arm of offense. As it was abandoned and the troopers were dismounted the machetes were never missed. The distribution of the uniforms and arms was completed within two weeks, and the old weather-beaten, buckskin-laced sombreros, fringed chaps and big roweled spurs were discarded, together with the trim khaki uniforms and elaborate camp outfits brought by the men from the clubs and colleges. The men assumed an appearance of sober, monotonous, red-brown regularity and were picturesque no longer.

To carry out the idea of uniformity a party of the cowboys started out with a lariat and a United States branding iron as soon as they had received their new outfit, with the avowed purpose of imprinting the government mark on the left hips of all. They got one victim; he ran away when he saw them coming, and with a wild whoop they started after him, chasing him as far as the pack camp, where the packers lined out to intercept him; still he kept on until he was almost up to the saddle line, then he doubled neatly and was almost past his pursuers, when the loop of rope shot out from the racing line and he rolled headlong in the dust. He was ready to submit then, but this did not suit his tormentors. One took a hitch with the lariat around his ankles and then wound the slack about the pocket-line post, while fourteen or fifteen others held the rest of the line as if apprehensive that the post might not hold. Then, while a bulky individual feigned to sit heavily on the head of the captive, the man with the branding iron poked him in the ribs until he roared for mercy.

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The rough riders' camp had been established nearly a week before Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt could get away from Washington. When he came he had the beaming aspect of a schoolboy on the first day of vacation, and fifteen minutes after he arrived at the hotel he had his portmanteaus carried up to his room and exchanged his suit of civilian gray for the full uniform of fawn with canary-colored facings. His service hat was set on his head with just a suspicion of an inclination sideways. In the afternoon he drove out to the camp with Col. Wood.

The officers of the rough riders had delayed their luncheon until they could wait no longer, and had eaten and returned to their duties, so that the tents at the quarters were nearly deserted when the long-expected buckboard drove up and the chief jumped nimbly out.

Maj. Brodie and Capt. O'Neill were the first to greet their new superior, and the trumpeter sounding officers' call he was soon sur-

rounded by an eager welcoming crowd, to whom Col. Wood introduced him. There was a rapid fire of questions after the introductions were completed, such as: "What news from Washington?" "When are we going to start?" "What do you think of the men?"

Col. Roosevelt laughed. "Well, we have got the arms and ordnance here at last," he said. "I had to take them off the freight and send them on the express, but we were bound to have them. I hope and think that we will move soon now, within a few days. I want this regiment to be in advance of any other volunteers."

"Yes," interrupted Maj. Hersey, "and we don't want too many regulars ahead of us, either."

"I think," resumed Col. Roosevelt, smiling appreciatively, "that we shall see service. Of course I can't tell how we are to be assigned, but we are fit for outpost work and scouting, and I think we may have an opportunity to get into action all together. You see, we are in a peculiar position. The other fellows have reputations to make, but we seem to have one to sustain. It has been thrust upon us. We have got to do something. As to the men, I am pleased with them in advance. I know pretty well what they are and what to expect of them. Do you know we could have raised a division just as easily as a regiment? I wish you could see some of the agonized telegrams I have been receiving."

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The social leaven in the unconventional lump in the persons of the New York clubmen and the delegations from Yale, Princeton and Harvard arrived in detachments of twos, threes and dozens up to within the last two or three days of the regiment's stay at San Antonio.

These "dudes" were rather a disappointment to the cowboys. They assumed no "airs" and they looked, most of them, as if they had muscle. One of them, the afternoon of his arrival, had occasion to go downtown and obtained leave to ride. The Arizona men were delighted to observe that he selected a Roman nosed claybank with a retrospective eye for his mount, and they gathered round to see the beginning of their entertainment.

Contrary to general expectation the New Yorker approached the animal on the near side and gathered up the rains as if he had done something of the kind before. Then he raised himself easily into the saddle and kicked the claybank in the ribs. There was no bucking. The horse would have been pleased to have furnished that part of the exhibition, but its rider kept its head well up and did not give it a chance. A few jumps and plunges were all that it could manage, and though the New York man easily kept his seat, he could have done so probably if the horse had bucked its worst, for he was Craig Wadsworth, one of the best polo players in America.

Among those who came in with him and spread down their blankets on the barrack-room boards that night were Basil Ricketts, a son of the late Gen. Ricketts, who served a two years' apprenticeship on a Colorado cattle ranch; Hamilton Fish, Jr., Horace Devereux of Colorado Springs and the Princeton football team; William Tiffany, Kenneth Robinson of the Knickerbocker club, Reginald Renalds, half-back in the Yale football team, and Hollister, the Harvard sprinter.

There were about fifty of these college and club men in all, but their wealth and influence secured them no special consideration in the regiment. Their dinner that evening was boiled beef and beans and bread baked in a camp oven.

And they were soon cooking and cleaning, fetching and carrying, doing orderly duty and all the rough work of a camp as cheerfully as if they had never done anything else.

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The endurance of the men composing the "cowboy" regiment was put to a severe test under a sun that sent the mercury up to 100 in the shade. The wind was sometimes like a furnace blast, sending the light dust in whirling clouds about them.

They drilled on horseback and on foot as if their lives depended upon their energy. They formed into solid masses and trampled the hot crumbling clods of the plowed land into powder, swung into columns, deployed into line and charged up hill and down hollow. Then at the word of command they threw themselves flat on the ground to avoid imaginable bombs, scrambled to their feet and charged again, returning to camp with masks of mud on their faces and with their brown uniforms changed to gray.

The men from Arizona and New Mexico came to the conclusion that "this soldiering ain't what it's cracked up to be," and the Oklahomans and the boys from Indian territory cordially agreed with them. Still there was no complaint. There were few who were not inured to hardship and some who had had experiences which made their life in camp seem luxurious by comparison.

Some of the most typical frontiersmen in the regiment, though by no means all of them, were to be found in the Arizona squadron. One was Sergt. Samuel Rhodes, who had lived his thirty years as a cowboy, miner and deputy sheriff in the worst part of the territory. In the cause of law and order he had had more desperate encounters with outlaws and Indians than any other man of his age in the west. He is one of the few survivors of the Tonta Basin vendetta, and has never counted it worth his while to notch the butt of his six-shooter for Mexicans.

Before he enlisted Rhodes was employing 150 men to work a rich mine, of which he is the sole owner. When he found that he would

ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

be accepted he shut it down, flooding it to prevent any one from stealing the ore, and postponed the making of his fortune till such time as he might return.

Then there were Henry Sellers, an old scout of Crook's in the Geronimo and Victoria campaign, a wiry little man, with mild blue eyes, who, according to the Apaches, is possessed with ten malignant spirts; Daniel Hogan, who followed Gardenas and Powell in the exploration of Grand canyon of the Colorado; King C. Henley, whose specialties are Sioux and Comanches, and Jeff Laforce, of old voyageur stock, who, like his father before him, has done nothing but hunt, trap and fight all his life.

Another celebrity was a slight-built, smooth-faced lad of 20, whose companions said he feared nothing on earth. His name was George Younger, and he talked of his "pap," Bob Younger, and of his Uncle Jesse,

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In the course of time there came a period of waiting, not idle waiting, for the drills were unceasing, but it was felt that it was about time for the regiment to start out and do something. The anxiety of the men was shared by the officers, but nothing satisfactory could be learned from the war department.

One afternoon Lieut.-Col. Theodore Roosevelt, waving his hat aloft with one

BAG USED BY GEN. WHEELER AS DIVISIONAL FLAG.

hand and with the other placed gracefully on his hip, executed a joyful jig-step in front of regimental headquarters. Col. Wood, holding an open telegram and smiling a smile of mingled gratification and amusement, looked on and half a dozen of the officers hurried up to ascertain the cause of the demonstration. When Col. Wood explained they waved their hats, too, though they refrained from dancing.

It was a telegram from the adjutant-general, asking how soon the regiment would be able to start.

"At once," was Col. Wood's reply, and he added a few words, reminding the quartermaster of the promises he and Col. Roosevelt had received, that their regiment should, if possible, be the first of the volunteers to touch Cuban soil.

As soon as an orderly had dashed off with the dispatch, Cols. Wood and Roosevelt jumped into an ambulance and drove over to Fort Sam Houston to enter into negotiations with the quartermaster stationed there. That night the fires were roaring in twenty forges and glowing iron was being beaten into extra horseshoes for the troop horses, in anticipation of the order to start. When the two chiefs of the regiment returned they gave the men a treat.

Two hundred and forty of the cowboys, favored by fortune and the colonel, were privileged to ride at full speed round the remaining 600 and empty their revolvers in a glorious, blood-stirring series of "pops." All the 600 had to do was to keep their seats, and this they did. The maneuver was decided upon as a means of accustoming the horses to the sound and smell of warfare.

Col. Roosevelt watched the 240 as they passed and twice his hand went to his holster. When the last man had passed he succumbed, jerked out his revolver, shook his bridle rein and was off in hot pursuit, firing on left and right with the abandon of the wildest of his troop. For ten minutes the firing was kept up, by the end of which time the horses hardly started at the noise. Then the squadrons formed into fours and trotted from the field where the scene was enacted back to the stable line.

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On the afternoon of May 27 yells loud and prolonged burst from a thousand thoats in camp, greeting the announcement that the 1st volunteer cavalry, otherwise Roosevelt's rough riders, had received its marching orders. Col. Wood received the dispatch from Gen. Miles at 5 o'clock and summoned the majors to his tent and told them the welcome news. The first shout came there. The captains who were off duty hurried up to find out the cause of it, and being informed shouted likewise and hurried off as fast as their dignity and dangling sabers would permit to tell the men. Then came the grand demonstration—a whoop arose that rang and echoed from end to end of the camp. Hats, tin cups and even saddles went sailing in the air. The cowboys danced, they waved their blankets, they leaped at each other, dealing mighty staggering blows in their delight, joined hands and hopped around in furious gyrations.

Tents were wrecked in the frantic haste of the occupants to get out and join in the celebration. The packers came rushing down the hill from their camp at a pace that sent many of them rolling headlong in the dust. The cooks, the sentries, the negro camp followers and the visitors within the gates all became involved in the swift contagion of

excitement and cheered and whisked their headgear skyward.

The order read:

"You will proceed to Tampa at once and report to Gen. Shafter for duty with cavalry division. Transportation will be by train."

When the first excitement died away and the officers began to discuss the news some disappointment was expressed. It had been their hope and belief that the regiment would be assigned to separate duty in Cuba. The prospect of being brigaded did not please them. The order considered was an indication that the war department had satisfied itself that Gomez had not force enough at his command to permit of the co-operation of a single regiment of United States troops. Still the peculiar adaptability of the rough riders for scouting work led their commander to believe that the regiment might yet be detached.

Two days after reveille sounded at 4 o'clock in the rough riders' camp, and at its first clash the regiment sprung at once into activity. By 10 o'clock the 1st squadron was required to be at the Union stockyards, four miles away, with bag and baggage, ready for embarkation, and there was no time to lose. All the packing that could be done had been done the night before, but that was not much. The tents were still standing. Piles of boxes of the supplies and munitions of war were ranged back of the quartermaster's tent. The cooks had breakfast to get and their utensils to box up. There were horses and mules to feed and water and a thousand and one details that would keep every man working his hardest.

The men were equal to the emergency. Stable duty came first, and they set about currying and brushing and feeding the stock with such unusual vigor that they had nearly time to get their equipment sorted out and blankets rolled before the perspiring cooks had the coffee boiling. It did not take them long to eat. They were too anxious to get away and they were soon swarming back in the company streets. Tents came down as if by magic, bales and bundles were pitched into wagons, packers backed their unwilling mules from the lines and began to load, orderlies rushed hither and thither, and in four hours from the time the men tumbled out of their beds the first section was mounted and a string of heavily loaded wagons was rolling through the dust on its way to the point of embarkation.

A little later Maj. Brodie rode to the front of his command and gave the signal for the march, and the long line swung around into a column of fours and passed out of the gates at a walk. Then the sound of bells and cracking whips came from the packers' camp and the pack mules trotted down the hill with their white double burdens and brought up the rear.

It took two hours for the first section to embark. When the yards were reached packs and saddles were quickly stripped from the backs of the animals, and they were driven up the chutes into the cars. The packs were stowed away in the box cars and the saddles the men took with them. At noon the first section started. The second section left at 5 o'clock and the third at midnight. Col. Wood and Lieut.-Col. Roosevelt went with the last section. Maj. Hersey was in command of the second.

The rough riders were off to the war.

## PARKER'S GATLINGS AT SAN JUAN.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

Maj.-Gen. "Joe" Wheeler, the yougest old man in the country, the liveliest "ancient" that ever straddled a war horse, and as courtly, gracious, daring and astonishing a general as ever wore shoulder straps, has a long list of things he wants congress to do for the army. He intends to succeed himself as a member of congress, if for no other reason than to introduce and push forward to the presidential signature bills intended to increase the efficiency, strength and vigor of the regular army. Up toward the top of the list is an item—"Gatling guns"—and this means that Gen. Wheeler believes the use of Gatling and dynamite guns in the battles before Santiago has proved beyond question that the machine gun is of immense value as an offensive and defensive weapon. So far as I can gather, it is Gen. Wheeler's intention to agitate for the creation of an individual and independent arm of the service to be known as the "Gatling gun corps."

This organization is to be flexible in its character, so that the Gatling can be used in conjunction with cavalry, infantry or light artillery, or by itself. A bill on these lines is to be introduced by Gen. Wheeler—for the latest reports from his district show no doubt that he will be returned to congress—and when he gets back to the United States will take with him a draft of a plan of the organization and formation of the corps of the army.

The following are deductions drawn by trained military men, of infantry, cavalry and artillery, based on the actual fighting

experience of Lieut. Parker's Gatling gun section from and including July 1 to July 11: First, the problem of controlled, concentrated and dirigible small-arm fire at critical moments of the engagement has been solved in this Santiago campaign by the Gatling gun battery. Second, machine gun and high explosive gun service hereafter will and must constitute a separate and distinct arm of the service; more nearly independent, more nearly able to take care of itself under all circumstances and more effective at critical moments than any existing arm, possessing all the mobility of cavalry, all the initiative of the hussar (light cavalry of Germany); all the fire action of infantry; carrying its own means of transportation. Third, this new arm of the service, now in embryo, has before it in the future a wider field of usefulness, a greater tactical possibility on the battlefield than any other arm of the service. It can go with the rapidity of cavalry wherever an infantryman can follow and can stay where the most effective light artillery is compelled to retire from the enemy's fire.

These are strong predictions to make, but they represent the consensus of opinion expressed by officers who watched the career of Parker's Gatling gun battery from the day it landed until the days of the white flag set in. For the first time since the machine gun was invented it was used as an offensive weapon, even participating in a charge up a hill to carry the Spanish intrenchments. It also was used as a defensive weapon, and, dismounted, was worked in a rifle pit. No one who saw the Gatling gun going forward to an advanced position on July 1 ever will forget the ringing cheers which applauded its passage when the galloping mules whirled the light gun carriage along the rough trail. The cheer broke out again when the soldiers heard the Gatling's coughing and chuckling in the gap at the side of San Juan hill.

In action each gun fired from 400 to 500 shots a minute, using the regulation Krag-Jorgensen cartridge, so that each gun in firing efficiency was equal to a full company of infantry firing five volleys a minute. The effective range of the guns was up to 2,500 yards. The guns were the regulation Gatling model of 1895, long ten-barrel guns, drawn by two Missouri mules each. The battery was under the command of Lieut. John H. Parker of the 13th infantry, who has made a special study of machine guns and is regarded as high authority on Gatlings. The Gatling gun detachment consists of four pieces, each manned by a sergeant, corporal and six men. In addition there are a first sergeant, company clerk and cook.

The history of the detachment began at Tampa, Fla., May 26, when, on the recommendation of Lieut. Thompson of the ordnance department, Gen. Shafter detailed Lieut. Parker for duty and gave him two sergeants and ten men. Lieut. Thompson gave Lieut. Parker four Gatling guns and he proceeded to instruct his small detachment. On June 1 Lieut. Parker was placed in charge of the issue of ordnance material for the expedition then fitting out and remained on this duty, in addition to duty on his detachment, until June 6, when he went aboard the transport Cherokee without orders, his detachment having been omitted in the embarkation order. About ten tons of regimental stuff were piled in the hold of the vessel on top of the guns, making it impossible, under the circumstances, to send them ashore. A few days afterward Lieut. Parker went to Gen. Shafter and confessed, and the general not only forgave him but asked him what he wanted, telling him he could have all the men he wanted and could have any man in the 5th army corps. With this backing and encouragement from the general commanding, made more effective by "special order 16, 5th army corps," Lieut. Parker selected his men and the Gatling gun detachment became part and parcel of the army of invasion.

Lieut. Parker to-day consented to tell me the story of the detachment in Cuba. He said:

"We disembarked June 25, and on that day had to procure all the necessary outfitting for the battery and organize the detachment, with an eighteen-mile march ahead of us, over a road which had never been traversed by a wheeled vehicle. This battery, organized in a hasty manner, was to demonstrate the practicability for military service of the road from Baiquiri to Sevilla. My remaining twelve men reported for duty June 26, and on the same day we reached the extreme front and halted until July 1. Those four days were employed in drill and inspection, the only opportunity we had for this kind of work.

"On the morning of July 1 we received orders to take a position back of Grimes' battery, which was in position on El Poso hill under cover. We got there ahead of the battery, and the second shell fired by the enemy broke in the midst of our battery, but fortunately did no harm to the guns. We remained under shrapnel fire and then were ordered to the rear. We returned later to our former position, and received orders to take the best position we could find in order to make the best use of our guns.

"Soon afterward firing began at our front, and I rode forward on a mule to reconnoiter and selected a favorable position for firing. We moved forward to the advanced position at a gallop. When about 200 yards from the spot we were stopped by Col. Darby, who told me that our troops were not sufficiently deployed to take advantage of our fire, and advised me to wait, promising to let me know when the proper time came. We lay down under our guns, swept by a perfect hell

of fire, both from the enemy in front and sharpshooters in trees around.

"At 1:15 p. m. we got the order, 'Go in,' and we went at a gallop to our position. This was about 100 yards ahead of the line of skirmishers in a fire-swept gap; we went into battery, I gave the range from 400 to 600 yards, and ordered 'Commence firing.' Two men fell at the right piece, leaving only one man to operate the gun, and I took the gunner's place. At the same time firing began from all our guns, and the enemy at once concentrated his fire on us, thereby relieving our other troops for the time. About two minutes after we began firing I heard the cheering of our own men around to the right and left, showing they recognized the sound of our guns. Five minutes after we began firing the Spaniards began to clamber from their trenches. We concentrated our fire upon the fleeing groups thus presented and could plainly see them melt away as 1,600 shots a minute went through them. Eight and a half minutes after we started in our troops had climbed so far upon the hill that I gave the order to cease firing.

"I took stock at once of our losses, and found one-third of the detachment had been put out of the fight. Limbering up, we started to the front at a gallop. Climbing up the captured ridge, we pushed our guns into action on the skirmish line, compelling the skirmishers to give way right and left to make room for us. They were lying down for cover and protection, but my men had to stand up and fight it out on that line.

"We did fight it out, in spite of the fact that the enemy turned his 16-centimeter gun on us, to which we replied by driving his gunners away from the piece with Gatling-gun fire at a distance of 1,500 yards, the first time such artillery ever was silenced by machine-gun fire. The gunners left the piece loaded and we devoted our attention to it during all the remainder of the engagement with such effect that the piece is still loaded. A Spanish officer told me after the surrender that they lost fifty men trying to man that 16-centimeter gun and had not succeeded.

"On the night of July 4 we put all our guns in the trench, taking off the wheels, and they participated in all subsequent fights, keeping silent a battery of seven pieces of artillery, and firing upon the enemy's trenches every time a head was seen.

"From July 4 to July 11 the two Colts rapid-fire guns and the rough riders' dynamite gun were placed with my Gatlings, and were used together thus: The dynamite gun threw a shell of dynamite at some predetermined point, which invariably resulted in a scattering of the enemy at or near that point. All six of the machine guns immediately were concentrated on the fleeing groups with terribly effective results. The dynamite gun with the expedition was a hastily constructed piece and in some minor details of mechanism is faulty, but in principle it is all right, and I should call the gun a success. It certainly terorrized the Spanish soldiers. It threw a shell containing four and one-half pounds of explosive gelatin, equal to nine pounds of No. 1 dynamite. It was in charge of Sergeant H. A. Barrowe of the rough riders, and the Colts were in charge of Lieut. Tiffany of New York. In this campaign the Gatling guns were used on theoffensive and defensive, in the trenches and on the outposts, and in every way proved their sterling worth as a most efficient and potent arm. Its future is assured, for it has successfully passed through the test of a battlefield."

## WHEN SANTIAGO FELL.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

This has been a day of great and novel events. Over the palace of the Spanish governors in Santiago de Cuba a new flag is floating. In the Plaza de Reina, beneath the august, frowning towers of the cathedral, there are American riflemen. The legend "Vive Alfonso XIII.," on a panel inside the balcony of the governor's palace, is dark and indistinguishable—a mere framework of rusty gaspipe, unilluminated and meaningless. And the army of the king, now become a mob of hungry, dirty men, without arms or equipment, lies out upon the hillside beneath our line of intrenchments waiting for rations to be given them as prisoners of war.

How all these things have been brought about will be very familiar to readers of THE RECORD before this letter can reach them through the countless obstacles necessarily encountered in getting it forwarded. And yet, if I may judge from my own experience, there are in the innumerable little incidents of this memorable day as much, if not more, real meaning and interest than in the single event it consummated—the capitulation and evacuation of a fortified stronghold of the enemy.

It has been three days since Gen. Shafter brought from between the lines the first news of the approaching end. Thirteen days only have passed since he sent in the first flag of truce by Col. Dorst, with a demand for surrender before beginning the siege and investment. Rapid, effective work has no doubt been done during the brief period, as

results are here to prove, but to men impatient of the least delay it has seemed wearying and monotonous. One day brought forward little different from the preceding, only changes in the front of the line, a movement of a division or a brigade to the right, or the advancement of a line of intrenchments to a more commanding position or nearer by a few hundred yards to the beleagured city.

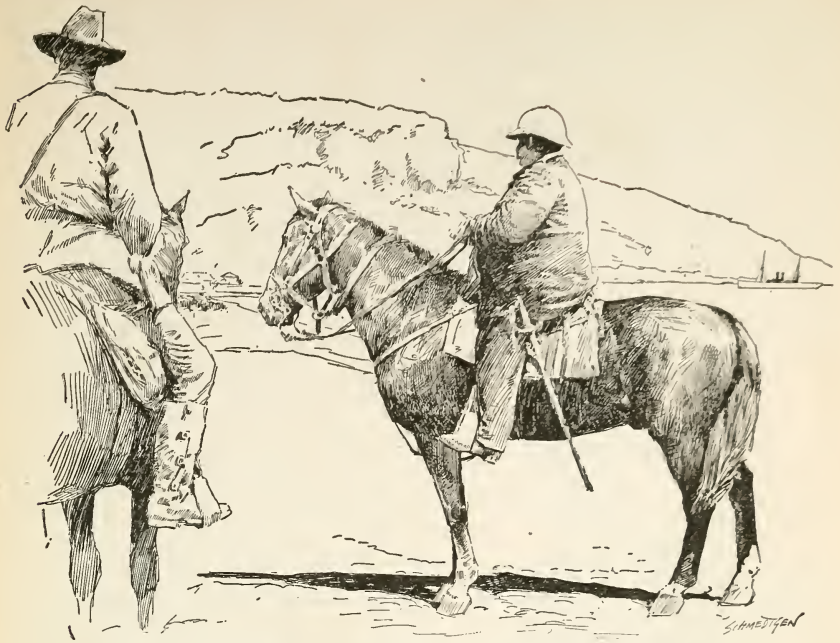
This clear, bright Sunday morning (July 17) there came a sudden, enlivening change upon the whole scene. Before the sun was two hours high six Spanish officers, mounted, came to our picket line on the Sevilla road. One carried a silver-incased sword in addition to his own. A squad of cavalry met them and they were escorted to Gen. Shafter's tent. The sword was Gen. Toral's. Gen. Shafter received it and gave it in charge of an aid. Along the slope of the hill groups of mounted officers appear. The major who has ridden in front dismounts and reports to the commanding general. A bugle sounds, a troop of cavalry forms in the trail below; Gen. Shafter mounts his great bay horse, and with Gen. Joe Wheeler by his side, the Spanish envoys, the division and brigade commanders and their staff officers following, rides off to the Sevilla road.

The place chosen for the ceremony of surrender was a gentle slope a little way in front of the Spanish intrenchments and about 200 yards beyond our picket line, on the main thoroughfare leading eastward from Santiago and known as the Sevilla road. The cavalry was drawn up in line extending to the left of the road, Gen. Shafter and the escorting generals taking position at the right. Their horses were hardly brought to a stand before Gen. Toral appeared at the head of a Spanish column on the road. The Spanish commander and his escort reined their horses opposite Gen. Shafter, and a battalion of Spanish infantry, with buglers at their head, marched before him and on down the line of American cavalrymen at quick-step to the music of the Spanish bugle salute. When at the end of the line they countermarched, and our buglars chimed in with their salute. It was an odd medley of blaring notes, but extremely thrilling, that lasted until the Spanish were formed in line facing the cavalry. Gen. Shafter rode forward a few paces and was met by Gen. Toral. A few words of greeting, with the aid of an interpreter, and the aid holding the latter's sword was summoned to restore it to its owner. Gen. Toral then presented his junior in command, Gen. Escarol, and Gen. Shafter presented in turn the generals of the corps. The bugle salutes were repeated and the Spanish column marched back to the city, Gen. Toral and his staff following.

There was a moment of delay, and the column of disarmed Spanish soldiers began to file past toward the fields assigned them for their camping ground. They were a sad-looking lot, more wretched in appearance even than the scrawny little fellows we have sometimes found astray in the woods, though there was distinguishable in the faces of most of them a lurking malignity such as I have never before seen common to a company of men except in prisons or penitentiaries. Their light uniforms of striped blue hung about them in limp and dirty tatters; their shapeless chip hats drooped to their shoulders, and when their thin forms were bent under burdens of foraged provender they seemed as little like the component parts of an army as anything one can imagine. But the officers, though they, too, are pygmies beside our big West Pointers, wore their swords and held their heads up very proudly. Every four-footed creature in the town, however badly broken down, was levied upon to carry out the supplies and personal effects. Later in the day I saw two Spanish soldiers driving a pack mule with a broken leg that hung by a few shreds of clotted hide. If he put the bleeding stump to the ground and staggered from pain they prodded him on. An officer passed them on the road and made a humorous remark in Spanish, which all three enjoyed. Such brutality is disheartening, but it is part of the same savage, implacable character that made these thin-chested, dirty conscripts fight at El Caney and San Juan like demons.

The delay was of only a few minutes duration to permit this straggling procession to pass. Gen. Shafter, his staff and escort then proceeded on into the captured city. At the edge of the city Senor Leonardo Ros, the civil governor, met him and conducted him on toward the palace, once the proud home of the royal governors of Cuba when Santiago was its capital city, and now representing all that is left of Spanish authority in the easternmost province.

Our ride into the city was like the opening of a worn, decayed and worm-eaten book. At each turn, indeed wherever we looked, in the narrow streets, the low, lattice-windowed houses, painted blue, pink or yellow, the old, dismantled plazas and half-ruined churches, there were stories just distinguishable, but only partly told. What a multitude of great events they suggest! And yet how little of all that has happened here is even faintly divined. For we are in the oldest city in the new world, the city whence Cortez sailed to conquer Mexico and the beginning of Spanish dominion in the west. It is a passing thought that perchance it is historic irony that has directed the first great power to arise in the west to come here to Santiago, where Spain first exercised and abused her authority, and humble her. But the memory of other events crowd upon the mind. Over there by the seashore—we catch



MAJ.-GEN. SHAFTER AT SIBONEY STARTING FOR THE FRONT.
[From a photograph taken by Katherine White.]

scarcely more than a glimpse of the place as we go on toward the city—is the spot where the crew of the Virginius was shot in 1869. We pass directly under the long, narrow buildings of the military hospital. There are 1,739 sick men confined there, and all the grated windows are now full of pale faces eager to see what sort of men the conquerors are. As we go on the streets become narrower and dirtier, the houses more gloomy and more forbidding without. Some are of two stories, with a balcony above, but those showing evidences of greatest respectability are upon a single floor elevated a few feet above the pavement. The windows are generally above the reach of peeping passers-by and are provided with heavy grating or lattice-work. Wherever there is a door or window open one sees through a single room into an inner court, provided with a fountain and a bower of green plants. But the fountains are all dry, for the water supply from the mountains was cut off a week ago..

The head of the column of invaders has reached the governor's palace in the Plaza de Reina. It is the proudest spot in Santiago de Cuba, but to-day it is deserted, except by the poor people of the town and a dozen, scarcely more, civil officials. Even the great portals of the cathedral opposite are closed and the place is vacant. The portico of the Club de San Carlos, on the east side of the square, is deserted, and the fashionable Cafe de Venus, on the west side, entertains none except a few men of manifest station grouped about the main entrance. They gaze sullenly at the strange trespassers. We had passed through crowds in some of the humbler thoroughfares, where were heard sometimes exclamations of pleasure—"Good!" "Good Americans!" "What big men!" "What fine horses!" "Giants; they could eat us up!" But in the faces of these men there was indicated only hatred.

The civil police—soldiers indistinguishable from the rest of the Spanish army except that their uniforms were trimmed with red—prepared the way for Gov. Ros and his guests. At the door of the palace they all dismounted and passed into a large audience room, an imposing apartment. Apparently it belonged to his own suite of living rooms, for there were bedrooms adjoining it, and evidence was not lacking of recent occupation, although everything was in the most perfect order. But in the great hall where the governor conducted the general and his staff was centered all the good taste and

elegance I was able to discover anywhere in Santiago. And yet its decoration was simple. The floor was of tesselated tiling and the walls were plain, except for a soft tint of pale blue and trimming of gilt. On either side of the room and extending to the lofty ceiling were long mirrors of finest material. The doors and windows were hung with heavy Turkish tapestries, and the furniture was of a superb old pattern and of solid mahogany.

Here, where Spain has made merry for more than two centuries, our soldiers were conducted. Their sabers clanked on the stone floor. Some were thirsty and without further ceremony hurried to the water jug standing in a shady corner of the inner court. Others, wearied by days of ceaseless labor, betook themselves to the fine big-armed chairs and lit cigars.

GEN. WHEELER'S ROADSIDE SIGN.

In the meantime Gen. Shafter at the head of the great room was receiving the local council and other civic officials. As the last of them passed in to address him a little old man, with the purple robe and round cap of a bishop, accompanied by three priests in black gowns, entered the main door. Those who stood at the entrance made way reverently and the prelate advanced through the crowd of officers toward the head of the room. He was of no small importance in this Spanish community, Fray Francisco Saenz de Virturi y Crespo, archbishop of the province. He was immediately given a seat beside the general, and with the aid of an interpreter they conversed with apparent satisfaction. Then when he rose every man in the room stood with military precision at attention until he had passed and gone out.

It was now near 11 o'clock in the morning. The governor, seeking to do the honors properly, had prepared a luncheon for the general and his principal officers. Members of the staff put in the time strolling about the captured city. At 11:45 every one was at his station for the raising of the stars and stripes where no flag save Spain's had ever before floated. Rafferty's squadron of the 2d cavalry stood in a formidable line before the palace. On the broad flag walks bisecting the little square were marshaled all the commanding and staff officers in the order of their seniority, Gen. Shafter standing at the front. Behind was the 6th cavalry band and two battalions of the 2d infantry in line in command of that tall, grizzled Indian fighter, Gen. McKibben. Back of the square in the narrow street in front of the cathedral the remaining battalion of the 2d infantry was drawn up.

All stood at attention. The hands on the clock in the cathedral tower indicated five minutes of 12. Lieut. Miley, Lieut. Wheeler and Capt. McKittrick were at the base of the flagpole, Lieut. Miley, tall and commanding, in the center, holding the halyards and ready to hoist at the first stroke of 12.

It was a moment of thrilling suspense which can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed the scene. Every window and portico at every side and corner of that little quadrangle was filled with dusky faces; the great stone steps leading up from either side to the wide portals of the cathedral were packed, and yet not a sound could be distinguished. It was the hush of awe. We felt, and the crouching Spaniard in the shade of the street corner must have had the same feeling instinctively, that a great power was moving there before us. We watched the slowly changing hands of the clock. The clock strikes. The flag jumps to the top of the mast above the legend "Vive Alfonso XIII."

"Present arms!" came from the throat of Gen. McKibben.

There was a rattle of saber links and rifle locks. The opening strain of "The Star-Spangled Banner" filled the air.

Every hat came off, and we watched our handsome banner float in the breeze, the world's token of a people's government. Until the end of the anthem we watched it silently, lovingly. Then came the merry notes, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and we eased our full hearts with rousing cheers repeated again and again.

The day's work was done, and it remained only to make proper military disposition of forces to prevent subsequent outbreaks. The 2d infantry was left in charge of the city, Gen. McKibben being given temporary com-

mand. Gen. Shafter and his staff, escorted by the cavalry, returned at once to their headquarters. The next problem confronting us was as difficult even as the first. The Spanish army, unarmed, was assembling in its camping grounds and must be fed. There is food enough, but the roads from Siboney are still impassable.

## HOBSON'S HEROIC DEED.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

Eight men of the navy performed the most daring deed of the war this morning (June 3), having sunk the collier Merrimac in the harbor entrance to Santiago de Cuba under the fire of the Spanish batteries. Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson, naval constructor assigned to the flagship New York, with a crew of seven, took the big coal-carrier into the channel just before the dawn, pushed her through the guarding line of torpedoes, and under a perfect hail of shot and shell sunk the vessel in a position which it is believed will prevent the outcoming of Admiral Cervera's squadron.

The affair has been an exhibition of calculating courage and indomitable energy, the men who performed the task entering upon their work in the firm belief that death and glory would be the end of their endeavor to perform a signal service to the country.

These are the heroes:

Lieut. Richmond P. Hobson, naval constructor, flagship New York.

Daniel Montague, master-at-arms, flagship New York.

George Charette, gunner's mate, flagship New York.

J. C. Murphy, cockswain, Iowa.

Oscar Deignan, cockswain, Merrimac.

John P. Phillips, machinist, Merrimac.

John Kelley, water tender, Merrimac.

H. Clausen, cockswain, flagship New York.

Naval Cadet Powell of the New York, with a picked crew of six men volunteered from various ships, also shares in the glory, for he went close in to the mouth of the harbor in a steam cutter, awaiting an opportunity to rescue any of the men who might escape alive, and remained pluckily at his post until daylight, when he was driven away by a terrific fire from shore.

Hardly less remarkable than the act itself is the news that Hobson and his men escaped alive, a messenger from the Spanish admiral, under a truce flag, advising Admiral Sampson that every one of the eight is alive, well, and being treated as men who follow the profession of arms treat prisoners whose bravery they are compelled to admire.

It was Hobson's idea to block the harbor by sinking a ship across the channel. He submitted his plan to Admiral Sampson some days ago, and after much consultation it was decided to allow him to try. Death to those engaging in the enterprise seemed certain, and after great hesitancy it was decided to

LIEUT. RICHMOND P. HOBSON, U. S. N.

reduce the number of men participating to the minimum.

Having formulated the scheme, volunteers were called for the service. But eight men were required. Two thousand offered themselves. Not only did American sailors show that they were ready at a moment's notice to answer any call, but they pleaded, begged and importuned commanding officers to use their influence to secure the desperate but coveted detail. Those who were chosen considered themselves lucky. Those who were refused declined to be comforted, and openly averred that they were being treated badly and that the navy was no place for a man who wished to get ahead. Three men from the flagship New York swam from their ship to the Merrimac after being denied permission to enlist, were apprehended and re-

turned to be punished because they violated a discipline which interfered with their wish to be numbered as part of a forlorn hope. Another, H. Clausen, became a member of the Merrimac eight despite peremptory orders to remain aboard his ship. He stowed away on board the collier and went to the channel, and is now a hero, a prisoner and a deserter. Heroism in the navy is so common that service of extreme danger must be executed secretly in order to prevent an exodus to the point of peril.

When Admiral Sampson reluctantly gave his consent to the execution of a plan which appeared to mean certain destruction for all engaged upon its execution the Merrimac was made ready. Torpedoes were strung along her sides, with connections to the firing point on the bridge. Her anchors were lashed. The remaining cargo of coal which she carried was shifted so that she would promptly list to port when anchor lashings were cut, sea cocks hammered open and bulkheads torpedoed. All in readiness, the start was made Thursday morning; but ere the objective point was reached the dawn was here and it was seen that the Merrimac must be discovered by the enemy before she could make her destination.

Pacing the deck of the New York, anxiously watching the movements of the collier, was Admiral Sampson. Alongside was the torpedo boat Porter. For a moment the commander in chief watched the sky; then, shaking his head, sent the Porter to recall the daring Hobson. That officer protested and asked permission to proceed, but he was denied, and the first attempt resulted in the Merrimac coming about and resuming place in the fleet.

During the day the naval constructor was aboard the New York, and when he left that evening he was almost jubilant. The final orders had been given. He was not to be recalled again, and the men, whose nerves had been keyed to the highest tension for twenty-four hours, were to be afforded the chance to do the daring act.

It was about 3 o'clock this morning when 3,000 pairs of watchful eyes saw a sight they will never forget. The guarding hills of the harbor began to spit fire. Shells shrieked, solid shot bellowed and the thunder of the cannonade broke against the hills and reverberated in deafening roar. The Merrimac had reached the harbor.

In five minutes came darkness and silence.

## TOLD BY HOBSON'S PILOT.

BY DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.

"The Merrimac was within 500 yards of Morro castle when our launch sheered off and stood out to sea. Three minutes later we lost the black, creeping ship in the darkness. Fifteen minutes—and Santiago channel was a giant pin-wheel, with the sinking collier for its pivot. Rifles spat fire from every point of the compass, but no man saw the Merrimac go down except the seven dare-devils who took her in."

That is the story, in brief, of Capt. B. C. Munson, once master of a Ward line steamer, the plucky pilot who showed Hobson the way into Santiago harbor. He came in from duty with the fleet this morning on the ammunition ship Armenia, and when the rheumatism gets out of his old bones he will go back to lend his knowledge of Cuban waters to Admiral Sampson again. He is past 50, and had given up the sea until Sampson raised his two-starred flag and asked for Cuban pilots. Munson went out on the Indiana, went through the first bombardment of Santiago on the New Orleans, watched the second from the bridge of the New York, took the Merrimac up to the entrance of Santiago channel and gave Hobson his course —"northeast half north till Estrella battery is on your starboard bow"—while the moonlight was gleaming on Morro's crest a short half-mile away. And this is Capt. Munson's account of the sinking of the Merrimac.

"The plan to block the channel with the collier was Hobson's, and, of course, he got the chance to carry it out. Capt. Miller, the commander of the Merrimac, wanted to go, but Hobson was chosen, and early in the morning of June 2 he started for the entrance. The New York, with the admiral on the bridge, kept within a cable's length of the Merrimac, but the sky lighted up while we were still three miles out and Sampson decided to wait till the next night. He hailed the Merrimac and ordered Hobson to put out to sea again. Hobson kicked, but the admiral was firm, knowing that the collier could never pass the batteries, and we all went back to the blockade line, five miles off shore.

"Hobson tinkered with his torpedoes all day and at 6 o'clock came aboard for a final conference with the admiral. He had picked a new crew, and to keep them fresh for the last ten minutes Sampson sent a relief crew aboard the collier to keep up steam until 2 o'clock, when Hobson expected to make his second attempt. I went aboard the Merrimac with him to take charge of the ship un-

til 2 o'clock and to pilot him into the channel entrance. Hobson went to bed at 7 as cool as a cucumber, and he was asleep when I sent a sailor to his door at 2 o'clock.

"We started for the shore under half speed, making about four knots, for fear of displacing the torpedoes Hobson had hung over the sides. I asked Hobson what his plan was. 'I don't know,' he told me. 'It will depend on circumstances. I'm going to take her straight in past the Estrella battery and as far up the channel as I can, drop her bow anchor, catch her straight across the channel as she swings round on the flood tide, and trust to luck.'

"He had his plans, nevertheless. There was a seaman forward ready to cut the anchor ropes, another aft for the same purpose, a man in the engine room, one in the fireroom and one in the pilot house. Except the man at the wheel, they all had light lines tied to their legs, and Hobson was to give them a jerk by way of signal when he was ready to sink her. The sailor in the fireroom was to open the sea valve when the ship passed Morro castle, so that she'd be sure to sink, even though the torpedoes failed. The New York's steam launch, with Cadet Powell in command, followed us in to take off the relief crew.

"Three-quarters of a mile off Morro we made out the crest of Estrella battery, for which Hobson was to steer. Then I gave him his course—'northeast, half-north, till the battery is on your starboard bow, then straight in, keeping the right bank fifty yards away.' 'I understand perfectly,' Hobson said. He was as unmoved as though he were going to a parade—not almost certain death. 'There's nothing else?' I asked. 'Nothing, pilot,' he said. 'Good-by.' Then we shook hands and I scrambled down the Jacob's ladder and dropped into the launch.

"The relief crew had left the ship half an hour before, every one shaking hands with every one else, as they went over the side, and when I got aboard the boat Mr. Powell cast off immediately. We were horribly close to shore. Morro was frowning right over us and the outlines of the Estrella battery were clear in the moonlight. The ship was churning softly ahead, and the men in the launch spoke in whispers. As we dropped astern the sailor at the after anchor hailed: 'You left an engineer aboard. Come back.' And so we ran back, the cloud hiding the moon just as we started. When we got that man aboard we were within 500 yards of the cliff Morro is built on, but the Spaniards didn't see us and we got away safe. Three hundred yards away from the Merrimac the gloom swallowed her. That was the last any sailor now in the fleet saw of the collier.

"Cadet Powell put straight for the Texas, which had stood in to the two-mile line to pick us up. He put the relief crew aboard the warship, and went back to help Hobson if he could. I was on the bridge of the Texas when the Spaniards found the Merrimac. There must have been a thousand Mausers spitting fire at her, besides the guns of Morro and the batteries. It was gorgeous and horrible. That Hobson and his men lived through it is a wonderful thing. Until the middle of the afternoon, when Cervera sent out his flag lieutenant—the most nervous officer I've ever seen—to tell us they were safe, we feared the worst. Powell hung to the entrance till morning, when the batteries opened on him, but there was no sign of the seven and we had almost given them up. I saw both bombardments of Santiago and the pounding Sampson gave San Juan, but it was all play to that snail race with death into Santiago channel."

## SHAFTER'S FLAG RAISING.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

Soldiers who wrote home this afternoon dated their letters "Santiago, U. S. A.," for the stars and stripes are flying from the flagstaff where Spain's scarlet and yellow were streaming this morning. The narrow, cobble-stoned streets of this old place are patrolled by American soldiers, and an American brigadier-general sits at the desk used only this morning by the Spanish governor-general and dictates orders and directions to his secretary. And the Spaniards, military and civilian, seem to like it all. They have learned to say "Hello" and "How do?" and they smile and bow and wave their hands from balconies and grilled windows and cry "Americanos, muchos, buenos," as the "brownies" pass by. There has been much effusive hand-shaking, many toasts to the United States and Spain, to Gen. Shafter and Gen. Toral, to a speedy and amicable end of the war, and much exchanging of buttons, cigars and shoulder straps between the American and Spanish officers. This may have been genuine good-fellowship and it may have been simply the smile which only shows a glint of teeth.

But there is no mistaking the genuineness which gives a true ring to the pretty, courteous speeches and kindly words which come from the lips of the common people. They have been starved and robbed by the Spanish soldiery in Santiago; mistreated, robbed

and wounded by the insurgents outside the city; their homes have been broken up; their children have grown thinner and thinner, until their emaciated bodies show every bone, process and sinew. They have been told repeatedly that the Americans, if they captured Santiago, would turn the city over to Garcia's men, who would slay, loot and outrage. All these lies and more were poured into the ears of Spanish soldiers and the people of Santiago.

This morning (July 17) the dreaded Americans, a little party of less than 200, entered Santiago. Not a Cuban soldier or officer was in the column. The archbishop of Santiago was received with all the honors and courtesies a victorious general could give; the people saw with their own eyes big, broad-shouldered, straight-backed, bearded American soldiers insist on paying for cigars and rum, chuck the native children under their chins and give them hardtack and biscuits, the first bread the little ones have eaten for weeks.

Then the common people of Santiago came out on the streets and crowded the little square, where the 6th cavalry band played "The Star-Spangled Banner," Sousa's marches, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night," "Let Me Off at Buffalo" and other American music, and embraced each other and patted the boys in blue and the boys in brown on their shoulders, and produced huge bundles of big, black, fat cigars and globular bottles of wine and rum, for they knew then that their superiors had lied to them, and they called the Americans "Amigos."

And the lie was nailed and clinched on the under side this evening when Gen. McKibben, the military governor of Santiago, turned over to the civic authorities a score of Cuban soldiers who had entered the city from the north disguised as refugees, apparently for the sole purpose of starting a row. They were very brave, for they knew the Spanish soldiers had turned over their Mauser rifles to us, and every Cuban had a machete and revolver. But the men of the 9th infantry threw their brawny arms around the Cubans, took away their cane-cutters and pistols, gave each of them a few kicks just for luck and marched them to the jail.

This little exploit was noised around the entire city within an hour, and when Santiago went to bed to-night it slept in peace for the first time since Admiral Cervera's fleet steamed up the tortuous channel of the bay.

The chimes of the old cathedral which forms the south side of the Plaza de Armas, where the simple little ceremony of raising "Old Glory" over the Spanish governor's palace took place, gave the signal to Lieut. Miley, Capt. McKittrick and Lieut. Wheeler, who stood at the foot of the flagstaff on the red roof tiles, and just as the twelfth stroke sounded the stars and stripes rose to the top of the staff, and the band in the center of the square sent "The Star-Spangled Banner" up and down Santiago's slopes, and was answered by the national salute from Capron's battery, stationed on a hill to the north. That instant all the eastern half of Santiago province—5,000 square miles—became part of the United States. The negotiations which in time will lead to peace between the two warring nations may take this beautiful part of Cuba from us, but to-night every American soldier in Santiago and on the hills around firmly believes that he is standing on his country's soil.

Yesterday Gen. Shafter's programme did not contemplate a triumphal entry into the capitulated city. He and Gen. Toral and their staffs were to meet below the lines; the king's guard, representing the Spanish army, was to give up their arms; a detachment of mounted cavalry, representing the American army, was to pay the honors of war to their defeated opponents, and that was to be all.

But it chanced that this morning was cloudy, and yet no rain fell. It was cool for this country. The medical officers had reported but little yellow fever in Santiago, and Gen. Toral himself invited Gen. Shafter to luncheon in the governor's palace. This invitation was enough of itself to take any American here into Santiago, and Gen. Shafter, who has been living on campaign fare little if any better than the rations served to the soldiers, accepted Gen. Toral's invitation; so we all went into Santiago on the spur of the moment, as it were.

The ceremony which sealed the capitulation of Santiago was simple and short. Promptly at 9 o'clock this morning all division and brigade commanders and their staffs reported to Gen. Shafter at his headquarters. With Maj.-Gen. Wheeler at his left, Gen. Lawton and Gen. Kent behind, and the other officers, according to rank, following, the little cavalcade, escorted by a detachment of Rafferty's mounted squadron, rode around the base of San Juan hill and west on the royal road toward Santiago. Just about midway between the American and Spanish lines of rifle pits stands a lordly ceiba, 125 feet high to the crown, nearly ten feet in diameter at the trunk and spreading fifty feet each way from the polished tree shaft. Under this tree Gen. Toral and a score of his officers awaited the Americans. As Gen. Shafter came down the slope toward the tree Gen. Toral advanced a few feet and raised his hat. Gen. Shafter returned the salute, and then the quick notes of a Spanish bugle, marking the cadence of a march, sounded on the other side of the hedge which bordered the road, and the king's guard, in column of twos, came into view. Before they arrived on the scene the American cavalrymen had lined up with drawn sabers at a carry, each man and horse motionless.

The Spanish soldiers came through a gap in the hedge in quick time, the Spanish flag leading the column and two trumpeters sounding the advance. The soldiers marched in excellent order, but as they passed Gen. Shafter their eyes moved to the left and they glanced curiously at the men who had served as their targets only a few days before. About 200 soldiers and officers were in the king's guard, and the little command, after moving down the entire front of the detachment of cavalry, countermarched, and, swinging into line, halted facing the Americans, about ten yards distant.

For a few minutes Americans and Spaniards faced each other, silent and motionless. Then the two trumpeters gave tongue to their horns again; a Spanish officer shouted a command; the Spanish colors dipped in a salute; the Spanish soldiers presented arms and the Spanish officers removed their hats. Capt. Brett's quick, terse command, "Present sabers!" rang over the hillside, and American swords flashed as the sabers swept downward. Gen. Shafter removed his hat, and his officers followed his example. For half a minute—and it seemed longer—the two little groups of armed men, each representing an army, remained at "the salute." The Spanish officer in command of the king's guard was the first to break the silence. His commands puts the Spaniards in motion, and they again passed before the Americans, who remained at "present arms" until the last of the guard had marched by. The Spaniards marched back toward Santiago a few hundred feet, halted, stacked their Mauser rifles and then, without arms or flags, filed back of the American lines and went into camp on the hill just west of San Juan hill.

The formal part of the proceedings came to an end with this little ceremony, then Spanish and American officers mingled, shook hands and exchanged compliments. While the king's guard and the American cavalrymen were saluting each other the 5th army corps stood on the crest of the parapet of the rifle pits, forming a thin line nearly seven miles long. Only a small part of the army could see the groups of Spanish and American soldiers under the ceiba tree, but every one of the men who had been fighting and living in our trenches strained his eyes to catch a glimpse, if possible, of the proceedings which put an end to hostilities in this part of Cuba.

After a few minutes of informal talk Gen. Toral and his officers escorted Gen. Shafter and his military family to Santiago. Only half a dozen of all the Americans in the little procession had ever been west of the "surrender tree," as the boys call the beautiful ceiba, and we examined with considerable interest the advance line of Spanish rifle pits, which crossed the royal road in the shape of a deep trench. The intrenchments were much like ours, but the second line, a quarter of a mile nearer Santiago, was fenced in with a double line of barb-wire entanglements—nasty things for man or horse. The road became a street near the group of military hospitals and barracks, and the barricades of barb wire, earthworks, barrels and bags filled with sand, overturned carts and deep ditches gave visible evidence that Gen. Toral had made preparations for a last-ditch fight. The narrow thoroughfare, lined on each side with flat-roofed, one-story houses, squatty and mean in appearance, turned to the right or left every few hundred feet. The topographical conditions were admirably suited for defense, and the American officers marveled the more that the Spaniards had surrendered without one more fight.

Gen. Shafter's entrance was hardly the triumphant march of a victor, for the procession of Americans and Spaniards ambled quietly and unostentatiously over the cobble and blue flag stones, around the little public circles and squares, past ancient churches and picturesque ruins of what once were the homes of wealthy Spaniards, through narrow, alleylike streets to the Plaza de Armas, with the cathedral, the Cafe de Venus, the governor-general's palace and San Carlos club facing the square.

Gen. Toral was the first to spring from his horse, and he held out his hand and welcomed Gen. Shafter to the "palace." This was a few minutes after 10 o'clock. The cable dispatches have told of the luncheon and reception which preceded the flag-raising, of the studied honor paid the old archbishop, who a few weeks ago in responding to a toast at the banquet given Admiral Cervera, predicted that the Spanish flag would be flying over the dome of the American capitol before the Fourth of July, and of the quiet, almost informal way with which Gen. Shafter took up the reins of government and made Santiago an American city for the time being.

By the time the luncheon was over and the papers had been witnessed and signed the 9th infantry had marched into the square and formed two lines, facing the palace, and the band had taken its station in the center of the broad walk, with the American officers grouped in front. Just five minutes before noon Gen. Shafter, Gen. Wheeler, Gen. Lawton and Gen. Kent came from the palace and joined the officers, and Lieut. Miley, Gen. Shafter's chief aid-de-camp; Capt. McKittrick and Lieut. Wheeler, Gen. Wheeler's son, swarmed over the red roof tiles to the flagstaff. Then followed five long, expectant, silent minutes. Some of the officers held watches in their hands, but most of them kept their eyes on the little ball of bunting which cuddled at the foot of the flagstaff. Gen. McKibben, his long, slim figure erect, stood before the 9th regiment, and when the first stroke of the cathedral clock bell sounded from the tower he

whirled around and gave the command "Present arms." The final word was spoken just as the flag fluttered up toward the tip of the staff, and the swish of sweeping sabers came with the opening notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and every American there saluted our flag as the wind caught the folds and flung the red, white and blue bunting out under the Cuban sun and over a conquered Spanish city.

And when the last notes of the national air died away and the rifle butts had come to an "order" on the pavement, and the sabers had been slipped into their sheaths, men whose faces and throats were deep brown, whose cheeks were thin, whose limbs trembled with fatigue and Cuban fever, whose heads wore bandages covering wounds made by Spanish bullets, but who had stood straight, with heads erect, were not ashamed to wipe from their eyes the tears which came when "old glory" spread its protecting folds over Santiago.

The band turned itself loose and for two hours gave Santiago a characteristic American band concert, with grand opera, sacred music and rag-time jingles mixed up in a medley, which brought thousands of Santiagoans to the place. As it was Sunday but few shops were open, and almost the first order issued by Gen. McKibben was one forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors for three days.

This order was strictly obeyed, and the Americans, who had been "dry" for a month, had as hard a time getting drinks as though Santiago were a Kansas town. Guards were stationed, but all arrests were turned over to the civil authorities, and, save for the flag of the United States flying over the governor-general's palace and a few American soldiers apparently loafing on the shady side of street, there was nothing to indicate that the Americans were in full and complete possession of the principal city of one of the largest provinces of Cuba.

## RED CROSS IN THE LEAD.

BY KATHERINE WHITE.

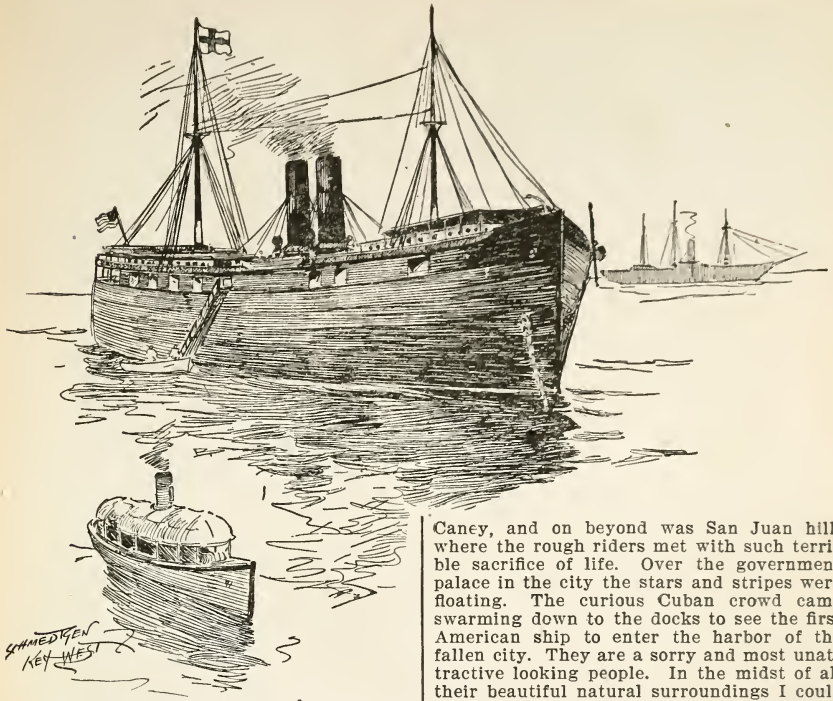
The Red Cross ship State of Texas, filled with food and clothing for the suffering Cubans, was the very first vessel to enter Santiago harbor after the city had fallen into the hands of the United States army.

Miss Barton had reported to Admiral Sampson that the State of Texas and her staff were ready to enter the long-closed harbor as soon as it was possible for him to grant permission. Those of us who had been working with the Cubans in Siboney knew the depths of their needs, and were sure that conditions in Santiago must be even more distressing. The Red Cross had been working under extreme difficulties, unloading supplies and sending them to relieve the distress of the Cubans wherever it was uncovered by the operations of the army. But without a port to enter or warehouses in which to store the goods, the cargo could be unloaded only by small bits, and many articles of food were fast deteriorating from lying in the hold. So it was a great cause for rejoicing the day it was learned aboard the State of Texas that Santiago had surrendered and the ship would soon be able to enter port and begin the real work of food distribution.

It was midafternoon on Sunday, the 17th, when the admiral sent a pilot from the New York and told the Red Cross vessel to go ahead.

The black Red Cross vessel slowly steamed past the warships, crept by Morro castle and we were facing the Estrella battery, surrounded by the dozen fortified points, which, manned by Americans, would make the place a Gibraltar for defense, when we came upon the sunken Merrimac. Nothing shows above the water except a few feet of her funnel and her two masts. Another wrecked vessel lies close to the one which Hobson risked so much to destroy. It is the Spanish cruiser Reina Mercedes, with which the escaping admiral attempted to block the channel against American entrance after his own flight. The Reina Mercedes lies well upon shore, careened in shallow water, with her decks at an angle of 45 degrees and her upper decks half awash. The galling fire which was poured into the mouth of the harbor by the American vessels when the cruiser was maneuvering for position was simply intolerable, and her crew beached her to save their lives. Neither vessel obstructs the channel in the least, and the Merrimac remains but a monument to brave endeavor.

After we passed the intricate curves of the entrance channel and the view opened before us the whole of Santiago harbor was visible, extending in a curving, cove-indented course for five or six miles. The shore is marked by a range of green, palm-covered mountains, with little valleys cutting through the hills, down which come the sudden summer thunderstorms, as in every tropical country that I have seen. The mountain sides show marks of cultivation and the luxuriant foliage is sufficient testimony that when peace reigns plantations will be prosperous.




RED CROSS SHIP STATE OF TEXAS.

Along the shore line of the harbor many of the projecting points are dotted with little, low, quaint cottages, and as we passed them the occupants came running to wave their enthusiastic welcomes. As we made our way farther down the harbor the specks at the other extremity began to take form, and the city was really in sight. Soon the brown-tiled roofs appeared. Next the inevitable Spanish blue of the houses made itself more pronounced—that color which is the dominant tone in every Cuban city. The tops of the cocoanut palms waved above the houses like great, soft bunches of plumes. Just as the ship came to anchor the mist lifted like a white veil from the mountains and the sun went down in a rosy light.

It was impossible to escape a realization of the impressiveness of the occasion. The Red Cross was at last in reach of its mission and organized systematic work. The president and her staff stood on the bow of the vessel and the voyage of the State of Texas was ended as they sung the doxology.

Across the bay on the farthest shore we could see the brown tents of our soldiers pitched on the outskirts of the village of El Caney, and on beyond was San Juan hill, where the rough riders met with such terrible sacrifice of life. Over the government palace in the city the stars and stripes were floating. The curious Cuban crowd came swarming down to the docks to see the first American ship to enter the harbor of the fallen city. They are a sorry and most unattractive looking people. In the midst of all their beautiful natural surroundings I could not restrain a feeling of pity and sympathy for them, and an almost fierce hope came over me that our country may deem it proper to act with a sublime justness and kindliness toward the oppressed people of this heaven-blessed, man-cursed island.

Two men from the State of Texas went ashore to make arrangements for the securing of warehouses and the unloading of the cargo. Every courtesy was shown them, and 6 o'clock the following morning saw eighty stevedores at work. At the end of that first day 300 tons of food had been taken from the ship and placed in warehouses.

That morning Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley, with a staff of officers, came up in the Vixen and docked their vessel beside the State of Texas. Miss Barton went to the side of her ship to thank the admiral for his courtesy in giving her precedence in entering the port. He laughed good-naturedly and said: "Oh, we wanted you to test the harbor to find if it was safe for us to come." He complimented her most highly for the work her men were doing, saying he had not believed it possible to accomplish so much in so short a time. The work had been managed so well that at that early hour

the dock was piled high with boxes and barrels, and details of men were hurrying away great carloads over the dock railways to the warehouses. It was interesting to see those hungry Cuban men at work earning their food. The conditions here have been distressing in the extreme. The city has been practically swept clean of food. Men with plenty of money came literally begging for anything with which to feed their starving families. Crackers have sold for 40 cents apiece, tinned beef for $4 a can and condensed milk has actually been selling for $2 and $3 a can. Chickens are said to bring $8 apiece. So great has been the dearth of food supplies that these exorbitant prices were gladly paid by people who had money. One of the Red Cross assistants, whose former home was in Santiago, has gone among his old friends and come back with the most pitiable reports of distress. He told how one man with his hands full of money came and implored him for food to relieve the actual hunger of his family. Rice, coffee and sugar were still to be had, but aside from these articles the stores are empty. The stevedores who are unloading this ship are paid $2 a day in rations, and when the day's allowance is dealt out to them there is a scrambling and talking and quarreling worthy a flock of magpies. It is amusing and pathetic to watch the waifs who crowd the docks, eagerly waiting a chance to pounce upon any stray article which may escape from the boxes. Every crumb is carefully gathered into their little ragged hats and triumphantly carried away. The very cornmeal that spilled from the sacks was scraped clean from the ground and taken home. One poor black fellow filled his hat with beans, and it would have been difficult to decide whether the hat really contained more beans or black dirt. But it meant something to eat, and nothing could be allowed to go to waste.

The Cuban peon seems naturally inclined to pilfering. These people understand that this food is for their use; they know that soup kitchens are to be established and that they will be fed, and yet it requires a strong and constant guard to make sure that anything will be left in the warehouse. To-day a little fellow scarcely more than a baby came peering around to discover if he was watched, and then when he was satisfied that no eye was upon him he deftly proceeded to fill his little cotton trousers—his only garment—from a barrel of hardtack that had been left uncovered. The little trousers were buttoned tightly around the knee, and at the waist he stuffed the crackers until he could scarcely walk with his bulging treasure. Then he pinned the belt closely around his waist and strolled demurely away. It was very funny and no one would have had the heart to interrupt him for the world. These little fellows will fish out every scrap of bread or meat that chances to be thrown overboard and devour it like hungry little wolves.

The dock is crowded with curious spectators, who are more interested at present in bacon, beans and bread than in any other object in the world. The stevedores are doing splendid work and in three or four days the cargo will be discharged and the State of Texas will sail for New York.

The State of Texas, the steamship which the central relief committee chartered for conveying its food supplies to the reconcentrados in Cuba, is not a hospital ship, as a great many persons suppose, but is to be used solely for carrying relief to the starving people in Cuba. It is not expected that any sick or wounded will be taken aboard. There is no arrangement for caring for any such. The ship is filled with all kinds of food supplies and clothing, aggregating 1,400 tons. There is everything, from the smallest table luxury to the staff of life among the poorer classes in Cuba—a goodly supply of jerked beef. The provisions were collected by the central Cuban relief committee and were contributed by the people of the United States from Maine to California. There are wholesale supplies from large firms literally down to the widow's mite. The members of the Red Cross staff, who have handled the provisions, have many an amusing and pathetic incident to tell of individual packages that have come under their notice. Side by side lay an elaborate teagown and a plain calico wrapper, the former, perhaps, given by some tender-hearted society woman, and the latter mute with sympathy of a daughter of toil. There lay one small cake of maple sugar carefully wrapped in paper, and one could imagine that a generous childish heart had shared his favorite dainty, while just beside it was an attractive-looking red barrel that was the object of a lively discussion between the mate and one of the staff of distribution as to whether it contained rice or coffee, and then along came a sailor and declared it was beans.

It is interesting to note the disproportion of some of the contributions. For instance, there is a surprising lack of sugar and coffee, such ordinary staples that would seem to have been considered first by almost every one. And perhaps that accounts for the absence of them—each person naturally supposing that those articles would be supplied in quantity. I heard some one say that there was not enough soap on board to wash the babies. But there are plenty of other things, and once the Red Cross gets into Cuba the relief will begin promptly.

A recent act passed by congress recognizes the national status of the American Red Cross and will protect its exclusive use of its insignia for the work it was organized to perform.

The State of Texas is a large, comfortable old vessel built about twenty-five years ago

for the Mallory Steamship company for its passenger service. The ship is 250 feet over all and has a displacement of 1,700 tons. She has not been in recent regular service. Before she came into the use of the Red Cross she was a tramp steamer plying between Galveston, Key West, Mobile and Brunswick, Ga. The average speed of the vessel is twelve knots, but two months of idleness in tropical waters has pretty well covered her hull with barnacles, and it is doubtful if she will be able to reach near her best speed. She carries a crew of forty-three, commanded by Capt. F. G. Young, a pleasant, genial young officer. He is a Maine man and has been with the Mallory company for ten years. He has served as either first or second mate on every vessel in the line but one, and is the tallest man in the service. The first mate is Harry Grater of Brooklyn. He has been a sailor since he was 9 years of age, and has sailed all the waters of the globe. Chief Engineer E. A. Isberg has been but a short time on the State of Texas. He was formerly with the Mallory line steamer Colorado.

Staff, steamer and crew are alike well selected for the work, and the public will find its benevolences properly distributed to the people for whom they were intended when once the distribution is permitted to begin.

## USE OF THE MEGAPHONE IN WAR.

BY DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.

The use of the megaphone in war is undergoing its first test. Grandchild of the old speaking trumpet, through which the last-century admirals roared their challenges and commands, the megaphone has taken a fresh grip on our warships since the Cuban blockade began. No quarterdeck, from that of Capt. Sampson's stately New York to the bridge which plays the same role on the little Mangrove, is without one of the big three-foot funnels of papier-mache, and most of the short distance signaling between ships is done by magnified word of mouth instead of the slow telegraphy of the "wigwag" crew or the slower message-making of the signal flags at the mastheads.

Any one who has heard the results of an intercollegiate meet or suburban horse race bellowed across a forty-acre field knows just why the megaphone is the dearest unofficial treasure of a sailor's life. Two hundred yards—even 1,000 feet—are as nothing to the megaphone, and the jackies love the odd machine because it saves them more than one seance with the signal flags and unfamiliar messages or hot pull under the sun when the captain wants to ask a brother commander if he will take dinner with him.

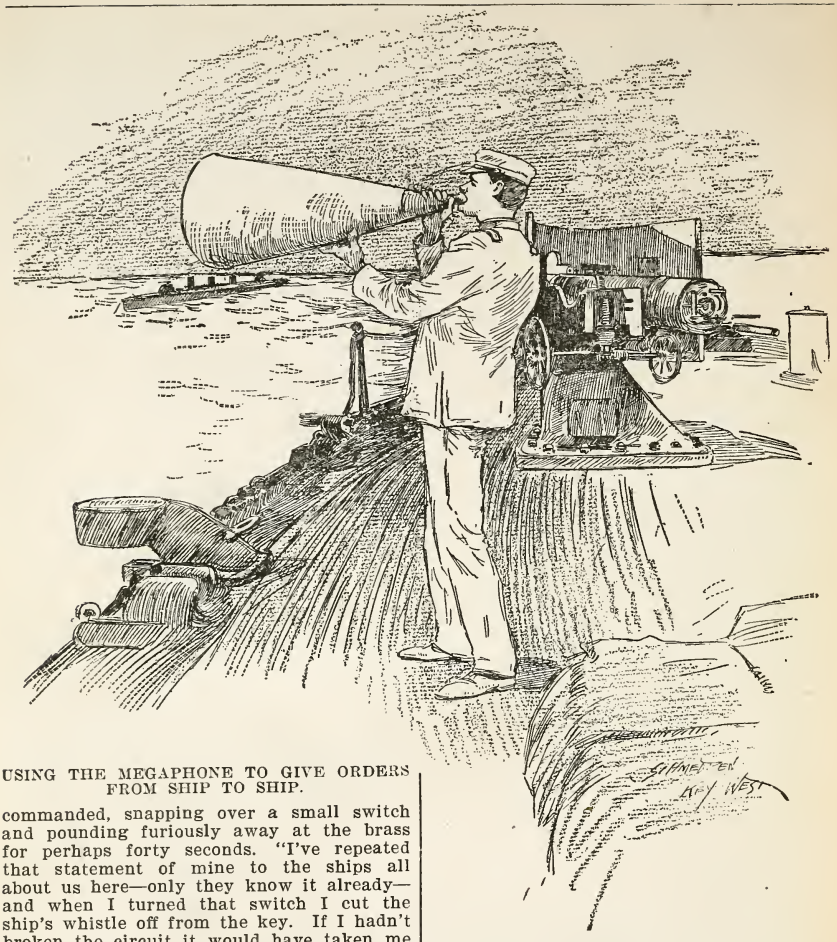
News, gossip, orders—questions touching a thousand things—are roared back and forth between ships as they lie at anchor or plod up and down off Havana watching for a foe that never shows himself. And "Jacky" has learned a new trick of the thing—when he shouts a message he claps the mouthpiece to his ear and gathers in all the volume of the answer. On the blockade the megaphone has been of peculiar value. Ships halted by that unceremonious shot across the bows have had speedy explanation of the shell, instead of the slow torture of the signal flags. And even the worst-frightened skipper of the Spanish fishing fleet would understand the bad Spanish current among the mosquito fleet, roared through a megaphone, backed up by a Hotchkiss peeping over the port bow. The Panama passengers confess that Lieut. Cornwall's command to halt, coming through his megaphone, had quite as much to do with their surrender as the glitter of the Mangrove's guns.

It was a megaphone message that brought the little Hudson churning into the rain of steel in Cardenas harbor last Thursday as a rescue for the helpless Winslow. When the Spanish shells had wrecked the steering gear, hand and steam, the boilers and engines of the torpedo boat, there was no time to wigwag a distress signal to her consort; no man could be spared from the guns. Lieut. Bernadou caught up the boat's megaphone and shouted, "We're disabled—give us a line," and the Hudson was plunged into the zone of death before a signal flag could have spelled out Commander Newcomb's address.

Just what the megaphone can do amid the clangor of battle is unknown, but there are many sailormen who believe that the smoke will obscure the signal flags which are not at the main truck and that the megaphone will earn an official place for itself in the coming battle between the Spanish and the American fleets.

"Wigwags and signal lights have had their inning; the steam whistle is the key to the new telegraphy of the sea." The junior lieutenant stepped to the middle of the bridge as he spoke—his ship is the smartest gunboat of the blockading fleet—and pulling down the front of a small japanned box clamped to the rail disclosed just such a key and sounder as clatter in every telegraph office in the world. The key itself was fixed to the drop front; sounder and battery were stowed in the shallow square of the case.

"Look, now!" my friend of the silver bar



USING THE MEGAPHONE TO GIVE ORDERS FROM SHIP TO SHIP.

commanded, snapping over a small switch and pounding furiously away at the brass for perhaps forty seconds. "I've repeated that statement of mine to the ships all about us here—only they know it already—and when I turned that switch I cut the ship's whistle off from the key. If I hadn't broken the circuit it would have taken me about a minute and every vessel in the harbor would have read it off. Quick, wasn't it? A wigwagger would have spent six minutes sending it and signal lamps can't blink and glow fast enough to keep pace with a whistle. That's why the signal flag and red and white flags are doomed as soon as all our ships can put this whistle controller in. Its speed is one point; its certainty is another. You can't tell a red light from a white one when there's a fog on and you are a cable's length away. But you can't mistake the dots and dashes of the Morse code piped out on a steam whistle.

"Most of our warships could go in for steam telegraphy to-morrow, but many of the auxiliary gunboats are without the controller, and we'll have to wait until they get it before we pass up flags and lights. The apparatus is very simple—just this key and little battery here and an electrically controlled valve on the supply pipe of the whistle. It is worked by powerful springs and a pair of magnets connected with the ship's dynamo, and its action is almost as swift as that of a camera shutter. In fact, it is built on the same plan, and is so rapid in opening and closing that one-twentieth of a second's pressure on the key here makes a signal that can be heard a mile. The roar comes full-throated from the whistle—there is none of the crescendo effect you get with

an ordinary whistle valve, where the racket grows from a growl to a shriek and takes a minute for the ascent. With an electrical valve the shriek pops out the instant you touch the key and close the circuit. It stops just as quickly when you lift your finger. That makes the dots and dashes of the Morse code easy for the whistle. And the white puff of steam that shoots away from the cap at every dot and dash gives you a perfect way of checking the signals—eye corrects ear; ear, eye, you know.

"The controller is a development of a device to sound the five-second fog signal required by law of every vessel under way. This other switch"—the lieutenant touched a small brass cylinder with a horizontal handle, clamped by its mahogany base to the rail beside the keybox—"controls an automatic device which sounds the whistle five seconds in every minute as regularly as clockwork can tick them out. That is when you swing the handle full over, so as to depress this little pin beside the switch. Turned half way, it keeps the whistle screaming until you push it to either side. That was the primitive use of the controller—to sound fog signals. Then some observant chap saw the chance lying in the sharp make and break of the calls and the telegraph key was switched into the combination.

"Wait a minute and I'll show you the whistle at work." The lieutenant ran down the bridge ladder and dropped a command down into the engine room, while I made note that there were three of the fog-signal switches at different points on the bridge. "I've reduced the steam pressure in the whistle pipe to almost nothing, and now I'll hammer out that message again."

Click—click, chu—chu. I looked aft to where the whistle raked up beside the gunboat's one funnel. Ghost jets of steam, so thin as to be almost intangible, volleyed out of the shining cap a low-pitched cough in the wake of every jet.

"That's half the beauty of the machine," said the lieutenant, when he had finished his message. "We could go right up to the mouth of Morro's rifles and signal to a consort without waking the guards. With lights showing even for an instant they would spot us and send twelve-inch shells to talk to us. I can manipulate that whistle so that it will carry a hundred yards or a mile. And not the least of its advantages is that when you signal a strange or suspicious craft you can question it without betraying your own position, as you would with lights. At sea a sound cannot be located with any degree of precision, and a vessel could make the peremptory private signal of the navy without laying herself open to the broadside of an enemy as answer.

"More than the speed or secrecy of the steam signal, its certainty is its vital advantage. You know we have a private signal that requires an instant answer, under pain of a broadside from the inquiring vessel. That signal cannot always be given—the oil lamps many of our auxiliary gunboats use blow out, the red light is mistaken for a white, or vice versa, and the shotted guns break loose. The Manning opened on a battleship off Havana less than a month ago because the private signal was bungled, the Woodbury sent a broadside at another gunboat two weeks ago, and before the fleet moved round to Santiago the watch officer of a battleship turned on every light in his vessel to avoid a broadside from the Hamilton. His signal lamps missed fire when the revenue cutter queried, the wrong answer flashed out, and his parade of lights saved him by a second's space. The Hudson and the Bancroft got into just such a fix outside Sand key two weeks ago and the Bancroft's megaphone saved a disaster. You know we have no choice in the matter of firing into a vessel which does not give the countersign and only navy luck has saved us from two or three catastrophes. When our whistles begin to talk—that will be another story."

## REGULARS AT SAN JUAN, CUBA.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

When the military statistician completes his work and military experts analyze the totals, showing the number of men engaged and those killed and wounded, it will be found that the battle of San Juan was one of the bloodiest on record. At this writing it is not known with certainty how many men actually were in the engagement or how many were killed and wounded. It is estimated, however, that the average of disabilities will rise above 10 per cent. Gen. Kent's division, it is said, suffered to the extent of 13 per cent, an average higher than many of the now famous battles in history. Although the battle of July 1 was properly one engagement, nevertheless there were two distinct and separate though interdependent fights going on at the same time—that which gave us the stone fort and town of El Caney, taken by the men of Lawton's division, and that which advanced our left (Kent's division) four miles and gave us

San Juan hill and blockhouse and commanding positions for our batteries.

The two engagements were interdependent, for if the left wing had been repulsed and driven back the Spaniards could, and probably would, have swept down and flanked our right. Had Lawton's division been driven back the Spaniards would have come between Kent and our base of supplies—Siboney—and starved Kent out. The artillery opened the engagement in each fight (treating El Caney and San Juan as separate engagements), but it was the infantry and dismounted cavalry, assisted to some extent by the Gatling section, that secured definite results.

Ever since the San Juan fight I have been at work trying to get a definite, accurate and comprehensive report of the engagement. But the adjutant-general, staff officers and line officers have been too busy bringing forward commissary supplies and ammunition, building roads through the almost impenetrable jungle, strengthening positions and readjusting our line to meet new conditions, to analyze reports and study maps. I was fortunate enough to see the fight, but when a spectator's field of view is narrowed down so he can see but one company at a time at close range he may get the local color and feeling, but he cannot grasp the whole situation at once. It required much coming and going, comparison and correction, time and patience to group together the facts, incidents and campfire gossip which finally enabled us to sketch the plan or map which accompanies this story.

San Juan hill is within the outskirts of Santiago, in front of Campo de Marti. On it is a blockhouse and line of rifle pits, the advanced line of Spanish intrenchments. A triple line of barb-wire entanglements supplemented the natural and constructed defenses which crested the hill. It may be put down as a fact that the charge which swept the Spaniards from this hill and blockhouse was made, not against orders, but without orders from any officer commanding a division or brigade. It was the spontaneous forward movement of two brigades which could not be stopped or checked until the troops halted, breathless but victorious, on top of San Juan hill. From the best information obtainable it was not planned to advance the left wing of the army so far. The right wing (Lawton's division) was ordered to capture El Caney, and it was on paper for the left wing (Kent's division) to make a demonstration and locate Spanish batteries and works on the east and south of Santiago. Lawton's division carried out its orders to the letter, but parts of Kent's division pushed ahead without any general order from headquarters and more than carried out instructions.

In making the demonstration the 6th, 16th, 9th, 24th and 13th regiments found themselves in the river bottom; behind them the narrow road by which they had come, an impassable jungle on either side, when the enemy discovered their presence and opened on them with shrapnel and infantry fire. Their position became untenable, and it was necessary to advance at once or to retire by the one road. It was at this critical time that the 3d brigade of the 1st division lost three commanders within ten minutes—Gen. Wykoff killed and Col. Worth and Col. Lescomb wounded. The 6th and 16th infantry of Hawkins' brigade had already advanced and deployed as skirmishers, and were moving across the plain toward the hill, firing. Before Col. Ewers was notified that the brigade had fallen to his command, by concerted movement of the regiments the 3d brigade swept forward and made the charge with the 6th and 16th, and this charge was made without an order, and the five regiments reached the crest about the same time—all in time to fire on the fleeing Spaniards. While this was going on the 21st infantry moved out by the left flank, passing in rear of the advancing regiments, skirted San Juan hill, advancing to the front, carried the hill to the left and front of the one occupied by the other troops, bringing a crossfire on the Spaniards.

In order that the layman may understand how a regiment goes into action it will be necessary to start at the beginning with an individual command and follow it through to the end. On the afternoon of June 31, the day before the battle, the 9th infantry was in camp at Sevilla, three and one-half miles from Siboney, where it had been for several days. At 3:30 o'clock that afternoon the "general" (bugle call), the signal for breaking camp, was sounded. Camp was struck at once and the men moved in light marching order (carrying shelter tents, blankets, canteens, 120 rounds of ammunition, one day's rations in haversack and the rifle) in the direction of Santiago. No one in the regiment knew at the time what was up, where they were going or anything else, except that the officers were told they would have a short march that night.

As the regiment moved ahead it found other troops moving along in the same direction, and from the general air of activity and bustle the officers and men realized something serious was going to happen soon. That night about 11 o'clock the regiment bivouacked in an open space by the roadside, having marched about four miles. The march was very slow because of the passage of artillery and wagon trains with ammunition. The rain flooded the road and turned part of it into a swamp. Soon after midnight the command was aroused to draw three days' rations. This still further confirmed the opinion that a battle was imminent. A few hours after reveille at daybreak the booming of guns was heard in front, a messenger gal-

loped up and the "general" was sounded immediately. In five minutes the regiment again was "pounding the road." Frequent halts occurred, and it was about 9 o'clock when Wykoff's brigade, composed of the 9th, 13th and 24th, formed in line of regiments, column of fours, in an open space on the banks of San Guama creek.

At this time there was no sound of firing. In a few minutes the brigade moved forward, the 13th leading, then the 9th and 24th, in column of fours up the trail.

From this point on the story of the regiment is told by Lieut. Wise of the 9th infantry, who gives his personal experience:

"Our brigade halted and filled canteens at the ford. Grimes' battery was up on a hill to our left front, playing on the Spaniards. Nobody that I saw knew where we were going or anything of what was going on in front. We only knew we were going where we were told and that those in command understood if we didn't. We marched up the road almost half a mile, halted and laid off everything but canteens, arms and ammunition. Just at this time the wounded men began passing us going to the rear, many of them badly shot and bleeding, others, supported by comrades, staggering along, some carried on stretchers, some in blankets. Some were groaning and moaning. Others were cheerful and still defiant. Many as they passed to the rear encouraged us to go in and expressed regrets that they had to leave. A bit farther on up the road we passed under the fire of the Spanish battery and Grimes' battery. Right here the road became blocked ahead of us and we laid down at the side of the trail. The Spaniards were cutting their fuses too short to reach Grimes' battery and we got the full benefit of their shrapnel, which burst right in our faces. This was the worst part of the battle for us. The Spanish infantry on the hills beyond had the road located and was firing on it. Men were hit on all sides of us. We couldn't see where the bullets were coming from behind the brush. The trees were filled with sharpshooters, who picked our officers off, and altogether it was a severe test of the courage of our men.

"In fifteen minutes, which seemed that many hours to us, Col. Ewers called down the column: 'Rise and move forward on the run.' The command was repeated down the column, and we found ourselves shuffling down the road. In a few minutes we reached the ford of the San Juan river. The men plunged into the water up to their waists and got across. This ford was in plain view of the enemy and was swept by a terrific fire of infantry. Many men fell. Some of the wounded succeeded in gaining the other bank. Others fell in the water and were pulled out. Some were drowned.

"On the other side of the ford there was a little shelving plateau in the shape of a semicircle. Here we lay down again, somewhat protected, but the shrapnel and the sharpshooters in the trees continued to pick us off. Right here Col. Worth was shot. As we lay here I had a chance to look over the bank and see in front of us for the first time the enemy. Immediately in front of us was a long grassy plain about half a mile wide, perfectly level, with a few large trees scattered over it. At the other side was a hill which seemed to have sides almost perpendicular and about 200 feet high. On top of this were two houses prepared for defense and trenches occupied by the Spaniards, and the whole crest of the hill was covered with little puffs of bluish mist.

"The 6th and 16th pushed out, deployed as skirmishers, and began to advance by short rushes, lying down and firing at the halts. The 24th came up and formed behind us. The 13th moved out from the river bottom, deployed, lay down and began to fire volleys at the hill crest. Our hearts were in our mouths as we watched our skirmish line move forward. Sometimes it looked as if they could go right along. At other times it seemed that they must come back. All at once my battalion got our command to slide down the bank and form in line in the river around the bend. Then came the command 'Forward,' and with a sigh of relief we sprung over the bank, up the slope through some thin underbrush, pushed over a barbwire fence at the edge, rushed out into the open, deployed as skirmishers, and moved forward in quick time. We were not allowed to fire a shot, as the skirmish line was in front.

"The 24th followed our regiment through and deployed on our right. The 13th deployed and moved forward. The bullets were zipping the grass around us, but, as we were moving forward, no one now seemed to mind it, and the whole brigade marched straight ahead in quick time, as though we were on drill. After a few hundred yards the brigade, with a wild cheer, broke into double time. Near the foot of the hill we ran into some wire fences, which we broke down in various ways. Some officers had fence posts in their hands breaking the wire. Men used their rifle buts; others rushed against the posts and bore whole sections down. The hill rose at an angle of nearly 45 degrees, but the men went up like antelopes, pulling themselves up by bushes, clambering over rocks, and the whole brigade reached the top about the same time. When we had nearly gained the summit of the hill the Spaniards jumped out of the trenches and ran away, some of them gallantly and defiantly shaking their fists at us and yelling: 'Espana!'

"As soon as we reached the top of the hill we held up our flag to let our troops in the rear know that we had the position. We then opened fire on the fleeing Spaniards. Our Gatling gun, which had stood in the open

before the charge, pouring a rain of bullets on the blockhouse, limbered up, galloped up the end of the hill where the slope was easier, went into action and began to grind out shots at the 'canaries.'

"As soon as the Spaniards had uncovered the hill their batteries in the rear opened upon us with shrapnel. Our men drew their bayonets and at once began with tin cups, meat cans and hands to dig like gophers. In spite of the hard, rock ground we soon had some protection from the deadly missiles. Then it was that the command came down the line to hold that position. As it passed along men and officers shouted: 'We'll hold it.'

"The Spaniards took refuge behind some strong intrenchments, about 800 yards away from us, on their second line, but we had them cut off from San Juan river. We lay flat on our faces until dark. Then picks and shovels came up. We rectified our line and dug our intrenchments. We had nothing to eat all day until after dark, and then only hardtack and water, for our pack trains could not come along the road during the day. Every man was hungry, parched with heat, drenched with water from the river, tired out and weak from the nervous strain of the day, but we had San Juan hill; we have it now, and we are going to keep it."

## AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN CAVITE.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

Cavite is one of the busiest places in the world just now. Twenty-five hundred soldiers have been dropped down in the town, and there has been a hard struggle to find quarters and establish order out of chaos. Boatload after boatload landed, with big boxes of supplies and cases of ammunition, and men have dumped them down near the landing. The soldiers have been assigned to different quarters in the old Spanish barracks, the officers have picked out choice headquarters and things are rapidly getting settled down to a business basis. But compared with those other days, when a handful of marines represented the American force of arms in Cavite, the present situation is tremendously lively. On every hand are sentries marching back and forth, little squads of men are cleaning up and distributing boxes of provisions, the band is playing in the little plaza near the commandant's residence, target practice has been inaugurated and there is getting to be some system and regularity about meal hours.

The insurgents crowd around and watch wonderingly the deliberate preparations for active service that are going on in Cavite and marvel at the size of most of the California and Oregon giants. The Americans out here are truly a ferocious-looking lot, with their unshaven faces, rough brown service uniforms and wild-west hats. One would imagine one's self to be in a western mining camp. Down near the landing wharf the soldiers are cutting up beef for distribution. Crowds of them are lounging around smoking or trying marvelous Spanish on the natives. Some of them are reading, and in nearly every window of the barracks can be seen men writing letters to go by tomorrow's steamer. A little farther along is the commandant's palace, where Gen. Merritt will probably be quartered. Across the way is the boat slip and repair shop, where there is now a force of men engaged in making waterspouts to catch rainwater for drinking purposes. Down a long line of trees in front of the commandant's palace are the low, typical Spanish quarters, used originally by the officers of the guard, but now occupied by Col. Smith, Col. Duboce and other officers. Just in front of these quarters is the little plaza, with the statue of El Cano in the center.

There are beautiful trees scattered about in the plaza, and through the branches can be seen the wreck-specked waters of Bakor bay. In this plaza the United States regulars' regimental band plays in the afternoon to delighted audiences of scantily clad natives and big, husky soldier boys. Over at the corner of the plaza is Gen. Anderson's headquarters, formerly the Ayudante mayor's home and office. It is, like all the government buildings in Cavite, very beautiful and cool-looking. Immense shade trees surround it, and the spreading leaves of palm trees give it an absolutely tropical appearance. Farther down the avenue of trees is the gate separating the officers' quarters from the "Enfermeria," or hospital, and infantry quarters. Only a few men are now on the sick list. In the infantry quarters there are several hundred men established, and little detachments are almost constantly marching back and forth from drills or camp work.

On one side of the avenue, or walk, is the immense and massive wall of old St. Philip fort. The wall is forty feet across and makes a good parade ground when the big plaza outside the arsenal grounds is too wet or is occupied by other companies. Then comes the big gate, where armed sentries are always posted. This is the official dividing line between the navy yard and the town of

Cavite. It opens out on the eastern corner of the big parade ground and just at the edge of the walls of the old fort. From this point it is hardly more than a stone's throw to the wrecks of the Austria, Cuba, Luzon, quarters and the headquarters of Col. Sum-Lezo, Argos, Duero and Velasco out in Bakor bay. Just outside the gate are more soldiers' mers. These occupy the entire southern front of the parade ground. The eastern front is occupied by the gate of the arsenal and the walls and sally port of Fort St. Philip. The northern front is occupied by

AMERICAN SOLDIER'S UNDRESS UNIFORM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

the dungeon and a row of barracks formerly filled with Spanish soldiers' quarters.

These latter buildings have lately been the prisons of Aguinaldo's Spanish prisoners. These have now been removed to Imus and Bolucan, on the south and north shores of the bay, respectively. On the west side of the parade ground are a number of Spanish and native dwelling houses, and the old church of Santa Domingo. This western facade of the square marks the line separating the American soldier quarters from the insurgent residences and the business part of Cavite. Soldiers are not allowed to pass beyond this line except when on leave. As there are usually 50 or 100 men with liberty leave, nearly every shop in Cavite has one or two big, rough-looking soldiers sitting in it, learning Spanish by association, and flirting violently with scantily clad, brown-eyed Filipino girls.

Out in the parade ground there are drills twice a day, between 7 and 8 in the morning and 5 and 6 in the evening, weather permitting. All drilling and heavy work is suspended in the middle of the day on account of the heat. However, the weather has not been disagreeably warm during the last two

COMPARATIVE SIZE OF AMERICAN SOLDIER AND PHILIPPINE INSURGENT.

weeks, but the exertion of carrying heavy Springfields and drill accouterments would be very trying on men who are not equipped with light tropical uniforms. A hundred or more tents have been put up on one side of the parade ground to dry and clear out the must. Everything becomes musty and mildewed here in a day or two, and clothes must be constantly aired to prevent their spoiling. For several days before the removal of the Spanish prisoners these men could look out of the windows of their prison and watch the business-like preparations on the parade ground. Up in the windows of the sally port of Fort St. Philip are the

governor of the Ladrones and some of the higher officers brought from Guam. They are regular spectators of the drills.

Gov. Mariana was at one time governor of Cavite province, with his headquarters and home in the building now occupied by Aguinaldo. During an uprising of the natives this same governor had fifty-four insurgents lined up against the very walls of Fort St. Philip and shot. That was several years ago. He was in course of time returned to Spain, and later was sent as governor of the Ladrones. The Charleston stopped at Guam, captured the islands and brought the governor here. He is now confined within the same walls where years before he had ordered fifty-four natives mercilessly shot. When he was arrested he expressed the greatest terror of being delivered to the insurgents, and was particularly eager to be held as prisoner of the Americans.

Out on the wreck of the Don Juan de Austria Col. Smith has had placed six silhouette targets, the size and shape of a standing man. The distance is about 200 yards and the soldiers are now having target practice. The Spanish private soldiers brought from Guam have been detailed to "police duty." This is a sort of housecleaning work. They sweep up the walk, clear out the leaves and old paper and do all kinds of cleaning duty. A guard constantly accompanies them, but it is doubtful whether they would ever attempt to escape if the opportunity offered.

A lamentable thing connected with the capture of Guam is the fact that the only European physician was brought away as a prisoner. He is a Spanish surgeon. There was considerable indignation when the circumstances came out.

In these days, when comparisons of strength are made, the great difference between the size of the American soldier and the Filipino soldier is marked to a laughable degree. The average insurgent soldier is about half as big as the American.

A number of stowaways came out on the transports, and that is probably why there are occasionally to be seen young boys about 18 years old in the ranks. They are now doubtless writing letters to the folks at home telling them where they are.

On the Fourth of July Gen. Aguinaldo was invited to review the American troops, but he begged to be excused on account of sickness. It is not known that he has at any time visited the quarters of the Americans.

Several companies have been sent out toward Malate for practice in road work. They start out early in the morning and return in the evening.

## THE GUSSIE EXPEDITION

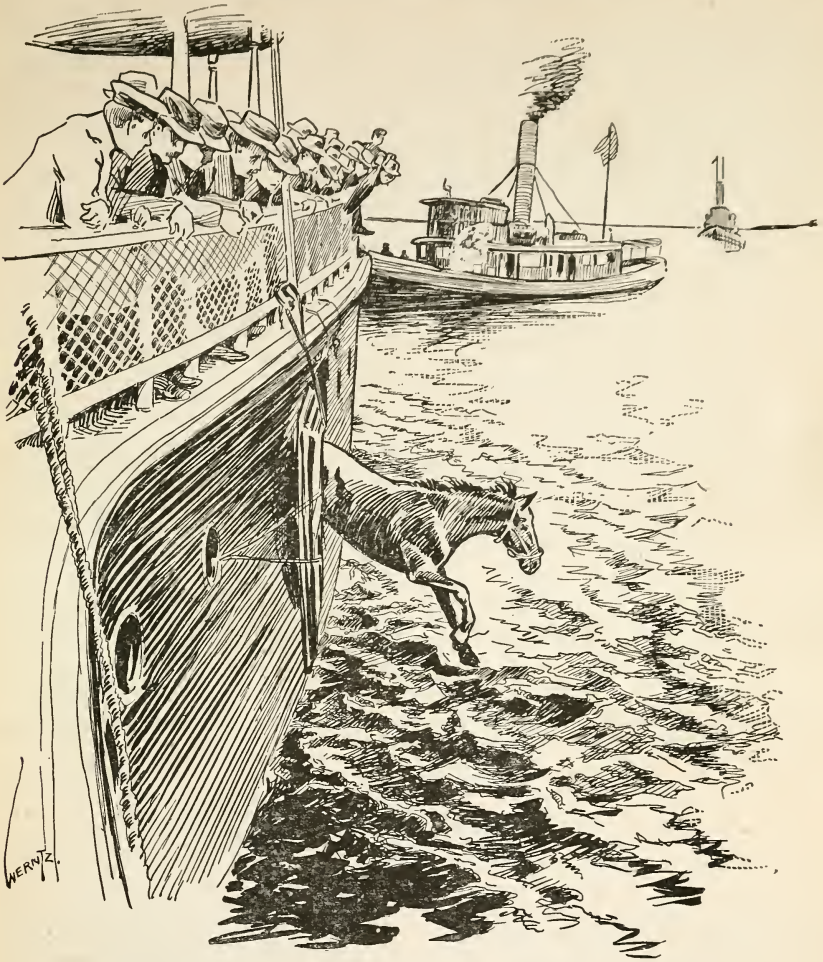
BY TRUMBULL WHITE.

The north coast of Cuba from Matanzas west to Bahia Honda or farther, a distance of 100 miles across part of Matanzas province, all of Havana and the eastern part of Pinar del Rio, is patrolled by Spanish sentries who are stationed within sight of each other all the way. This explains why the steam transport Gussie returned from Cabanas bay to Key West to-day (May 15), her expedition virtually a total failure. This does not mean that failure was due to any delinquency on the part of Capt. Dorst, in command, or to any one else with the expedition, but that the Spanish are doing something to protect the coast from invasion, and their arrangements at least are effective to prevent communication with the insurgents on this part of the coast.

When the Gussie left Key West with a cargo of rifles and ammunition for the insurgents it was not anticipated that there would be any obstacle to a succesful completion of that mission. The 100 regulars on board expected to protect the landing when the insurgents were met to receive the cargo. The first approach to the Cuban coast was made Thursday afternoon, when three Cuban couriers were landed with horses in order to communicate with the insurgents and have them at the coast next day to receive the cargo.

Soon after this landing came the skirmish of regulars with the Spanish in which the Spanish were dispersed with the loss of four killed, including a lieutenant. The Gussie then steamed out of the bay and coasted back and forth till morning, expecting to finish the work Friday. When Friday morning dawned the transport began coasting along near enough to shore to see the signals if any were made, but all to no avail. The blue-uniformed Spanish soldiers were distinguished in constant succession for many miles at short intervals, sometimes a single sentry and sometimes moving in squads of considerable size. Many times some sanguine Spaniard fired a rifle shot at the Gussie, but the range was far enough to prevent any effective shooting.

At last the Gussie reached a place a few miles from Mariel, where two correspondents had been landed from a newspaper tug early the day before. The men on the Gussie did not know then that they had been captured and were probably already in Havana as prisoners of war, and so they watched the coast closely, hoping to pick them up. In-




LANDING HORSES FROM THE GUSSIE OFF THE COAST OF CUBA.

stead of the American correspondents a squad of Spanish soldiers appeared in a considerable number and a few moments later bullets began to fly toward the ship. There was no danger from that source, but their next was a move more effective. A field battery of six-pounders ashore began action and the shot from those little weapons struck so near that they warned the Gussie that there was no place in that vicinity for landing arms for the insurgents. The Gussie replied with her rapid-fire guns, mounted on deck, and the Manning, which was near on the blockade at the time, came up and threw shells into the bushes where the Spaniards were concealed.

The shells soon scattered the coast guard and stopped their guns, but there was no certainty of any damage being done them.

Night came on and no progress had been made. It was evidently impossible for the insurgents to reach shore or to signal the ships, and as the landing of the arms would be simply handing them to the Spaniards, even if it could be done at all, there was

nothing left to do but to come home. At 10 o'clock last night the Gussie dropped anchor off Sand Key light, where she lay till morning. She came into Key West harbor to-day, a good deal disgusted at the failure of the expedition. She will probably sail for Port Tampa to-night.

Capt. Dorst feels disappointed at being unable to communicate with the insurgents. "I believe we might have done as we intended if too much publicity had not been given the expedition before it started from Tampa," he said to-day. "The newspapers printed what they could learn of the plans of the undertaking; those facts reached Madrid and then Havana, and the patrol of the coast was the result. It was never intended for the small force of 100 regulars to land troops and guard them against the attack of the Spanish. That would be foolish. What we wanted to do was to communicate with the insurgents and tell them to come and get what we had for them.

"We accomplished the former in landing the three couriers and dispersing the Spanish who tried to stop them on that first day. I have no doubt the couriers reached the insurgent camp all right. The insurgents were then unable to come to the coast on account of the strong patrol, and we could do no more."

I talked with another prominent member of the expedition. "That coast is patrolled as well as Broadway is by policemen," he said, "and it was utterly impossible that any landing could be made without detection. If the landing force is large the sentries keep out of sight till they see what is happening. It is easy for them to hide in the bushes, and as soon as the landing force sails away the sentries can take whatever or whomsoever is left ashore. That is probably what happened to the correspondents.

"It is likely they were taken soon after they landed—almost before the vessel which brought them was out of sight. I told them and their chief before they landed that it was almost certain they would be captured, the patrol of that coast is so perfect now. There is no reason to think the patrol is more stringent because of any publicity given the Gussie expedition. The Spanish calculate that the American invasion will be on the north shore, at some place between Cardenas and Bahia Honda, and have concentrated troops all along that shore so that they may be prepared as well as possible for any emergency. That is why we found Spaniards all along that coast and we could see no possibility of making a landing elsewhere. In the other provinces there is no difficulty in getting ashore at any time and landing any arms, ammunition and supplies necessary."

Lieut. Brainard, with the Uncas, left last night for Havana to make an effort to communicate with the Spanish officials under a white flag of truce to arrange for the exchange of the correspondents for the Spanish officers captured on the Panama, now at Fort McPherson. It is believed that Col. Cortejo, Weyler's brother-in-law, and one more will tempt Spain to let the correspondents go. A telegram has just been received here by the chief correspondent of the newspaper to which the captured men belong from the press censor in Havana, who is a friend of his. In answer to a query the censor replies that the men are in Cabanas and are well treated with the usual Spanish hospitality. The names of the corrrespondents, as wired from Havana here, are Thrall and Jones.

## SANTIAGO'S WORTHLESS CANNON.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

The wonder is that Santiago has been captured. And yet our officials allowed themselves to be persuaded by their Cuban allies that it would fall at a trumpet blast like the walls of Jericho. Those Cubans were sorely disappointing in many respects. Col. Wagner, one of the most cultured men in the army, has called them "an aggregation of mango-bellied degenerates," and every one who has seen them in their native haunts is thoroughly satisfied with the epithet. But we have grappled with the hard facts and mastered them, so that misrepresentations and falsehoods are of mere historic value.

Since the evacuation of the city by the Spanish it has been possible to go over some of their works and estimate their strength here at the time of the surrender. That Gen. Toral's condition was hopeless no one could deny after having seen the force of men and the arms at his command. And yet had not his army been demoralized by factional strife and mismanagement on the part of the home government, he doubtless could have held out for a month longer, or have compelled us to make another assault that would have cost many more lives.

It is to this day an unsettled question how many men the Spanish had in Santiago on the day of surrender. Lieut. William Brooke of the 4th infantry, the ordnance officer of the corps, took me to-day through the arsenal, a fortress-like structure in the center of the city, and showed me cords of old rifles, mostly Mausers, stored up like firewood. He informed me there were 10,000

turned over to him. This may indicate the maximum strength of the original force placed here to defend the city. It has, however, been very considerably reduced by sickness and campaigning. There are now 1,720 sick soldiers in the military hospital, the long yellow structure under Red Cross flags, which I had remarked on one or two occasions at the edge of the city facing our intrenchments. There are also over 400 wounded men surviving the engagements of the last three weeks. Over 250 wounded have died, I am told, and about 600 were killed on the battlefield. While I am compelled to admit the latter figures are not authentic, having been constrained to get them from Spanish estimates and hearsay, they are near enough to truth to convey an idea of Spanish losses and the force remaining under Gen. Toral's command, which is undoubtedly less than 8,000. Gen. Shafter has maintained all along that there were 12,000 Spaniards behind the works of the city, but his estimate is not justified by such facts as come under our observation. At the same time, it must be remembered, that he has the credit for the capture of 3,000 men in Guantanamo, and as many more scattered throughout other towns of the eastern military district of Cuba. At the present moment Lieut. Miley, the general's chief aid-de-camp, is making a tour of these stations to receive their surrender, and when he returns something more will be known of their exact numbers and condition. Nevertheless, there is nothing to indicate that these outlying posts are more numerous than is allowed in this estimate.

Now the question the strategists are asking is: Why did not the Spanish seriously oppose the advance of our army before it came under the eaves of the city? They say that had the enemy taken positions on the hills over the road from Siboney and fought as desperately as he did at El Caney and San Juan he must have made our advance almost impossible. It is also pointed out that even after our army was advanced to within five miles of Santiago the enemy had a way open from Aguadores to fall upon our rear and cut off our line of communications.

But none of these embarrassments or possible disasters befell the army. Gen. Shafter has certainly been very lucky, if the critics are to be believed—very lucky to have bagged the game quickly and without extraordinary loss of life.

But to return to the arsenal. There was an immense store of small-arm ammunition in the enemy's possession. Here are great piles of it—rooms stacked full of unopened boxes—enough for weeks of continuous firing. It is estimated at a million rounds. No wonder, indeed, that the enemy's fire was terrific. With a supply of cartridges behind that was practically exhaustless there was no disposition to spare the fire when an opponent approached. But one may ask: How did Spain, in her impoverished condition, acquire so much ammunition? It bears the stamp of a German manufacturer. That is all that is known.

In the arsenal are also a large number of mountain howitzers, some of which were doubtless used by the enemy in the fight with the cavalry division under Gen. Joe Wheeler at Los Guasimas—the one for which the "rough riders" have rather unfairly been given most of the credit. All of these are in good condition. There is one peice of field artillery, a rifle gun of 3.6 inches caliber, that belonged to the battery opposite our right, and was very troblesome until silenced by two well-directed shots from Capt. Capron's battery. It is possible now to see how well that sturdy old gunner did his work. One of his shells exploded just below the muzzle of this piece, injuring the bore and putting the gun as completely out of action as if the bore were entirely closed. I am told that the next shot disabled the gun next to it by throwing it from its carriage. The gun here will be sent to Washington as one of the trophies of the war.

But there are some rarer trophies than this. Among the piles of guns we found an antiquated brass cannon, one of the fine old type that were the pride of armies in the early part of the last century. In size it was about equivalent to a nine-pounder, and, like all the guns of its period, was named and bore the date of manufacture—"Marquis de Austrian, 1733." The workmanship was superb. But that such a piece should be used in these days against modern arms almost passes comprehension. Nevertheless this was done. Far off to the left of our position there was a blockhouse defended by breastworks and a battery of three guns. Two were of small caliber, but modern. The third was a counterpart of this antiquated brass cannon.

There being no ammunition made for it nowadays, the Spanish manning the gun used a shell much smaller than the bore. The result was comical, though not until after we had learned the meaning of its unearthly noise. When we first heard it from behind our intrenchments it was easy to imagine the enemy was sending an immense aerial devil-chaser after us. The whistle of the shell as it came over us was like the shriek of a siren. A more terrifying sound it is quite impossible to imagine. But at length we discovered the cause. The shell always went high and so slowly that it was possible to follow it with the eye. Oddly enough, its course was never straight, but in a curved line to the right or left. This was for reasons easy to appreciate. The shell being much too small for the gun was given a rapid revolving motion as it left the muzzle, and would describe a curve in the air just as a baseball leaving the pitcher's hand, generating at the same time the frightful sound

we heard. It is needless to say that the enemy did no damage with any of these guns about the city, so far as we are able to discover, although they had several of them mounted at commanding points after the battle of El Caney and San Juan when they were driven back to their last line of defense.

When we began our bombardment the afternoon of July 10 they replied with them at first very spiritedly. But one or two shots from the batteries on our left and right and the dynamite gun at the center cleared them out; and although the bombardment continued all the next day not another shot was fired from them. It is more than probable that this convinced the Spanish general of his utter helplessness under artillery fire. A fact within his easy reach that may have had some weight with him was that thirty guns more of light artillery belonging to Gen. Randolph's command were at Siboney, and with continuing dry weather could be trained upon him within twenty-four hours.

But what is to be said of an admiral who is held in check for a month by a few batteries of these old relics? Indeed, it is the great fiasco of the war. Admiral Sampson enacted a little farce which he took seriously, and for the time persuaded every one else to take similarly, by his manner of blustering and boasting over everything he does. Unfortunately for him and the fame he got out of his bombardments of the batteries about Morro at the expenditure of $2,000,000 in ammunition, everything was left quite intact after the evacuation. All the guns are there that ever fired at one of his big ships, and—think of it!—there is nothing in Morro or on the ridge east of it except a half-dozen of these ancient smooth-bores! Yet this is where Admiral Sampson always directed the fire of his flagship, the New York, and the stories of slaughter and devastation authorized in his "squadron bulletin" would have done credit to a Spanish commander. But there is nothing to indicate that his shooting did any damage except to dismount one gun and tear down a portion of the lighthouse.

The only modern battery at the entrance to the harbor is the one located on the west side. It was supplied with three Krupp guns mounted on cement. This is the battery which Commodore Schley repeatedly engaged. It shows much hard usage and must have been frequently hit.

While it is not pleasant to deprive a brave man of even a fraction of the honor accorded him, truth demands that the public know how utterly futile was the sinking of the Merrimac in the mouth of the harbor. Even before Cervera sailed merrily out with his squadron there were those who expressed doubt that Lieut. Hobson had accomplished his purpose and closed the entrance. Now ocular evidence is not required. And yet up to the time I sailed by the wreck of the sunken collier I was loath to believe he had failed so completely in locating his vessel. He could not have put her more completely out of the way of navigation had he beached her in one of the numerous coves of the inlet. The Reina Mercedes, which the Spanish tried to sink in the entrance for a similar purpose is in a much better position. Had she been sunk forty feet more to the westward not a vessel would yet be in the harbor of Santiago. As it is, the entire fleet of transports were able to steam by as soon as the mines were destroyed, leaving the projecting smokestack and masts of the Merrimac twenty yards to starboard, monuments to one of the most absurd plans ever invented by a sea captain for protecting an enemy he could have overpowered three to one.

In this connection it is interesting to recollect that Cervera showed infinitely more astuteness. There was the strategy of an old fox in sending out a flag of truce the day after the Merrimac was sunk, complimenting Hobson on his success in closing up the harbor. Sampson seemed at the time to believe him, but good fortune kept our fleet constantly before the entrance, else some fine morning would have seen Cervera steaming safely into Havana harbor.

While it is ever a matter for surprise that the defenses of Santiago are so nearly worthless, it is always to be remembered that the most formidable weapon in the Spaniards' hands was a system of mines and torpedoes at the mouth of the harbor which could hardly have been improved upon. I have heard it said that an American was responsible for them; but even this particle of information may be doubted, so little besides is known of their origin and mechanism. We have found three stations from which they were operated by keyboards, all of them situated in protected positions behind the promontories at the entrance to the harbor. From them it was possible to see whatever entered the harbor, and once a ship came within range it remained only to wait for the right moment and touch a button. The Merrimac was wrecked by one of these mines, and with apparently the same ease as a rocket is exploded. It is said these mines and torpedo stations might have been captured and destroyed by a daring night attack by marines; but to have attempted to force a passage without it would have meant the destruction of the fleet.

The other defenses about the city, so far as I went, were not strong. When the Spaniards lost San Juan and El Caney they lost their best and most securely fortified positions. After that they were forced back to a new line of defense, and this was infinitely weaker because hastily constructed. In passing through yesterday I found all the trenches shallow and of just the character to expose the soldiers to our fire. Where we had advanced our line and enfiladed them they had been withdrawn in a protected di-

rection. It was typical of the Spanish that wherever they had been the ground was reeking with filth and the air was foul with decayed carrion. They are scarcely better in this respect than the Cuban; and the Cuban is as bad as the Indian.

## MOONSHINERS AND ARMY MULES.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

One hundred hardy mountaineers of middle Tennessee marched into town to-night and tendered their services to Maj. J. Perry Fyffe, commanding the national guard battalion. When these men marched from the train to the armory the young men of the city saluted them with cheers. Half the number were old in years, and the grizzled marcher who bore the colors has seen three score and ten, although his step is as elastic as that of his three sons who plodded along toward the rear. Fathers and sons were in the ranks, and perhaps every man is in some wise related to his comrades. They have lived in the same neighborhood and in the same houses for years. Their fathers settled the country, fought Indians and named this the volunteer state. Moonshine whisky has been made where these men hail from, and revenue officers have been marked by their bullets.

Every man, young and old, can send a rifle ball into a squirrel at 1,000 yards. Every man can pull a revolver and empty its contents into an adversary before he can count ten; every man is expert with the terrible knife which Col. Bowie named; can throw it fifty feet and land its blade in the jugular vein of a bear or deer.

Fifty of these men followed the fortunes of the confederacy, and at Chickamauga fought with a valor that compelled the praise of the men opposed to them. Ten of them wore the old gray jackets of the southern army as they marched through the streets to-day, and until a week ago every man was an "unreconstructed rebel" and glad of it. To-day every man is pledged to the flag of a common country and anxious to fight in its defense.

"We moughtn't be very purty," said one of them to-night, "but we has seed some ragged wah bizness done in our time, and kinder reckon as though we mought be able to do some harm to them Spannyards if we is druv to it. We reckon like we mought be handy in Cuba a-helpin' out uv them fightin' fellers, and so we hev came to enlist for the wah."

The mountaineers will be mustered into the state service, armed and equipped as soon as possible and sent to the rendezvous at Chickamauga. A cavalry regiment is also being raised in middle Tennessee. The valley people are as enthusiastic as their brothers in the highlands and propose to provide twelve troops of horse which will not be duplicated in the army. Every trooper has ridden since he was able to do so, every trooper owns his mount, and every animal is a thoroughbred.

The cavalry was out for practice marching to-day and the troopers trotted and galloped along the roads, through the gaps and up the passes. Many troops dashed along the crest of Missionary ridge and some went as far as Lookout Mountain. These troopers, who were excused from duty, spent the day visiting and in every traversable part of the reservation cavalrymen were to be seen. They lounged easily in their saddles, smoked while riding and enjoyed a general view of the country.

Studious ones galloped along the battle lines of 1863 and studied the iron and stone tablets which tell of deeds of valor.

Four and six mule wagons were in evidence everywhere, and the army wagon master, as painted by the war correspondents of the civil strife, was discovered on the Lafayette road when a big wagon of the 12th infantry lost a wheel, and the sextet of black "jack rabbits" refused to respond promptly to his call to "get ap."

The rain held the artillerymen in camp and the guns "in park," with the horses tied to the long lines of picket ropes. The great tarpaulins of the "brown terrors" were in service, and the only work done by the wearers of the "red stripes" was to exercise the horses.

Hucksters and truck farmers invaded the camp in force to-day and found ready customers among the men, who are tiring of the ration known as "government straight." One old darky came in with a crazy wagon containing a coop in which fluttered nearly 200 live chickens. He did a lively business. He had an interview with Gen. Brooke before he left camp and complained that a squad of colored troopers had visited his chicken house the night before to his disadvantage. When leaving headquarters he said earnestly to the general: "I hopes dat dem brack soldiers will be moved befo' watahmelon time."

The colored population of Chattanooga have gone wild since the advent of the "black brigade," and just as soon as a recruiting station is opened in this city there will be a large enlistment. Some of the troopers and infantrymen came from this town, and when they appear in the streets their former companions endeavor to stir them to anger by

chanting a song the chorus of which is "I know'd yo' before yo' hair got straight."

Troop H of the 6th cavalry has been selected as the escort to headquarters and today moved its quarters from the regimental camp and took station at the foot of Lytle hill. It is on historic ground and Capt. Craig's tent is located where sons of Illinois did battle. The 44th and 73d regiments of the 2d brigade, commanded by Laiboldt of the 3d division, Sheridan and McCook's 20th army corps, did hard fighting at this point in company with the 2d and 15th United States mounted infantry. It was here that the confederate division of Maj.-Gen. Alexander P. Stewart, in Buckner's corps, was stationed Sept. 19 and 20, 1863. On the first day Gen. Negley turned the left flank of Stewart and caused his withdrawal to the woods east of Brotherton's, after sharp fighting. Brig.-Gen. Henry D. Clayton, C. S. A., was here with his brigade, opposed to J. Beatty's brigade in Negley's division of Thomas' corps, which forced him to move at 6 o'clock in the afternoon.

The boy troop chosen for escort duty is one of the crack troops in the crack regiment of the army's cavalry. It is one of the famous squadron stationed at Fort Myer, Va., troops A, E, G and H, and is known throughout the army for its ability to drill. The men are young, the majority of them native Virginians, the rest of the command being completed by men of Maryland. The horses and equipment are the best in the service. Officers and men are considered the aristocrats of the mounted service, while the dash and daring of the escort is recognized and admitted in camp. The 6th cavalry is Col. S. S. Sumner's command, his brother, Col. E. V. Sumner, being in command of the 7th cavalry. Both officers are sons of the famous Gen. Sumner. The troop was originally organized in Philadelphia in 1861, and in that city to-day is an organization of veterans of the 6th cavalry which looks after the welfare of this particular troop. Its war service was with the army of the Potomac, it being brigaded with volunteer troops in the Valley of Virginia and fighting there and in the Shenandoah. The regiment was with Gen. Miles in the Indian territory in 1873, had a tussle with the Apaches from 1875 to 1884, and from then to 1890 campaigned through New Mexico and Arizona.

Chattanooga was awakened this morning by a sound the like of which has not been heard since Gen. Bragg deployed his columns to oppose the army of the Cumberland thirty-five years ago. The noise began away off to the west with a shrill, piercing note, followed by a wail that startled the civilians and awakened the army officers from their slumbers. Then it increased in intensity with the characteristic shriek of a steam calliope playing soprano, tenor, contralto and bass at the same time.

Veteran officers who had served on the plains were reminded of the war cry of murderous Indians about to atttack a camp; men who had served here with Grant shuddered and thought of that terrible assault on Bragg's headquarters at the crest of Missionary ridge, when thirteen regiments of Illinois made the most remarkable charge of the war and the "19th" was the first to plant its colors on the enemy's works. Inexperienced "shoulder straps" marveled and were dazed. The "West Pointers" recalled a time when they were "plebs" awaiting the shock of an attacking party of first-class men, but no one dared to venture an opinion. It was admitted that trouble was coming, and Chattanooga braced itself for a struggle.

Nearer, clearer and deadlier came the noise. The furies of the inferno were not half so strenuous, as every note of the scale was run in every key. Then came a tremendous finale, in which shrieks, wails, groans and cries of rage and despair were intermingled in hopeless confusion. Silence for a moment, to be broken by a heavy voice commanding attention, the clank of sabers and the worst was known—four carloads of mules belonging to the 10th cavalry had reached town. Not since the troops were ordered to rendezvous at Chickamauga has there been an incident which commanded the attention occasioned by the arrival of the "jack-rabbits," and to-night bets are being made that a similar entry into Havana would drive Blanco and his soldiers insane with fear.

Chickamauga is a great school of war today. Officers off duty are studying history. Those detailed with their commands for drill are advancing, retreating, deploying and moving by the flank over ground which has been wet with the blood of thousands. The atmosphere of the place is heroic and the school of the company, troop and battery is made interesting because of memories of the brave men who fought here in '63.

On McDonald's field a battery is rushing into mimic action, postilions swinging their long "blacksnakes," horses on the gallop, men hanging to guns and caissons, while commanders of sections are riding furiously. Cavalry is dashing through the woods, the trained horses taking ditches and stumps without hesitation, the troopers mounting and dismounting on the run, or at the quick call of the trumpet pulling their steeds to haunches, unslinging carbines and flattening themselves on the ground to take aim at an imaginery foe. Infantry is deploying from column into line, skirmishers are spreading out and closing in as the bugles sound the orders. Bands are playing, aids and orderlies are flying along the well-made government roads—the camp is commencing business.

The signal men under Capt. W. A. Glass-

CUBAN VOLUNTEERS DRILLING AT TAMPA.
[From a photograph by Malcolm McDowell.]

ford, chief signal officer of the department of the Colorado, are in camp. They are mounted on bicycles and carry their kits awheel. The merit of the rubber-shod steed is to be decided in this campaign. Bicycles are in evidence everywhere. Orderlies of the infantry regiments use them; messengers from headquarters spin along the government roads, outdistancing the fastest horses of the cavalry; daring riders coast down the steep gaps or pump up through the by-paths, where horsemen hesitate to follow, to the delight of the colored visitors, one of whom remarked to-day, as a man from the 25th came tearing down the Rossville gap: "You sure kin railroad wif dem bicycles."

Flags are displayed everywhere. The city and country is literally covered with bunting. Over on Missionary ridge the old mansions of the aristocrats whose kinfolk wore the gray are splendid in their colors. On the top of Lookout mountain, the guardian of the valley, old glory floats defiantly in the breeze. Grant's old headquarters at "the knob" are marked by the stars and stripes, while the red, white and blue answers the patriotic signal from the tower marking the spot where Gen. Bragg commanded the confederate line.

Society turned out in force to-night and assembled at the opera house to listen to the opera "Mascotte." Army officers escorted the belles of Chattanooga; daughters of confederate sires bestowed their smiles on the wearers of union blue, and the playhouse was packed to its utmost capacity. At the conclusion of the opera the company sung "The Star-Spangled Banner," the audience rising and joining with fervor. When the song was ended some one started a cheer for the flag, and for five minutes the people shouted and cheered, men swinging their hats, women waving their handkerchiefs and the singers waving small flags. As the house was cleared a young woman, looking up into the eyes of a big cavalry lieutenant, remarked, softly: "Yo' may call us rebels, but we ah all Yankees now down heah, I reckon."

# WHILE THE WHITE FLAG FLEW.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

There is nothing of bloodthirstiness pure and simple about the American soldier; he does not revel in carnage or feel an intense and all-consuming desire to plunge his bayonet into the person of a fellow-being or to riddle an entire stranger with Krag-Jorgensen bullets further than necessities of the occasion demand. But if there is one thing above another that he detests it is a truce. A day's respite from the strain, mental and physical, of fighting in the trenches, a brief opportunity to cook and eat a meal or smoke a pipe undisturbed by the shrill, spiteful whistle of bullets, and the demoniacal roar and shrieks of shells is not unwelcome, but a prolonged truce, a truce of a week adjourned from day to day, tests his patience and endurance to the utmost. Such a test came to the officers and men of the army before Santiago from July to July 10, and when in the afternoon of that gloomy Sunday the Spanish guns broke the dead, oppressive silence there was a general feeling of relief. For there had been time to think, and thinking was not pleasant; there had been time to feel, and the more dulled and numbed feeling is the better for the soldier.

As I rode from Gen. Shafter's headquarters to the front on July 7 I noticed the effect of the inaction on troops particularly. It was early in the morning and the sun had not yet dried the heavy dew from the rank herbage; the jungled manigua was deep in shadow, and the land crabs still stirred among the fallen leaves and backed in ludicrous alarm from the path; a few bright-plumaged birds twittered and chattered in the branches of the stately cedrelas and the faint click of a hammer beating on iron sounded in the distance. From a bend in the trail a few mules laden with provisions jogged along the road to the left about a mile away, urged by a couple of packers, who seemed to be having some difficulty in preventing the self-willed beasts from breaking off into pleasant pastures; otherwise the road seemed deserted. There were signs enough of human occupation when the road was reached—melancholy signs some of them. There were blood-stained garments, where some temporary hospital had been established, fluttering in shreds on the bushes, broken litter poles and empty vials labeled "chloroform," with the torn yellow wrappings of gauze packets and tightly rolled ends of bandages trampled into the moist earth. Then there were battered mess tins and cups flattened out of all usefulness, and here and there litters of cartridges spilled from some hastily adjusted belt, and here and there—surest token of desperate haste—an abandoned canteen.

A little below the ruined sugar house at El Poso a company of the 71st New York regiment was encamped. The men were lounging about in the shade in little groups munching at their hard-tack and bacon and sipping the steaming coffee in their smoke-blackened cups—a grim and warworn crowd, with sun-reddened and long-unshaven faces and garments soiled and torn They were probably hungry enough, but their breakfast seemed to lose attractiveness as I approached.

"What news from headquarters?" they shouted. "When are they going to let us do something besides loaf around here?"

Owing to the unconfiding disposition of Gen. Shafter I was unable to inform them and they resumed their repast with gloomy and discontented looks. Some of them had finished their meal and were writing letters, which for lack of envelopes they presently sewed up with coarse thread in long, unskillful stitches and directed on the back. One man was picking up big white stones and throwing them into a sack which he dragged behind him. I concluded that he was smoothing the ground for his bed. Another energetically dug up the sod in a long, narrow strip with his bayonet, evidently making a trench for a cooking fire. A little farther on a red-bearded private sat with his back to a palm stump smoking a short black pipe and apparently writing a letter, the lid of a hard-tack box serving him for a desk. Every once in awhile a comrade sauntered up, looked over the shoulder of the writer for a minute or two and passed on, saying nothing. Sometimes two or three men at a time inspected the work and then crossed the road and sat down by a little oblong mound of earth.

I had dismounted, and as I walked over to the shade the red-bearded private looked up.

"Are them —— —— —— going to surrender?" he asked. "I'd like to know what they are going to do and how long they want to make up their minds. I'd like to take another crack at them, but I've got to go to the hospital if this keeps up. I've got this infernal fever in my bones and it's going to get away with me. I can keep going while I'm going."

"Same here," said a burly fellow who had just come up. "I'm getting stiff." He put his hand on his left arm as he spoke, and I saw that his shirt was torn above the elbow and that the edges of the tear were clogged with blood. "I got it in the fight on the 1st," he explained, "and one of them Michigan chaps fixed it up for me with that handy

package they give out to us. I thought I wouldn't bother the doctor—he's got enough to do anyway—but it's beginning to swell now, and if they don't get to fighting pretty soon I'll drop out to the rear."

Just then the red-bearded man pulled a big jackknife from his pocket and began to whittle off the corners of the cracker box lid. I looked across the road and saw that the mound of earth was half sodded over with green grass and that two of a half a dozen men were piling white stones in a border around it. Then for the first time I saw that there were letters on the pine board printed with an indelible pencil.

The red-bearded man nodded gravely as I looked at him inquiringly. "He was a h—l of a good fellow," he said. "I'm sorry for his folks." Then he knocked the ashes from his pipe on the heel of his shoe and handed me the board. It was inscribed:

Here lies the body of
JAMES J. SPRAGUE
of Fishkill, N. Y., aged 22.
Killed in action July 1, 1898.
God rest his soul.
His comrades in company K, 71st
New York, placed this monument.

"That's all we can do now," said the composer of this simple epitaph, "such as that, and thinking of the rest of the boys that's gone and of the fever that's going to get those that ain't shot."

The sun was well in the heavens by this time and its rays beat down fiercely on the gray line of road and glanced back in dazzling flashes from the rippling San Juan; they caught the sloping barrels of the rifles carried by a squad of men marching northward and made the dingy shelter tents pitched on the hill show like patches of snow. The freshness of the morning was gone and there seemed to be a blight upon everything. As I rode on the buzzards hopped clumsily along before, tame as barnyard fowl; not deigning to stretch their broad pinions in flight, but merely dodging into the bushes until I passed. In places the trees by the roadside seemed alive with them and the sky above was darkened by their outspread wings. There was a pestilential odor in the air from the decomposing, half-emptied cans of meat left by the wayside and from not too well-buried mules. After the last rain boughs of trees had been thrown into the mire to prevent the wagons sinking hub deep and now, denuded of bark and leaves, they had stretched and warped themselves from the bed into which they had been ground and arched out, bare and bleached, like the ribs of skeletons.

The men shuffling on ahead were colored troopers of the 10th cavalry. They had the same query as the men of the 71st: "When's we gwine ter git ter fightin', boss?"

No, they had not had fighting enough, they said; they wanted to "show them Spanyuds there wuz a few of us lef'." "Dey'll be er hot time in 'e ol' town ef we all gets er chanst at it," said one, with a grin. "I got ter have one er two er dem Spanyuds fer my bunky yit. Yassir, he's daid; dey done killed him. Wish ter Gawd thishyer truce business wuz over." So it was everywhere—a brooding over the death of comrades, a feverish desire to "get at it and to have it over," a gloomy anticipation, realized every hour, of sickness to come.

Gen. Wheeler was in his tent (he had picked out the most dangerous spot on the line to pitch it, of course), and he was walking nervously up and down, his hands crossed behind his back. I asked him what he thought of the chance of a surrender and found him despondently hopeful. He seemed to realize that the chance for another of the good, hot fights, such as his soul delighted in, had passed, and that a bombardment was about the only alternative to a surrender. "If it was only the Spaniards," he said, "there would be no question of waiting, but you see the Spaniards don't care a continental what becomes of the city if they can't hold it, and we would be simply destroying the property of our allies. So," resignedly, "I suppose there is nothing for it but to wait."

Gen. Lawton expressed himself to about the same effect, but the staff officers generally were less inclined than their chiefs to consider the incidental damage to Cubans in Santiago. "How long, how long!" they exclaimed. As I returned a wiry little sergeant of the 17th infantry was peering over the breastworks at the Spanish trenches, in front of which an officer was walking slowly along. "There would be a pretty shot," he said; 'a bee-utiful shot. If it wasn't for them blamed white flags." He wore a bronze "distinguished marksman's" badge, and his interest was intense and enthusiastic. "I never saw a better light than we have got here," he continued. "The shooting's perfect. But it's a horrible thing to shoot a man down that way, just as if he was a clay pigeon."

On Monday morning the sergeant got his pigeon and he did not seem to be troubled much with remorse when he told me about it.

"It was just in the same place where I was when I saw you the other day," he said, "and this officer was walking across that open place. The first shot struck a little to the right and he stopped and looked over to where I was. Then, says I, 'I've got you,' and I took him about an inch to the left and he went down in a heap. It's good to get to work again."

# SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

Santiago bay presents a lively spectacle this afternoon, for the harbor is full of transports. The State of Texas, tied to one of the two principal wharves, is discharging its cargo of food and supplies, and half the population of the city is massed around the big iron freight shed which has been turned into a Red Cross depot. Three transports are lying at the docks and several hundred stevedores are carrying, trucking and rolling out the cargoes which have been stored away in hulls since the latter part of May. The shops and stores are opening their doors, and seem to be well stocked with everything but food.

The friendly demonstrations of the townsfolk, which began yesterday afternoon, continue, and an American is sure of cordial salutes and frequently effusive and affectionate embraces wherever he goes in this Spanish-American city.

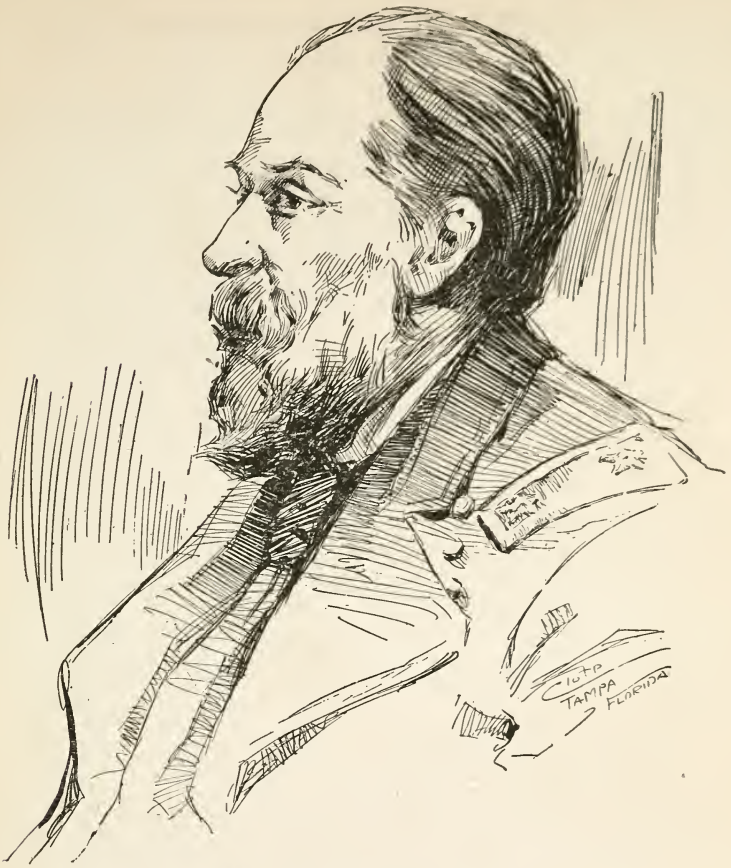
Gen. McKibben has the situation in a firm grasp, but if he continues to work with body and mind as he is doing to-day and did last night he will be a fit subject for a hospital cot in a few days. He has a problem to solve which will call into play all his executive ability, diplomacy, tact and mental and physical energy. Gen. Shafter promptly decided he would make no attempt to disturb the local civil government unless developments showed that government to be inimical to the welfare of American interests in Santiago.

We are under martial law, but every proclamation and announcement relating to the conduct of citizens has been signed by the city authorities. I have not seen Gen. Shafter's name in any of the posted proclamations. The Spanish judges, except those known as liberals, intend resigning, and some members of the city administration already have written their resignations, but these are details which do not concern the American authorities. Gen. McKibben's first business, so he said last night, is to clean the city. Except in the immediate vicinity of the barracks, and in a few spots which would be called slums in Chicago, the streets are clean. Santiago has no sewers in the true sense; gutters run under the narrow stone sidewalks, and the house sewage drains into these gutters. A heavy rain flushes the gutters, and as Santiago is all up hill and down hill, everything goes to the bay. I have ridden all over the town, talked to merchants, Spanish officers, priests and officials, and they tell me Santiago has never before been so clean. But they referred to the streets—there are no alleys—and not the interior of houses. A large proportion of the houses and court yards are clean, but the larger part will require the plentiful use of soap and water and disinfectants to bring them anywhere near a sanitary condition.

The citizens will make no objection when we begin street and gutter cleaning, but it is probable there will be more or less trouble when the medical officers begin inspecting house interiors and laying down sanitary law. The civil authorities have promised to co-operate heartily with Gen. McKibben in the work of cleaning and putting the city in as healthy condition as possible, and if they keep their word Santiago ought to be in good shape before the week is out.

While every one hopes we will be able to leave this part of Cuba before the yellow fever becomes epidemic, few are sanguine enough to believe our troops will sail for home before September at the earliest, although the volunteer regiments may get back the middle of next month. Local physicians tell me there is little fear of yellow fever before Aug. 20. About that time the temperature drops 10 degrees, and this decreases the evaporative efficiency of the sun; the rainfall increases, vegetation rots, and the sickly season is on. The medical staff seems to have a clear and comprehensive understanding of the situation, and is planning an active and aggressive campaign. Some American troops will be held here, if for no other reason than to keep the Cubans from carrying out threats to seize the city on the first opportunity. But as soon as possible every officer and soldier who can be spared will be sent north.

Gen. Shafter said this morning that none will go until after the Spanish prisoners have started for Spain. This afternoon the report was current that the Spaniards would begin leaving July 25 in English ships, but no one in authority in Santiago will vouch for the authenticity of the report. Officers leave to-morrow to bring in a detachment of Pando's men at San Luis, and Spanish soldiers above Guantanamo and other places east. Gen. Toral to-day sent Spanish couriers to these places to tell the commanding officers of the surrender, and ordering them to "come in" peacefully. According to the census taken for the commissary department there are 11,300 Spanish prisoners in camp west of San Juan hill. Adding to this force 1,700 sick and wounded in the military and city hospitals, gives a total of 13,000, the number of Spanish regulars and volunteers who manned the forts and intrenchments. Of this number 2,500 held the forts and shore batteries guarding Santiago bay, leaving 10,500 to fight in the intrenchments.




MAJ.-GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

Yet less than 12,000 American soldiers drove these 10,500 Spaniards out of their intrenchments. This figure, 12,000, is an estimate of the effective fighting force of our army July 1, 2 and 3.

The problem of feeding the Spanish soldiers is simplified considerably by the unloading facilities offered by the Santiago wharves, for four transports can tie up at the same time. The roads between the docks and Spanish and American camps are boulevards compared with the frightful apologies for roads which hindered and all but balked every movement made and contemplated by the 5th army corps before Santiago fell.

To-day the big lumbering army wagons, each hauled by six mules, brought rations to the Spanish prisoners of war, and they ate American hardtack, bacon, canned tomatoes and beans and drank American coffee for the first time. It probably is true that for two weeks or more past the Spanish soldiers ate nothing but rice, with an occasional feast of horse or mule meat. If that was their diet it agreed with them. I was prepared to see thin-faced, emaciated, barefooted, tattered, starvation-marked men when I rode into the Spanish camp this morning. But most of the soldiers looked better than our own men so far as physical condition was concerned. Here and there a sickly-looking yellow-faced Spaniard was a conspicuous object because of the striking contrast to the sleek-looking men around. The Spanish officers, immacu-

lately neat, astride "stunning" mounts, dashed here and there, very much after the manner of little boys who are "showing off," and our officers with their dirty, ragged uniforms, brown or blue shirts, mud-daubed leggings, croppy beards and general air of dilapidation looked like a superior class of "hoboes" alongside the Spaniards.

It was noticeable that every private soldier in the Spanish camp was well supplied with wine, rum and brandy. The jugs and bottles offered circumstantial evidence which went far to prove the charges made by Santiago merchants that the night before the surrender the Spaniards looted stores and houses. I saw private Spanish soldiers who had enough liquor stored away in their tents to start a small saloon, along with whole hatfuls of cigars, and the same soldiers told me they had received but $3 in cash in nine months. They have a dozen ways of cooking rice, and it was interesting to see the Spaniard teaching the American how to cook rice a la Espanol, and the American showing the Spaniard how to fry hardtack in bacon grease and cook tomatoes with meat and hardtack in the original tomato package. One group of soldiers, four Americans and five Spaniards, held a love feast under the "surrender tree"; the Americans ate nothing but rice cooked with meat and red pepper, and the Spaniards stuffed themselves with canned roast beef and fried hardtack; each side enjoying a novelty. The Spanish soldiers are particularly in love with canned roast beef, and they swap machetes, hammocks, buttons, badges and even medals of honor for the coveted delicacy which our men frequently refuse to eat.

Your Spanish soldier is a philosopher. When it rains—and it rains every day—he wraps his blanket around and over him in such a manner that the woolen protector forms a pointed hood over his head and spreads, umbrellawise, to his hips. Then he squats on his heels, with his back to the wind, lights a cigarette and waits till the clouds roll by. The shelter tents of the Spaniards are built of the light linen hammocks they carry, and afford scant room for two, but half a dozen will crawl under the flimsy roof, and while the tropical rain pours down they smoke the ever-present cigarette and chatter like a lot of magpies. When they have anything to eat they eat it all and go hungry the next day. But so long as they are able to shrug their shoulders, smoke and chatter they take things good-humoredly. These are the private soldiers. The officers live and sleep in Santiago, where, it appears, they have some mysterious supply of food and wines. They are always riding at breakneck speed in and out, wearing their side arms, with nothing to show they are in fact prisoners of war. They greet American officers courteously, even cordially. Most of them speak French, in which language many American officers are proficient, so the language of Paris is the common tongue in Santiago.

Admiral Sampson, Commodore Schley and a number of naval officers came ashore today to pay their respects to Gen. Shafter. Admiral Sampson had little to say, but Commodore Schley, who is a good "mixer," was in fine spirits and really was the center of attraction. Naturally conversation drifted around to the destruction of Cervera's fleet, and among other things Commodore Schley said:

"That fight knocked a good many textbook theories and hobbies on the head. It proved beyond question that belted ships now belong to the past. What is the use of protecting machinery when the men who man the guns are left unprotected? As soon as I saw the Spanish ships coming out of the harbor I signaled 'Close action,' and we ran up to within 1,200 and 1,100 yards. That is point-blank range for our guns, and I told my men to shoot at the personnel. 'Hammer away at the personnel,' I said; 'never mind the machinery shoot at the men. That will account for the great loss of life on the Spanish ships. We didn't waste any shots trying to perforate armorplate, but we aimed to make every shot tell above the protected belt. The Spaniards seem to have laid their guns at 3,000 yards, so as we were shooting at them at 1,200 yards we were under the fire.

"Another thing that fight settled was the bugaboo hysterics over torpedo boats and torpedo-boat destroyers. To tell the truth, I never had much fear of torpedo boats. Before I left Washington I offered to bet $100 that no ship, American or Spanish, would be sunk by a torpedo sent from a torpedo boat. But it was beautiful to watch the way the big guns worked. Naval writers and theorists have been crying down twelve and thirteen inch rifles, but it's the heavy shots that tell, and our men handled their big babies as if they were rapid-fire guns. Good Lord, how the boys did shoot! I never in my life expected to see and hear such terrific cannonading."

Turning to me, Commodore Schley said in his energetic way: "And that dispatch boat of THE RECORD'S, the Hercules, was right in it, too. I was very much afraid it would go down, for it was in the line of both fires. The Hercules was the talk of the navy after the fight."

I asked the commodore how long it would take our ships to pound San Juan into a "surrenderable" condition.

"Just about half an hour; perhaps less," was the prompt reply, and the popular sailor was surrounded by another group of admiring officers.

# A BATTLE IN THE NIGHT.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

The fighting of the land forces is on and the work of the chaplains and doctors has begun.

As a result of the first clash between the Americans and Spaniards near Malate three nights ago (July 31) nine dead Americans are now lying buried in the convent yard at Maricaban and forty-two wounded soldiers are in the hospital tents at Camp Dewey. How the Spaniards fared during the terrific struggle in the rain and darkness is not known, and only uncertain rumors have reached us regarding their losses.

It was the baptism of fire for nearly every man engaged in the American trenches, and the stories of grit and nerve that are told about them show how courageously they stood the sweeping blasts of Mauser bullets that sung through their lines for over two hours of stormy darkness. As to the beginning of the firing there are conflicting stories. When the Americans took possession of the old insurgent trench they were ordered not to fire on the Spaniards or to answer Spanish firing unless an attack was being made. But almost from the beginning the sharpshooters on the American side began a desultory shooting toward the Spanish positions, and it is thought this precipitated the general engagement three nights ago.

Early Friday morning Gen. Greene ordered two battalions of the 1st Colorado to occupy the most advanced insurgent trench, near Malate. They at once took their position in the trench and the insurgents vacated it. This trench is about 150 yards to the rear of the old Capuchin monastery, which stands between it and the Spanish trench, 350 yards farther on. Soon after the arrival of the Colorado troops Lieut.-Col. McAvoy and an engineer of the 1st Colorado advanced beyond the intrenchments and laid out a new line just beyond the monastery. At about 1 o'clock a force of soldiers advanced and began the work of throwing up an embankment, reaching from the road to the beach and just taking in the monastery. During this work there was almost no firing from the Spaniards, and it is barely possible that they did not appreciate what was being done. All of Friday night the Americans worked, and when daylight came the Spaniards saw that a formidable embankment nearly seven feet high extended completely across their front and hardly 200 yards away. There were occasional shots from the Spanish sharpshooters, but only one man was struck. He was William Sterling of the 1st Colorado, and was wounded in the left arm while on the road 400 yards from the American trench. He was shot while leaving with the Coloradoans after being relieved by the 1st Nebraska regiment at 9 o'clock Saturday morning, and it is thought that the slight wound he sustained was caused by a mere chance shot. This was the first man wounded on the American side. He was from Canton, O., and enlisted from Colorado.

When the 1st Nebraska took its twenty-four-hour duty in the trench it is said that its sharpshooters began firing at everything that moved over in the vicinity of the Spanish lines. The Spaniards returned this firing in the same way, but no one on the American side was struck. This firing by the Nebraska troops was in direct violation of Gen. Merritt's wishes, for both he and Admiral Dewey did not want any offensive move to be made until the time arrived when it was considered opportune to demand the surrender of the city. But it was evident that two armed forces 200 yards apart, with sharpshooters eager to begin their work, could not long remain passive when good targets were visible in the enemy's lines. The Spaniards began a sharp fire when darkness fell, probably expecting by this plan to prevent any further advance of the American lines. During this firing the Nebraska troops did not return the fire, but sat safely behind the embankment and let the Spaniards waste their ammunition in blind firing.

Early Sunday morning five companies of the 10th Pennsylvania—A, C, H, I and K—with batteries A and B of the Utah light artillery, took their places in the trench for twenty-four hours' duty. Two other companies—E and D—were stationed 200 yards behind the breastworks, to act as reserves. They took their place in the shelter of the trees near the beach. Maj. Cuthbertson of the 10th Pennsylvania had command of the forces in the breastworks and Maj. Bierer commanded the two companies of reserves. Capt. Young commanded the two Utah batteries of four guns. About 600 yards to the rear of the American lines was company B of the 10th Pennsylvania, and a short distance to their rear was Lieut.-Col. Krayenbuhl with the 1st platoon of the 3d artillery, numbering about ninety men, armed with Krag-Jorgensen rifles. Across on the road leading to Pasai Lieut. Kessler was posted with the 2d platoon. During the day the Spanish kept up a desultory firing, chiefly by sharpshooters, endeavoring to pick off men who exposed themselves near the trench. This firing was responded to by the Pennsylvania sharpshooters stationed at the dirt loopholes of the breastworks.

Occasionally the Spaniards would direct a few shots down the road leading from Camp Dewey to the breastworks, but no injuries have been reported as resulting from this

SCENE IN THE NAVAL HOSPITAL, CANACOA.

aimless blind firing. Late in the afternoon I visited the breastworks and found the Pennsylvania and Utah men busily working on shelters to protect them from the rain, and several sharpshooters were lying against the breastworks occasionally responding to the sharp snap of the Spanish Mausers. At that time the earth had been thrown up to a height of six feet in some places and nearly seven in others. A man was thereby permitted to stand at his full height when near the breastworks. The rain was falling in sudden, drenching showers and pools of muddy water were standing in the depressions near the embankment. Just midway between the road and the beach is the old Capuchin monastery, which has been deserted since the insurgent and Spanish hostilities have been on. The American embankment intersects the farther end of this building, thereby including it within the American lines. The building is shattered with shells and riddled with bullets. It is not safe to be above the ground floor, for the Spaniards occasionally send a shell into it to prevent Americans from getting up and firing down on them from the second story or roof. It was in this house that Col. Jewett of Indiana, judge-advocate on Merritt's staff, was fired on while looking out of its windows two days before and narrowly escaped being shot. On the right-hand side of the monastery two of the Utah guns are stationed at their emplacements and on the left farther along toward the beach the other two are located.

When the darkness fell—and with it came a fearful rainstorm—five Cossack posts were sent forty or fifty yards forward from the breastwork as sentries. A force of company K then went outside the embankment with shovels and began throwing up dirt to strengthen and heighten it. Presently there came the sound of firing from the Spanish direction, which was replied to by the outposts. Company K returned and got their rifles and started out to reconnoiter. In the darkness they stumbled on a small squad of men, who fired on them from a distance of less than twenty-five yards. Several of their number were injured in this fire. Then the general alarm was given that the Spaniards were attempting to flank the American trench in the swamps to the right of the breastworks, evidently with the intention of enfilading the Americans. The strength of the Spaniards was of course unknown, but the Americans in the trench immediately began a hot, incessant fire toward the Spanish position. The men of company K came in in groups at a time, apparently disconcerted at the suddenness of their encounter in the darkness of the night. Maj. Cuthbertson immediately sent word to Maj. Bierer, commanding the reserves, to proceed to the right flank and repel the Spaniards. To do this the men of companies E and D were com-

pelled to cross from the beach to the road, nearly 200 yards, absolutely exposed to the sweeping storm of bullets that passed over the breastworks, and on into the exposed fields beyond. By this time the musket firing from the two opposing trenches was like the rapid roll of a drum, with no pause and not the slightest cessation. The Spanish machine guns were being directed like a hose along the full length of the American breastworks, and their heavy guns were sending screaming shells along the beach and road, making those two approaches, the only practicable ones leading from the camp at Tamko to the breastworks, almost certain death to any one of them. The Americans were keeping up a terrific fire absolutely without aim, excepting so far as they were able to judge from the flashing line of fire that sprung out from the Spanish stronghold.

It was the gallant march of the E and D companies across the open field through the blast of bullets that laid so many of them low in death and injuries. When they reached the right flank the Spaniards had withdrawn, and the only firing came from the customary place of the Spanish firing. Ammunition on the American side was running low, each man having only fifty rounds when the firing began, and even the shells of the Utah guns were growing dangerously few. Then a kind of consternation overtook them as they saw their supply dwindle down to ten, then to five and in some cases to not a single cartridge. A courier was sent to camp, and others who were not sent started back for re-enforcements and ammunition. It was as dark as pitch, and it was impossible to tell a Spaniard from an American ten yards away.

Col. Krayenbuhl, as the firing became steady and terrific, hurried his men up from their reserve position, sent word to Kessler to come on with the other platoon, and dashed through the storm of rain and bullets into the breastworks, where he found the soldiers fixing their bayonets preparatory to a final stand. Some were eager to dash over the parapet and charge the Spaniards with the steel, and others were firing without order and system at the leaping flames and flashes 200 yards beyond. Krayenbuhl drew his revolver, sprang up on the parapet and threatened to shoot any one who fired without orders. This had the effect of settling the firing down to deliberate careful volleys, which were much more effective and less disastrous to the ammunition supply. Sergt. McIlrath, a regular of fifteen years' experience, in attempting to restore confidence, jumped up on the breastworks and tried to show how ineffective the Spanish firing was, but unfortunately he came tumbling down with a bullet in his head. After the arrival of the two platoons under Krayenbuhl and Kessler the firing obtained order and system and a stampede was averted.

In the meantime in Camp Dewey, two miles away, Capt. O'Hara of the 3d artillery lay trying to sleep. When the firing began he realized that the Americans were in it. He judged by the prolonged firing that their ammunition must be running low, so he called out his orderly and a bugler and gave hurried instructions to Capt. Hobbs to follow him with battery H if he heard the sound of the bugle. He had gone but a few hundred feet before he encountered the first of the excited couriers who were starting back to Camp Dewey for re-enforcements. They hastily explained the extremity the men at the breastworks were in and O'Hara sounded the alarm, and Hobbs dashed out of camp with his battery of 175 regulars armed with deadly Krag-Jorgensens. On went O'Hara, and whenever he met a group of men who were excitedly returning for ammunition the bugle rang out "forward," and the men fell in behind and started back with the relief. It was a regular Sheridan's ride, for O'Hara and the shrill blast of the bugle that rainy night turned many a man from retreat to a valiant advance.

And on came Hobbs just a short way behind and the Spanish bullets were tearing wide swaths down that muddy mango-lined road. One bullet smashed through Hobbs' thigh, but on he went and never noticed it until the following morning. When the 3d artillery reached the breastworks new heart was taken and it would have needed only a word to set every man in the breastworks clambering over them, yelling like an Indian, in a wild dash toward the night fighters hidden 200 yards beyond. It was a moment that stirs a man from his heels up to his hair and sends his blood jumping through his veins.

In Camp Dewey the bugles were blowing the assembly, and hundreds of men were tumbling into boots and soggy uniforms. There was the wildest desire to be off. The courier from the front staggered up to Gen. Greene's headquarters and gasped that all was lost, the Utah battery wiped out and all the ammunition gone. He was excited to within an inch of his life. The general calmed him, and as soon as the story could be obtained clearly he ordered the 1st battalion of the 1st California forward to re-enforce the breastworks, the 2d battalion to proceed half-way up the road to the trench and act as a reserve and the 3d to remain in camp ready to respond to a call. Word was sent to the Raleigh, lying a mile off shore, to stand by for a signal and if one came to open fire on the fort at Malate. This was in accordance with arrangements between Greene and Dewey.

Private J. F. Finlay of company C, 1st Colorado, was sent out to the lines with eight caromattes loaded with ammunition, and he went with a vengeance. The driver of one was shot and a horse was shot down

SEARCHING FOR THE AMERICAN DEAD AND WOUNDED BEFORE MANILA.

in the shafts, but on he went, clear up to the very brink of the trench, and delivered his goods. Then he returned, picking up wounded men on the way and finishing by getting some more caromattes and starting back for the rest of the wounded. Private Finlay certainly did work that night that will make his friends proud of him.

But the advance of the 1st battalion of the Californians was magnificent. When their men began dropping in the bullet-swept road the battalion took to the rice fields, and, waist-deep in water and mud, they pressed on through the drenching torrents, while the spattering Mausers sent water leaping in their faces and clipped the leaves in the bamboo jungle that lined the rice fields. In front the line of fire was like a continuous flame, and the bursting of shells filled the gloomy night with momentary lightning-like flashes. Shells were splitting in the air, and everywhere the bullets were singing through the rain and ripping furrows in the swamp grass. When it became too hot to stand they crawled, and when the gale of bullets was too much for them they dropped and fired lying.

One company on reaching the old insurgent trench became confused about the position of the Americans, not knowing that the battle had advanced their lines, and pumped three volleys into the American breastworks. They were speedily notified of their mistake and pressed on to the breastworks and with the rest of the Californians did valiant work. Fortunately no Americans were killed by the volleys fired by mistake, although it is said one man was wounded. Col. Smith and Col. Duboce, dripping with mud, the former with a rubber coat and boots and his night shirt on, were the busiest men in the trench, and the arrival of the Californians must have given the Spaniards a new idea of American fighting. The Pennsylvanians were eager to avenge their gallant comrades in E and D who had fallen in their courageous advance to the right flank in the face of a murderous fire, and

only wanted the word to start out and mow a path five companies wide clear through Malate into the walled city.

But the Spaniards were ready to quit. Only a desultory firing remained of what was a magnificent exhibition of noise and havoc. Once in a while during the two hours following the close of heavy firing at 1:30 there were sputters of musketry from their trenches, but the heavy work was over.

Then came the sad searching in the swampy grasses for the dead and wounded. In the early light of morning they bore on rough bamboo litters the muddy remains of those who had gallantly fallen before the enemy. Their rubber coats were thrown over their faces, but the white stiffened hands and the crimson stains on the rough brown drenched clothes told that it was not a wounded man who was being borne solemnly along through the stretches of muddy road between the front and Camp Dewey. The natives looked on from the dripping nipa huts along the road with sleepy interest. In the brigade hospital camp the surgeons were moving about among the cots and men with red-stained bandages and faces wretched and strained looked vacantly at them as they talked in low, grave voices.

This was the first real sight of war and its results that we have seen. The flag on the high bamboo staff in front of Gen. Greene's headquarters was at half-mast. Some of the wounded men were cheerful and asked that their names be not sent to America, as they didn't want their mothers worried. Others were joking and laughing and several of the great company were walking about.

In the middle of the afternoon the dead were buried across in the convent yard at Maricabau. The chaplain of the 10th Pennsylvania conducted the ceremonies and there were appropriate military observances.

Up in the trenches a new regiment—the 3d California—had established itself for a twenty-four-hour siege in the flooded depressions. They were more cautious than the Pennsylvanians had been the day before and the lesson of the night had taken lasting hold.

There is a general feeling here that the conflict was absolutely useless, and some criticism is expressed that Gen. Greene should advance his troops to a position where it would be impossible to prevent an exchange of firing. It was Admiral Dewey's hope that by avoiding hostilities until the Monterey came the city could be induced to surrender without losing a man, and he counseled that every precaution be taken by the army to prevent a premature engagement. The Americans had nothing to gain in a strategic way in the fight Sunday night. They are now in a position which could have been gained easily whenever they chose to take it; consequently there was no urgent need for bringing the two forces face to face before the supreme moment came to "touch off the whole bunch at once." In the battle it was so dark that not a Spaniard was seen, and the supposition has been expressed that the alarm of the flank attack was a false one. It is felt that the movement forward was the work of an ambitious general who preferred to make a record before giving the city an opportunity to surrender.

## DOGGED PLUCK OF AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

BY GUY CRAMER.

It was the fierce conflict waged about the blockhouses and rifle pits of Caney in the intervals of wilting heat and sultry rains of July 1 and the terrible charges over the fortified ridges and gun-clad slopes of San Juan that brought the first test of fire to American and Spanish soldiery.

The former added to the history of brave men and heroic deeds which dedicate the wars of the revolution and the rebellion. The Spaniard again proved himself an untiring and relentless enemy so long as his movements are screened by a protecting shelter, fighting with the ferocity of a rat when cornered, having become beast rather than man, as a result of the lash held over him by his officers.

Our men struggled with an enemy who fought not by rule or in the open, but after the manner of wild beasts along lines inspired by desperation. A curious fact of these engagements—a fact which has drawn some criticism—is that the rifle intrenchments and stone forts were stormed by our infantry and dismounted cavalry almost wholly unaided by artillery—a practice directly contrary to military precedent.

Our approach to Santiago was achieved by our men adapting themselves to conditions which army tactics had never considered.

It is not the recital of the shifting of brigades and of divisions of soldiery which conveys the story of the first defeat of the Spaniards. The weary marches along half-hidden trails, the struggle through jungled thickets, through great reaches of tangled grasses concealing marshes with ankle-deep water, overgrown with laced vines which preyed upon the feet of exhausted men, prostrating at full length the one who made a careless step, the wading of creeks, the slipping upon muddy banks and the lying

in the trenches supported by a rude road under a baking sun. All this had to be contended with, as well as the volleys of Mauser bullets from fortifications and from row upon row of rifle pits located with murderous cleverness and skill.

When Capron's battery of light artillery rattled out into the muddy roadway leading from the camp of Shafter's forces to the hills about Santiago it was supposed that the town of Caney, the outpost guarding the big city's water supply, would capitulate with little more than the asking. Instead, 500 Spanish soldiers held an army division under a terrible fire all day, precipitated the fight at San Juan to a premature conclusion, rendered necessary two desperate charges of our men against fearful opposition, but, though attended by a high percentage of mortality, placed our army at the very works of Santiago.

Capron's battery made its tedious way to the hills east of Caney by following a road upon which the men worked like demons in order to provide a passage for the guns. Through mudholes hub-deep horses floundered and strained at the chains of the carriages, smarting under the lashes of the drivers. Again and again the four guns in turn were all but stalled on the steep approaches to streams, only to be dragged on after tireless effort of horses and men. It was just before daybreak that the battery was halted on the edge of the hill, the three miles of advance having required almost a dozen hours. Off toward the west more than 3,000 yards distant lay the stone fort and the rifle pits of Caney.

In the meantime the branches of Lawton's division—the brigades of Chaffee, of Ludlow and of Evan Miles, with the independent group of regiments commanded by Gen. Bates—had assumed position after hours of terrible marching. Under the direction of Cuban guides soldiers had actually fought their way over natural obstacles until it was possible to form a firing line near a rude road running parallel to the thoroughfare affording communication with Santiago and Gen. Linares' forces.

The shells from the battery continued to fall short or, tearing over the objective point, burst high in the air over the town. The hour of 8 found our men under Spanish fire. In true Indian fashion our firing line sought protection afforded by any chance object or depression of the earth, and the return of the Krag-Jorgensens was fearful. The Spanish trenches were constructed of such a depth that guns were rested upon the heaps of earth along the front, and thus but small parts of the heads of the men pumping the Mauser rifles were exposed.

Our advance was reckoned by inches during the morning hours and few, indeed, were even these slight gains. There were numerous breaks in the lines of men lying in the heavy underbrush, when a new source of danger was discovered. The files of soldiers posted back of the firing line were made the objects of bullets of unseen flankers, whose guns popped in the treetops.

At intervals the heavy firing ceased, a refrain of thunder being taken up by the fleet off the bay. Then the battle settled down to a dogged test of endurance. Hospitals were established under the big trees off the Santiago road.

When the shells from Capron's guns began their crashing about the stone fort on the hill the infantry fire checked itself and preparations were made for a most important redistribution of forces. Gen. Chaffee's brigade and the men under Bates came into conflict. Mounted messengers from other regiments hurried about, charging that other detachments of Lawton's brigade had fired upon their own lines. There is no doubt that some deaths were caused in this manner, owing to the rough country through which operations were necessary and because of the overpowering suspicion that a crunching of the underbrush marked the hiding place of Spanish sharpshooters.

During the lull at 11 o'clock three brigades began the march calculated to intercept the Santiago road to the south of Caney, but this flank movement Miles' men did not carry to completion. On the ridges lying to the north and even to the west of the stone fort Gen. Chaffee's men formed and then the signal came for the fierce assault which marked the afternoon. Food had been all but lacking among our men; the lucky possessor of a few hardtack dividing with his comrades. From the hills far off to the south came the roar of the battle which had been opened by Kent and Wheeler before the field guns, pits and the fort of San Juan.

At Caney a continuous rattle of lead was on. From our line, lying along the hollow of a would-be road, the volleys were flying as rapidly as fingers could pull triggers and reload. Chaffee himself was on the firing line uttering the command to "Give it to 'em! Fire every cartridge in your belts and we'll turn the Spanish out of Cuba!"

The breech-locks of the rifles became so heated by the continuous firing that the men all got blistered fingers when slipping cartridges into position. During that raking fire of the afternoon several men of the 7th infantry lightened their ammunition belts by sixty-five rounds, not in continuous fire, however, as in that case the soldier would have been exhausted and the rifle rendered useless.

All this time the Spaniards in the trenches sent forth their deadly projectiles. At either end of each pit a Spanish officer, revolver in hand, threatened to shoot any who should leave the shelter and seek to escape. At intervals a couple of men—volunteers, as denoted by their white garments—leaping from the pits ran toward the fort, probably to se-

REGIMENTAL BLACKSMITH AT WORK—TAMPA.

cure more ammunition. This maneuver caught Gen. Chaffee's eye and he shouted:

"Up on your knees there, two men, and pick off that delegation!"

The afternoon had well advanced when, across the open field before the D'Danney house, two regiments shot into view and in the very teeth of the Spanish fire the men hurried on, now stumbling over the uneven soil, but, despite all this, keeping formation. From the trees to the rear branches were flying in every direction, shorn by the steady fire. Up the slope the lines of blue advanced at a run, officers striving to shout out encouraging commands, each man replying with a yell that gave assurance that he needed no spur to exertion. There was a wavering in the Spanish volleys, officers clad in the peculiar uniform of blue hurled oaths at their small group of riflemen and then giving way wholly a hasty retreat was made to the houses of the town.

With this maneuver the 4th infantry from Fort Sheridan and the 25th regiment, which is composed of negroes, had swept away one of the most dangerous centers of opposition which had raked our men during the day. The company of Capt. Lovering had been in the very front of the advance and when the broken lines of blue-clad men surged in a swirl about the white walls of the square structure the report was passed that his company alone had lost twenty-two men. Our mortality, however, was surprisingly small, considering the unobstructed fire to which our ranks were exposed.

From the hills to the north, pressing toward the stone fort with the shattered wall, the 12th infantry made such a determined advance that the opposition tumbled into nothing. Spanish officers and men fled in confusion.

From the hills of San Juan came the further sounds of battle. In this desperate fight the infantry had not the least support of artillery. During the early morning Grimes' battery had been located on a hill to the left of the road, lying almost 3,000 yards from the fortifications of Santiago.

It was at this time—shortly after 8 o'clock in the morning—the regiments began to advance along the road toward the Spanish lines ahead. The 6th infantry, which suffered such extensive losses, headed the column, followed by the 16th and the New York volunteers of the 71st regiment.

Amid the moving blocks of blue came the great war balloon—from which our signalmen had viewed the city of the enemy on the afternoon preceding—the bobbing mass towed by great ropes, while a detachment cut away tree branches and other obstructions.

Our plans had contemplated the speedy capture of Caney, the throwing of the division of Lawton forward to the confines of

San Juan and then an attack from front and flank by practically our entire army. The all-day struggle before the town to the north caused a hurried shifting of operations and the seizure of the fort of San Juan was attended by a loss of life double that swept from our ranks at Caney. Sliding about in the tall grasses the men were formed for one of the bravest charges which has ever been made against an enemy's guns. Led by Wykoff's brigade, racked by the exhaustion of hours of exposure to the burning sun, a mass of American soldiers clambered at a run to the lines of carefully constructed burrows, which had thrown their cloak of safety about the Spanish soldiers, just below the crest of the hill, over the brow of which bullets were clattering from the intrenchments on the very limits of Santiago, to which the Spanish soldiers had retreated in good order. Even to this point the rough riders pressed, but, unsupported, the firing became too effective and they were forcedy to seek shelter below the hill.

The number of men who fell before the Spanish rifles at this point has already been stated, but the loss of officers is impressed by the statement that at next muster the 6th cavalry had only one officer to a company, the further loss of men of shoulder straps rendering necessary the assignment of noncommissioned officers to company commands.

The Spanish rifle-pits served as the resting place for their dead, the volunteers tumbling body after body into the graves which only a few hours before had sent clouds of death into our lines and then slowly covering the bodies with earth.

A detachment of infantry, crossing the brook which flanked the rough path of descent, entered upon the search of Caney. Revolvers in hand, we crept from house to house and extremely exciting were the moments of suspense as doors were pushed slowly open and the weapon thrust into the dark corners. Volunteers and privates were gathered in by the dozens, but officers were few. The men were marched back to the hill-top crowned by the fortifications and corralled with the standing army already located there.

In the town the utmost excitement reigned all night. The Cubans, who flocked the woody trails by the thousands during the day without rendering one salient stroke of aid to our men, overflowed Caney, as usual, after their Spanish enemies had been driven out.

With the taking of Caney Lawton began immediate execution of the order to join the lines which had been thrown about the hills of San Juan. Regiments were reformed and the weary marches in the chill of the night were started.

Later fires were lighted and half-warmed meals prepared at the midnight hour. Nine out of ten men, however, fell in their tracks and then to sleep, leaving but few who considered stomachs first.

Over the hills before San Juan pick and shovel were busy, and morning found a long line of rude trenches, uncomfortable because of the slight depth, but affording protection to our men, extending just below the crest of the hill beyond which Hobson and his men were looking through the windows of their chambers of confinement near Santiago's military hospital. It was against this line, where all our forces were concentrated, that the Spaniards waged the storm of the second day.

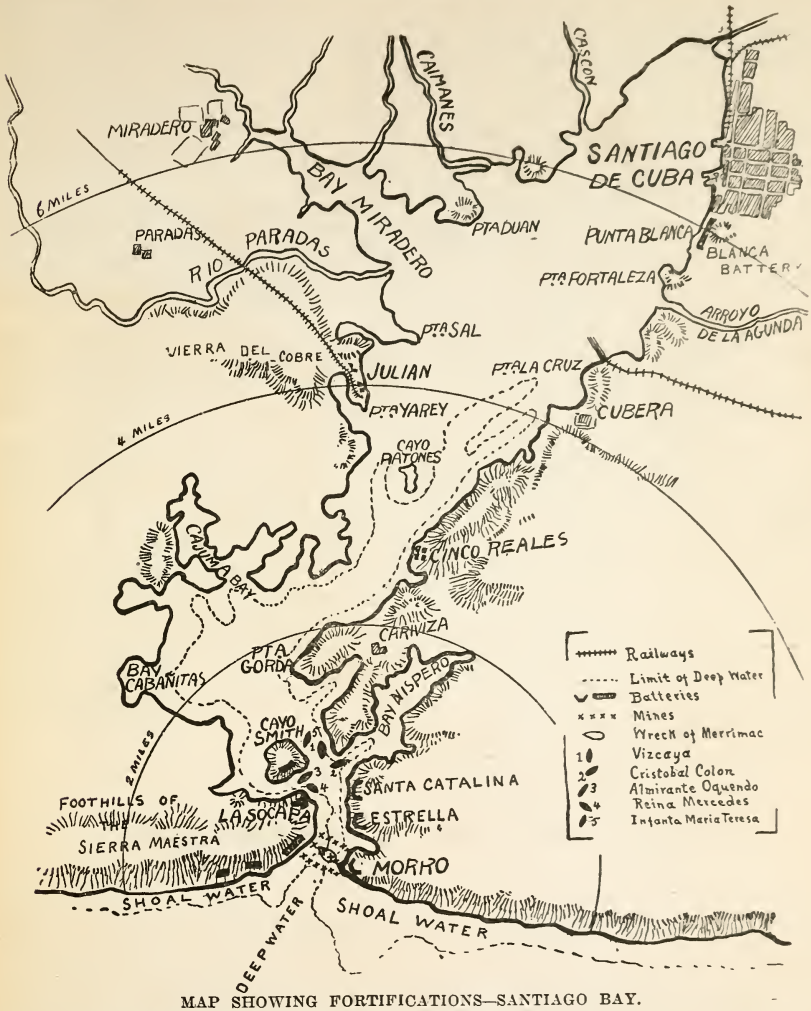
## THE FLIGHT FROM A BESIEGED CITY.

BY JAMES LANGLAND.

From 5,000 to 10,000 women and children and several hundred old men left Santiago de Cuba yesterday (July 7) to find uncertain refuge in this already overcrowded village of Baiquiri and in adjacent places. To-day the hegira continues, for to-morrow, according to the programme, the city gates will either be closed and war be resumed or a surrender will be made, so that departure will be unnecessary.

For twenty miles the narrow road through the woods is crowded with these involuntary pilgrims. Paths which a few days ago were filled with marching men, now resting on their arms, are to-day trodden by an army of an altogether different sort. It is a procession not without a parallel, for there have doubtless been many such flights in the history of the world, yet this one is deeply and pitifully interesting to the looker-on.

The exodus from the besieged city began at dawn yesterday morning. It had been made public by the authorities that persons who so desired might leave, as by agreement they would be permitted to pass through the American lines to any place beyond they might choose. The Spaniards declared that they would fight to the last; that a bombardment of the city was almost certain and that therefore women and children and aged men ought to get out of harm's way. The hint was quickly taken. Families began to pack up articles they could carry and place others in the care of friends remaining behind. It




MAP SHOWING FORTIFICATIONS—SANTIAGO BAY.

did not take long, as the greater number of those taking part in the flight had but little property of any description. Years of war and oppression had made them desperately poor.

They were not, in most cases, sorry to go. Food was getting scarcer every day in the city. Rice was the chief article of diet, varied by such fruit as was brought in from the surrounding country before the lines of the invading army had been closely drawn. Coffee, dear to the palate of all Cubans and Spaniards, was high priced and hard to get. Flour, bacon, sugar and other staples were running short. As a matter of fact, if the siege of the city were to continue a week longer the inhabitants of the city would be on the verge of actual starvation. On the other hand came reports to them that in the towns held by the foreign soldiers there was an abundance of food, which was being distributed without money and without price.

So the impelling forces of this great pilgrimage were starvation, misery and danger behind, and peace, liberty and plenty ahead. It is to be feared, though, that the evils they sought to escape found many of them all the more quickly because of their hasty flight. Preparations had not been made to feed and shelter such a multitude.

By noon yesterday the first families to leave Santiago had reached the hill where the rough riders had their fight. From there back to the city was an almost continuous line, ten miles long, of slowly moving people. The sun beat down upon them fiercely when they passed the open stretches; it was hot and oppressive as they made their way through the forests. They could not walk far without stopping. Under every large tree where shade and a breath of fresh air could be obtained were large parties resting. Fortunately the roads were dry. It had not rained the day before and it did not rain yesterday or last night or the suffering would have been increased a hundred-fold. Fortunately, too, there was plenty of good water to be had along the way. Beyond this fortune did not favor them. They had a weary march, with a night on the ground and little or no food at the end of it.

The refugees were of the most varied description imaginable. They were of every gradation of shade, from white to deepest black, and of every age, from the infant in arms to the octogenarian hobbling along on cane or crutch. They were dressed in cheap, light-colored calicoes or ginghams, some looking clean and neat and others unkempt, ragged and dirty. Many of the children were almost naked, few had shoes and stockings and not one in fifty had a head-covering, unless it was a burden of some kind. Little boys and girls, barely able to stand, toddled along, many of them crying, but the majority wearing the patient, stolid expression of their parents. Old and young, with rare exceptions, carried burdens. It was common to see a woman with a large bundle of clothing on her head, a basketful of household articles on one arm and an infant in the other. Occasionally a man could be seen on top of a small mountain of goods, underneath which appeared the ears, nose and legs of a small mule.

While by far the greater number were people accustomed to poverty, there were scattered among them others who had evidently seen days of comparative prosperity. They wore no expensive clothing, but their general appearance and manners bespoke refinement and some degree of education. Here was a mother who had lived some time in Jamaica and could speak a little English. Her four young children had clean faces, hair neatly combed and clothes which had been freshly washed and ironed. Two or three red and blue parasols carried by young women seemed incongruous in a procession otherwise lacking in color. A touch of romance was added by a young Cuban officer on horseback carrying on the saddle before him a handsome young lady, both entirely oblivious of the attention they were attracting.

It would not be true to say that the procession was a mournful one except to the observer who reflected upon the hardships, past, present and future, which had fallen to the lot of these people. They bore some marks of suffering, most of them being more or less emaciated; but they did not look unhappy. Those who did not seem indifferent clearly anticipated better things when they reached their destination. They were smiling and chatting, and cheerfully returned the salutes of those whom they met on the road. Consciously or unconsciously the fact that they were now virtually under the protection of the great American republic was having its influence upon their spirits. For the time being they had found security, if not prosperity, and that was enough.

Spanish refugees who could talk a little English said that most of the people in Santiago had been ready to surrender for some time, as they recognized the hopelessness of continuing the struggle. The soldiers in the ranks, they said, had had enough of it, "but," they added, "the senoras, senoritas and the officers taunted them, called them cowards, and so compelled them to fight."

## WITH THE FIRST ILLINOIS.

BY C. D. HAGERTY.

The 1st Illinois at this writing (July 12) is holding a line of intrenchments on the right wing of the semicircular line forming the position of Gen. Shafter's forces east of Santiago. They are drenched to the skin. There is scarcely a dry article in the whole regiment. Fourteen miles from the source of supplies, they have for thirty hours subsisted on such a scanty supply of hardtack and canned beef as each man could carry with him from Siboney, the base of supplies, along with his poncho and blanket. Absolutely they have nothing more, from Col. Turner down. They have no way of cook-

ing, even if there were anything calling for the application of culinary talents about the camp. The single road leading to the front is almost impassable and any amelioration of their distressing condition seems far off. They have no mules and no wagons, which, perhaps, is no misfortune, as the single road open to traffic is littered with floundering mule teams now.

The commissary is established about four miles east of the firing line, and in the exact proportion that this depot gets food from Siboney the troops will be fed. The arrival of re-enforcements has thrown more work on the quartermaster's department, and it will be easily a week before it is able to cope with any degree of success with the increased demand from tired, water-soaked and ravenously hungry volunteers.

The rainy season is upon the island of Cuba with a force that no one unless acquainted with tropical storms can picture, and the Chicagoans are in it, with no escape. Col. Turner has no tent; the three majors, the twelve captains, to say nothing of the lieutenants, have none. They own great Sibleys, with cots, blankets and other comforts galore; but all are on the sands of the Siboney shore, and there they are likely to remain, probably to be lost in the change of events. G company carried its dog tents along on the march, but they are practically useless. The rain goes through the light canvas with ease and streams in along the ground. G is no better off than the other companies with their blankets and ponchos.

It is said and believed that if one keeps dry, does not sleep on the ground, drinks nothing but boiled water, etc., he will not suffer from maladies peculiar to the island. To follow this advice, excepting that with regard to the water, has been found by the Chicago boys to be impossible. They are grateful for a piece of ground to rest on, for any water to drink and for anything to eat. If they remain in the field during July and August they will be drenched to the skin a good part of the time. To carry changes of clothing on the march is impossible, so the only thing they can do and have been doing is to let their clothes dry on their backs. By the time this has been accomplished it will rain again—not one of those sprinklings which sometimes flood basements along Clark and Madison streets, but a deluge of hours—and the boys will be fixed for crawling into their blankets—these probably wet, too—with soaked clothing. During the night more rain will fall. There will be few hours of the day when the sun shines.

This weather forecast is agreed upon by men who know, or should know, from long experience whereof they speak. Thirty hours of it has sickened the boys of it, stiffened their joints and given them woeful forebodings. They wonder how long human endurance will last.

Many a poor fellow following the fortunes of the "Dandy First"—they are "dandies" no longer—has lain in his camp, footsore, wet, ravenously hungry, more fit for bed than anything else, and groaned, "Oh, when will this end?"

Col. Turner's men reached their new position about 8 o'clock on the morning of July 11, and were immediately ordered by Gen. Lawton, in whose division they are, into the intrenchments on the hills northeast of Santiago. The sun was hot, but despite this and the exhaustion attendant upon lack of food and sleep, the boys marched with some display of eagerness into the pits, bending to keep their heads below the bags of sand crowning the ditches.

Col. Turner, Lieut. Hart and Lieut. Olson, the latter now the colonel's personal aid, made an inspection of the position, searching for a place to plant the colors. Eight hundred yards away, on a small flat-topped hill, they could see dimly the pits occupied by the Spaniards. By the aid of glasses the Castilian flag could be seen. There was no sharpshooting going on at the time, and Lieut. Hart straightened to his full six feet. A Mauser bullet struck the sand in front of him almost instantly, testifying to the watchfulness of the enemy. No reply was made, as the smokeless powder of the don makes it impossible to tell the quarter from which a bullet comes.

Camp was pitched immediately back of the firing line, and far enough below so that the crown of the hill might interpose between it and Spanish bullets. Those who did not go on duty sprawled out in such scanty shade as offered or in the sun and slept, or else ate the little they had. Col. Turner and his staff ate some ill-tasting canned roast beef and a little hardtack, and were grateful for it. They had less for supper.

About 1 p. m. the rain began, and in two minutes there was not a dry rag in the aggregation. The hillsides became so slippery that walking was almost impossible for any distance. It was much like trying to walk up a toboggan slide, only the boys say Cuban red clay is not as pleasant as ice.

From 3 o'clock till about 6 the heat was distressing, the sun a dazzling ball of fire which enhanced the beauty of the green mountain sides and ravines. But it took the life out of the soldiers to such a degree that the beauty of the great tropical valley had no charms for them.

The great hills ran away up into the clouds, the latter white and beautiful; a creek threaded its way through a valley of shimmering green-like velvet, with here a precipice of alpine abruptness and again a long, rich slope like the sun-kissed ones of Italy. Altogether it was a grand picture, one to be drunk in and remembered with reverent awe forever. The boys didn't care for it,

UNLOADING CATTLE FOR THE NAVY—KEY WEST

but they would have liked some coffee or dry clothes.

There was little sleep that night. The rain was appallingly heavy and paused but little for breath, despite the violence of its exertion. Col. Turner sat huddled under a tree, with a poncho over his shoulders and his officers about him. The ponchos leaked and everything and everybody was blue and miserable. Even the distinction of being the first Illinois troops at the front, when called to mind by somebody who could think of nothing else cheerful to say, could not provoke any jubilation, and Capt. Steele, usually irrepressible, had nothing to say.

Capts. West and Wigham, with a detail of 175 men, nearly all recruits received at Port Tampa, are guarding the isolation hospital, which now has 140 yellow-fever patients. They are the lucky people of the regiment—not the patients, but the guards. They have tents to sleep in and three meals a day and are so situated that no breeze which passes through the sick wards misses them.

Capt. Wigham has caused the floors—for these fortunate ones have floors—to be laid on railroad ties a foot above earth. The floor proper is made by laying poles across the tents resting on the ties. Under this there is generally a breeze which is delightful. This is the best camp any of the Chicagoans have had since leaving home. They are always eager for news of their comrades at the front and long to be there, though appreciating the hardships of the boys in the trenches.

Sergt. Brewster is in charge of the regimental supplies at Siboney. Sergt. Boedecker is also behind, much against his will, keeping an eye on the great pile of personal baggage belonging to the officers.

As to those of the regiment not in the hospital some have colds, some have slight disorders and all are a little out of joint with the world. A feeling of stiffness and lassitude is with many.

On July 11 Lieut. Hart and a companion walked back to Siboney over a miserable road about thirteen miles, six miles of the trip being made through mud and water up to the knees in many places. It was dark, pitchy dark, and when Siboney was reached both were nearly fagged, hungry as wolves and scarcely able to stand. Sergt. Boedecker brought forth some beans and hardtack, out of which a bountiful meal was made, with many a thought of the delight with which the boys in the trenches would sit down to such a repast. This morning Hart succeeded in getting a wagon to carry intrenching tools to the front—more breastworks are to be made—and on horses packed about 200 pounds of canned meat, beans and hardtack for the officers.

Col. Turner sits at this moment on a blanket under a rude shelter of branches cut from the trees. The whiskers are getting the better of his usually smooth cheeks, his shirt is open and his clothes dirty. Ever and anon he pauses in his writing to slap some insect which persists in profaning his person.

The yellow fever is the great bugaboo. Of the 140 cases in the hospital nearly every one has come from the trenches. The medical men in the army predict, with ominous voices, that within a week, when the rain will have had plenty of time to undermine the health of the army, 100 cases of the yellow pest will come into the hospitals daily. It is now possible to care for the patients with a diligence which will bring nearly all back to convalescence. Moreover, the fever now is not as virulent as it will be, the doctors say, when with the advancement of the season the rains increase in frequency and intensity.

## THE TAKING OF MANILA.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

As the time approached marking the expiration of the forty-eight-hour respite granted to Manila by Gen. Merritt and Admiral Dewey before the attack the enthusiasm on the ships was tremendous. Men on the sick list begged to be taken off and those who were unfit for heavy work asked to be assigned to lighter duties. Men who would have been hopelessly ill if the ship was to be coaled now developed wonderful vitality and convalescence. A few thoughtful ones got their farewell letters written, but the great majority prepared for a picnic.

It was announced that the navy and army would get under headway Wednesday noon, Aug. 10. General orders were issued and the refuge ships and foreign war vessels anchored off the city began to move away to positions of safety. Ten or twelve refuge ships thronged with women and children from Manila were taken down the bay and anchored in Mariveles bay, safe alike from vagrant shells and scenes of flying havoc. The foreign war vessels moved out of range. The German admiral sent word asking Admiral Dewey where he should anchor, and was told that he might anchor any place he chose so long as he was not in range. Then came a curious thing. The English ships—

the Immortalite, Iphigenia, Pygmy and Plover—and the Japanese ship, the Naniwa, steamed over and joined the American ships at their anchorage off Cavite. The German and French warships withdrew in an opposite direction until they were well out of range. There could hardly have been a more eloquent exposition of the sympathetic leanings of the different nations, and the English, American and Japanese alliance which has been so frequently mentioned of late seemed a reality here in Manila bay.

Through the kindness of Admiral Dewey and Capt. Lamberton I was permitted to watch the subsequent operations from the flagship Olympia. At 9 o'clock on the morning of Aug. 10 all was suppressed excitement, and, as the accounts of country lynchings read, little knots of men were gathered around discussing the forthcoming conflict. The ships were stripped and only the work of taking down the awnings remained. This was soon done and the steam in the engines was strengthened for the work of turning the heavy screws.

Shortly before 10 o'clock Gen. Merritt came aboard and asked for a delay, stating that the army was not ready. The disappointment that this caused was extreme and the line that is said to be drawn between the navy and army was never before so sharp and vivid. The last dispatches had indicated that peace was so imminent that already every ship that came into the bay was apprehensively regarded as a probable bearer of the unwelcome news that hostilities should cease. To those who had lived on shipboard for months just in sight of the city lights the thought of being denied the pleasure of riding up and down the Lunetta was something very dire.

The fleet was signaled to bank fires and the commanders and captains were told that twenty-four hours' notice would be given before a general movement would be made. The Baltimore then began coaling from the Cyrus, and the situation seemed to have relaxed from the critical to the commonplace routine of the old blockading days.

On Friday, Aug. 12, orders were sent out for all ships to prepare to get under way at 9 o'clock the following morning. The army was ordered to be under arms at 6 o'clock, with a day's rations in the knapsacks. The fact that both army and navy were ready convinced every one that nothing less than a very rough sea or the arrival of orders from Washington to suspend hostilities could prevent the attack the next day, and the gratification that finally the crisis had come filled the Olympia with a sense of eager anticipation. One of the most exciting events of the whole campaign occurred that evening. Soon after 7 o'clock, when the officers were still sitting around the mess table of the wardroom and steerage, there rang out through the ship the furious blast of the bugle sounding all men to quarters. The bugle fairly screamed, and the men who were tilted back from the tables in the comfortable complacency which comes after dinner were thrilled as by an electric shock by the sharp notes that rang through the silent ship. In an instant every corridor and gangway was crowded with rushing men; the lights went out as quick as lightning; the clatter of side arms and the rattle of muskets snatched from their rests and the surging of shadowy figures through the darkened passages and up the gangways was about the most stirring thing that could happen near a peaceful citizen. There was no idea what caused that wild alarm to sound, and the suddenness with which the bugle pierced into every corner of the vessel carried the conviction that the entire Spanish fleet had arrived. The first thought that came, however, was that the Manila batteries had opened fire and that the Spaniards, worn out by the delay, were precipitating the engagement in order the sooner to finish it.

When the deck was reached after tearing through the hurrying sailors it was seen that a strange ship had approached the side of the Olympia. An insurgent officer was on the deck, scared and excited as he saw these ominous preparations, and frantically asking to see the admiral. The vessel was the Filipinas, with 200 men on board. It had approached the Olympia without warning or notice for the purpose of obtaining permission to leave the bay, and as she made no sign of stopping orders were given to man the guns and sink her if she attempted to approach nearer. Within a minute every gun was loaded, and four eight-inch, five five-inch and a number of six-pounders were ready to plow all kinds of hardware through her if she hadn't stopped.

The admiral told the insurgent officer that in another minute he would have sunk the ship, and when the officer, trembling and frightened, left the Olympia he realized what Aguinaldo has long since found out—that it is not wise to fool with Admiral Dewey.

It had been a matter of common gossip that several of the insurgents had made the boast that 200 men with machetes could capture the Olympia if taken unawares. The admiral probably didn't intend to sink the Filipinas, but it furnished an object lesson which will be rated at least an interesting experience in the future historical reminiscences of one insurgent officer.

At 8:30 o'clock the following morning—Aug. 13—Admiral Dewey, Flag Lieutenant Brumby, Ensign Scott, the aids and signal boys took their places on the after bridge of the Olympia. Capt. Lamberton, Navigator Calkins, Lieut. Rees, Ensigns Butler and Cavanagh took their places on the forward bridge. The awnings were again taken down and stored away. Chief Engineer Entwistle, who has predicted with prophetic

WHERE THE SPANISH BURIED THEIR DEAD DURING THE SIEGE OF THE CHURCH OF THE MAGDALEN, CAVITE.

certainty everything that has happened since the fleet left Hongkong, stated that there would be about an hour and a half of firing and the city would surrender. Gen. Merritt, on the Zafiro, with Capt. Case's company F of the 2d Oregon volunteers as his personal escort, got under way soon after 8 o'clock and was closely followed by the Kwonghoi, with nine companies of the 1st Oregon, under Col. Summers.

At 9 o'clock sharp the Olympia's engines began to throb, and as the flagship moved slowly forward the knotted balls of bunting that clung close to the topmost masthead and peak of all the ships were broken out and the national ensign burst forth in all the radiance of new and virgin color.

The Charleston, which had ben lying near Malate for several days, steamed slowly over and joined the squadron, and a few minutes

more saw the Olympia, Baltimore, Monterey, Charleston, Boston, Petrel, Raleigh, McCulloch, Callao, Barcelo, Zafiro and the Kwonghoi bearing off toward Malate. It was a magnificent sight, and the big lead-colored ships maneuvering for their permanent formation, with their streaming banners, must have furnished topics for the Spaniards in Manila to write home about. When the Olympia passed the Immortalite the band on the latter struck up a few bars of "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," swung into the swell of "Star-Spangled Banner" and then broke into the lively, inspiriting "El Capitan." It was great. As the American ships left the ships in the Cavite anchorage the Immortalite and Iphigenia got under way, and, steaming swiftly across to the German and French ships, took up their stations directly between the German flagship and Admiral Dewey's ships. The German admiral as promptly got under way, and took a place in line with the Englishmen. It was only an incident, but the significance of the British move was tremendously apparent.

When the troops on the Kwonghoi passed the Olympia the soldiers on the former and the sailors on the latter exchanged cheers. Every man was at his quarters at 9:02 o'clock and eager to begin the bombardment.

As Admiral Dewey's ships approached Malate for the bombardment the Olympia led, with the Raleigh, Petrel, Callao and Barcelo steaming along on her starboard quarter. The Monterey followed the Olympia, but, instead of heading for Malate, took a position directly off the heavy batteries of Manila. The Charleston, Baltimore and Boston were behind the line, and were not to take part in the shelling of Fort Antonia at Malate. They, with the Monterey and McCulloch, were held in reserve to engage the Manila batteries if the latter opened fire. The Concord was stationed off the mouth of the Pasig river, about three miles to the northward.

The Zafiro and Kwonghoi steamed across and took a position just off Camp Dewey. They were soon followed by the Callao and Barcelo, the latter with a broom sticking in her stack, evidently the humorous method of one of the crew to signify an intention of making a clean sweep. The Callao and Barcelo were detailed to go close inshore and enfilade the trenches with their machine guns.

As the Olympia drew nearer the low black fort at Malate there was painful silence on the ship. At the slighest sound of conversation the sharp voice of the admiral would come from the after bridge, "Stop that noise." Men were passing about distributing cotton, which was tucked away in the ears of the crew to protect the eardrums from the concussion. A slight drizzle of rain began falling, almost obscuring the land line, but it was succeeded presently by a burst of sunshine. The steady cry of the man heaving the lead came at intervals, and was about the only sound that was heard, "Seven," "Six half," "By the deep six," calling out the fathoms as the ship approached shoal water.

Every moment it was expected that a burst of white smoke would rise over the fort, but none came. From the navigator's perch in the crow's nest came the announcement of the range.

At 4,000 yards the order came to commence firing when ready, and at 9:35 o'clock the Olympia opened with a six-pounder, and almost simultaneously one of the forward eight-inch guns crashed and every glass was turned toward the target. The shots fell short. due to a mistake in the range, which was caused by a miragic effect, making the shore line appear closer. The order was then given to get the five-inch guns ready, and the range was made for 4,200 yards. Two five-inch guns from Ensign Taylor's battery blazed out, then one of the Stokely Morgan's eight-inch forward guns and then another five-inch gun. Then came the order to cease firing.

Up to this time—9:50 o'clock—the Spaniards had not returned the fire, and it was suspected that they were reserving it for a closer range or else, as appeared probable, the fort had been deserted. The Raleigh and Petrel had joined in, the Raleigh's magnificent battery of quick-firing five-inch guns and the Petrel's six-inch guns plowing holes in the landscape and altering the sky line of the fort.

At 9:50 o'clock the army, which was advancing toward the fort, began firing, and the smoke from their volleys hung in white clouds over their position. Five minutes later there was almost incessant firing from the army, and masses of white smoke were seen leaping out from the fort and the Spanish trenches in answer. At 3,500 yards the order was given again on the Olympia to commence firing, but before a gun was fired the order was given to cease firing. At 10 o'clock she opened again, but the shots fell short and to the right. The rain had now fallen into a steady drizzle, and the admiral and Lieut. Brumby had put on raincoats and the former changed his naval cap for a cloth traveling cap.

At 10 o'clock the Callao, very close in shore and moving along parallel with the army's advance, was raking the Spanish trenches with a deadly fire from the machine guns. Lieut. Tappan was doing wonderful work with the little gunboat, and several Spanish volleys were fired on him as the vessel advanced. A number of bullets struck her, but no one was hurt, and she kept up with a steady grinding out from her Nordenfeldt and Hotchkiss. The little Barcelo, close behind, was pumping her machine guns in with magnificent effectiveness. Like the little Petrel in the battle of May 1, the Calloa and Barcelo seemed to be in the thickest of the fight, and on account of their nearness to shore to be most aggressive and daring.

SPANISH PRISONERS AT CAVITE COOKING THEIR DINNER.

The shells from the ship were dropping in and around the black walls of the old fort, but there was apparently no response from it. The effects of the shells were watched with great interest and low murmurs in comment were passed on each shot. Some fell short and many passed to the right of the fort, striking in the swamps and streams behind and sending great columns of spray high into the air. Several times during the bombardment a ripple of applause sprung up among the men who were crowded near the rail watching the shots as a shell would strike the fort and send stones and showers of dust leaping upward. There was a tendency to shoot too far to the left of the fort, as the gunners were afraid of firing into the land forces, which were swiftly approaching the fort from the right. Several shells penetrated the walls of the fort, shattering the heavy masonry and crushing down the stonework. After the army took possession four men were found in the fort, three of whom died almost immediately, and one will die. One shell striking in the trenches cut a Spaniard's head off and killed several others.

The Utah battery from its position in the trenches near the old Capuchin monastery was heaving in 3.2-inch shells with almost unerring accuracy. One or two of the shells from the battery went over the fort and struck buildings far down near the walled city.

Dense clouds of smoke hung around the Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel, and firing would often cease to allow the smoke to clear. On the flagship the word was passed to use smokeless powder, but the substitution of this did not better matters much, for the smokeless powder was very smoky in the heavy, damp atmosphere. The Olympia was now lying 3,000 yards off the beach and at 10:30 o'clock the order was passed to cease firing. Capt. Lamberton looked anxiously toward the walls of Manila and said, "It's time that white flag was up. They were to hoist it over the southern corner of the walled city."

From the Olympia the movements of the land forces now became distinguishable. Where a few moments before their position was marked only by the smoke which rase above the trees from the batteries and volley firing, now it was plainly seen that a great number of soldiers were boldly advancing up the open beach and straggling forward in the heavy surf. It was a gallant sight to see the long line of brown uniforms streaming up the beach, some waist deep in the surf and dashing out along the unprotected strip of sand which lay between them and the old fort, where the Spanish guns were expected to blaze out any minute in their faces. A scattering fire cam from the Spanish trenches, and at 10:45 o'clock the troops on the beach stopped and answered with three volleys. When they crossed the little stream about 200 yards in front of the fort, holding their guns high in the air to keep them from being soaked, with the regimental flag and national ensign flying bravely at the fore, with their regimental band valiantly following and playing for dear life, there were thousands of eyes watching them from the ships with silent, almost breathless, anxiety. Slowly they drew nearer the fort, with the Mausers spattering along before them and the band playing. The admiral said that it was the most gallant advance he had ever seen. The Colorado regimental band was playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night."

Just before the troops reached the powder magazine there was a tremendous explosion and a dense column of black smoke sprung up behind the fort. It was thought that a mine concealed in the road had been exploded. The smoke hung in the air and it was seen that the explosion was followed by a fire. The fort was now deep in smoke from other explosions and the Spanish firing.

As the troops advanced along the beach and approached nearer the fort the army signaled the fleet to cease firing. The fort was still silent.

At 10:58 a storm of cheers broke out from the Olympia, for the soldiers had passed the zone of fire and were clambering over the Spanish trenches and swarming into the fort. Hardly a moment passed before the yellow and red flag was seen to be coming down, and the next minute the American flag was raised in its place.

This was evidently the time agreed upon for the city to surrender, for an order was at once given by the admiral to fly our international signal, "Do you surrender?" At 11 o'clock it was fluttering from the forward signal halyards of the flagship. With the hoisting of this signal came a general shifting of the positions of the fleet, and all the vessels, with the exception of the Callao, Concord and Barcelo, took their positions before the heavy batteries of Manila. The Monterey steamed to a very close range and waited. Every gun in the fleet that could be trained in that direction was pointed on the Manila guns. If any one of those four 9.2-inch Hontoria guns had let loose at least a hundred shells would have been launched in on them in less time than it takes to read about it.

At 11:22 the formation before the city walls and batteries was this:

MANILA. MALATE.

Monterey. Callao. Barcelo.

Olympia. Raleigh. Petrel.

Baltimore.
Charleston. Boston.

McCulloch.

The Concord lay off to the left two miles.

A huge Spanish flag was floating bravely over the city walls near one of the heavy batteries and it did not seem to come down with any particular haste. Nearly every one was watching that gorgeous piece of bunting and hoping that it would be hauled in, but in its persistent wavering there was certainly no indication of surrender or weakening.

The Zafiro, with Gen. Merritt, approached the Olympia, and as if by a preconcerted agreement the flagship signaled that Flag Lieutenant Brumby would report on board the Zafiro. At 11:45 the admiral left the bridge to meet Consul Andre, the Belgian representative, whose launch had just reached the flagship. Lieut. Brumby took the largest American flag on the ship and went aboard the launch. Gen. Whittier of Gen. Merritt's staff came over from the Zafiro in a pulling boat, and also went aboard the launch Trueno. A few minutes later the launch steamed away toward Manila, 1,500 yards away.

At 12 o'clock the international signal "C. F. L.," meaning "hold conference," was hoisted over the city walls.

Then followed a long wait. Lunch was given the officers and men on the ships, the guns were kept trained on the Manila batteries, and the big Spanish flag still swung in the breezes above the beleaguered city.

Soon after 2 o'clock the Belgian consul's boat was seen to be returning. This seemed to mean that an agreement had not been reached, for the presence of the Spanish colors certainly did not look like capitulation.

At 2:23 Lieut. Brumby, climbing up the sea ladder at the Olympia quarterdeck, called out to the admiral: "Well, they've surrendered all right."

The admiral quickly answered, "Why don't they haul down that flag?"

"They'll do that as soon as Merritt gets 600 or 700 men in there to protect them," explained Lieut. Brumby.

The admiral then said: "Well, you go over

IN THE SHELTER TENTS AT CAMP DEWEY—BEFORE MANILA.

and tell Gen. Merritt that I agree to anything. Can we get those ships into the river to land men?"

As the news passed that the city had surrendered the rigging was manned and tremendous cheers broke out over the dull sea. The other ships were now cheering as the news was signaled.

At 3 o'clock the Zafiro and Kwonghoi steamed closer inshore to the breakwater and the work of landing the troops began. The ships of the fleet came to anchor just before the city. The Belgian consul, with Lieut. Brumby and Gen. Whittier, returned to the city.

A tug flying the insurgent flag approached the Olympia and attempted to pass her, but a rifle shot brought her to. One of her officers came aboard and stated that he was carrying a message from Maj. Pope to the Kwonghoi, and the launch was allowed to proceed.

The Spanish transport Cebu, which lay in the mouth of the Pasig river, was set on fire by the Spaniards and was burning furiously at 5 o'clock.

At 5:45 the Spanish flag in the city was seen slowly coming down, and a minute later the enormous American flag was hoisted in its place. Just as the huge flag went up the sun, which through the greater part of the day had been obscured, now burst through the clouds hanging over Manila's mountain and illuminated the new flag with a blaze of light. It was as opportune as the calcium light in the theater which falls on the center of the stage when the star enters.

The ships of the fleet saluted the new flag with twenty-one guns each. In ten minutes nearly 180 saluting charges were fired.

At 6 o'clock the band on the flagship struck up "The Victory of Manila," and the officers relaxed into a riot of speechmaking and gayety. Manila was ours, and peace could be declared at any minute. The Callao came in for the conspicuous success of the day, and the health of Lieuts. Tappan and Bradshaw was drunk amid cheers.

But it was with the land forces that the most exciting scenes were enacted. There were many exhibitions of courage, and such spirited resistance in one or two instances that the army operation did not seem the mimic battle that the bombardment appeared to be. A battle must have an enemy that resists, and as far as the latter goes the fort at Malate might just as well have been absolutely deserted, for not a shell was turned on the fleet, and, excepting for volleys of Mauser bullets that spattered around the Callao, the ships were not answered.

The army was divided into two brigades. Gen. Greene had the 2d brigade and his men were strung along on the extreme right extending to the beach. As his advance fighting line he had the Utah light artillery, with Capts. Grant and Young; the 1st Colorado, under Col. Irving Hale, and a battalion of the 3d artillery. The last-named, although in the firing line, was not under fire. Back of the firing line, in immediate support, was the 2d battalion of the 1st California, under Col. Smith and Maj. Sime. As reserves there were the 18th United States infantry, 1st California, 1st Nebraska, 10th Pennsylvania and a battalion of United States engineers.

The 1st brigade, under Gen. MacArthur, further inland, was distributed in a similar manner as firing line and reserves. The Astor battery, 13th Minnesota and 23d infantry were in front, with one battalion of the 14th infantry, two battalions of the 1st North Dakota, two battalions of the 1st Idaho and one battalion of the 1st Wyoming as reserves and support.

The Spanish line of defenses consisted of a continuous intrenchment, broken by three strongholds—the fort at Malate, blockhouse 14 and the fortified English cemetery. Gen. Greene's brigade was to attack and take the first and strongest, while Gen. MacArthur's brigade was to attack the blockhouse and cemetery. The entire field of operations hardly covered more than a square mile, but the Americans had a fearful country to fight in. Barb-wire fences, bamboo jungles, paddy fields, swamps, streams and sharpened pickets had to be passed before reaching the Spanish line. The taking of the trenches and fort at Malate by the 1st Colorado was the most brilliant and spectacular act of the day, but a savage ambuscade over at Singalon, near blockhouse 14, was the most deadly, for four men were killed in the Astor battery and 13th Minnesota and 23d infantry, while nearly thirty were wounded. Had it not been for the timely advance of the 13th Minnesota and 23d artillery the Astor battery would have been almost wiped out.

The most striking features about the character of the land fight of Aug. 13 were the advance of the Americans through the almost impassable country, the routing of the Spaniards from the trenches and the driving of the latter back into the city in face of a house-to-house potshot resistance, and finally the stand taken by the Americans and Spaniards to prevent the insurgents entering the city. There probably was never a case in history before where two opposing forces combined on the overthrow of one to make a common defense against a third.

Early in the morning the two brigades began the advance from Camp Dewey. Every man carried rations for one day and went in light marching order. The story told by Maj. Bell of the bureau of information, who acted as one of Gen. Greene's aids during the day, gives a good idea of the operations of the 2d brigade. The men in the camp were up at 5 o'clock, ready for the start.

Gen. Babcock arrived from the Newport soon after the main body of troops had advanced from the camp, and he and Maj. Bell followed on horseback, soon passing the troops. Maj. Bell, sheltered by clumps of bamboo, crept up from the farthest American trench, where the Utah artillery, the 1st Colorado and a battalion of the 3d artillery were waiting the order to attack, along the beach to a position barely 500 yards from the fort at Malate, to make a reconnoisance of the Spanish guns. Two days before he had done the same and had reported that one of the Spanish guns had been removed. On this latter reconnoisance it was his object to determine where that gun had been placed.

Orders were then given for four companies of the 1st Colorado to begin an advance. Two companies, C and D, were sent out in front of the trenches, and two others, I and K, were sent along the beach under cover of the fire of companies C and D. As C and D took their places out in a skirmish line in front of the trench, I and K, advancing from the rear of the trenches, proceeded along in the surf at the beach, wading an intervening steram and boldly entering the fort. Companies C and D fell in behind; then came the 2d battalion of the 1st California, under Col. Smith and Maj. Sime, who were in reserve behind the firing line, but who advanced directly behind the Colorado troops. Maj. Bell was ahead of the Colorado soldiers, bent on reaching the fort first to take down the Spanish flag, but, the Spanish opening fire from their intrenchments, he was called back to allow the Colorados to fire several volleys. This cost him the flag, for Col. McCoy and Adjt. Brooks, in the van of their troops, reached the Spanish

position, dashed over the trenches, followed by a rushing mass of Colorado men, plunged into the old fort and took down the Spanish flag and hauled up the American. Just behind the Colorado men came the regimental band, wading the stream and playing their instruments with wonderful persistence and questionable harmony. The band made the hit of the day. The Colorado troops then began an advance toward the city, but the 1st California, by not stopping at the fort, had passed them and were carrying everything before them in a rush down through Malate, with the Spaniards retreating in broken order and firing from dooryards and windows and from the protection of houses. A heavy fire met the 1st Colorados after passing the fort and seemed to come from the marshes over to the right of the road. It was in this fire that Charles Phœnix of company I was killed and several others were wounded.

The four companies of the 1st California proceeded on through the Calle Real in Malate, Col. Smith dropping guards at every house flying the English flag, to protect it from the insurgents, who were scrambling along in the wake of the Californians' victorious advance. The insurgents were firing as they came along. It was here that Maj. Jones of the transportation department and Interpreter Finlay distinguished themselves. The insurgent firing had become hot for even the Americans, and Maj. Jones took an American flag, planted himself in the middle of the road and with drawn revolver stopped the entire advance of the insurgents.

Capt. O'Connor, with a small guard, advanced to the very city walls in the face of large bodies of Spanish soldiers and posted himself on the Puente Espana, the principal bridge of the city, leading from the business section to the walled city.

The Californians advanced to the road leading around the walled city and intercepted the insurgents who were flocking in along the road from Santa Ana. The latter were firing on the retreating Spaniards, and the Californians came in direct line of the fire. The Spaniards were returning the insurgent fire, and the Americans were between the two forces. It was here that Private Dunmore of company B, 1st California, was killed and H. Ammerson wounded. The California men held their fire, and by doing so avoided a general conflict which would have been as disastrous as it would have been useless. The insurgent advance was stopped. Col. Smith then advanced to the road leading from Paco and stopped another troop of insurgents who were attempting to enter the walled city. One pompous insurgent in a gorgeous uniform announced that they were going on, but when Maj. Bell drew his revolver and threatened to kill any one attempting to pass the insurgent officer became submissive and polite. The Americans then formed in line and forced the insurgents up the street and into a side street. They next attempted to get in by another street, but were forestalled.

Gen. Greene came up under a scattering fire with his staff and met a Spanish official who awaited him at one of the gates of the city. The general entered the city alone with the Spaniards and the arrangements for the occupation were made. Over to the north of the city there was hot fighting between the insurgents and the Spaniards, but the latter held them back. The Spaniards in those trenches remained at their guns resisting the insurgents until 7 p. m. the following day, and were among the last who gave up their arms. They complained at being compelled to fight after the city had surrendered.

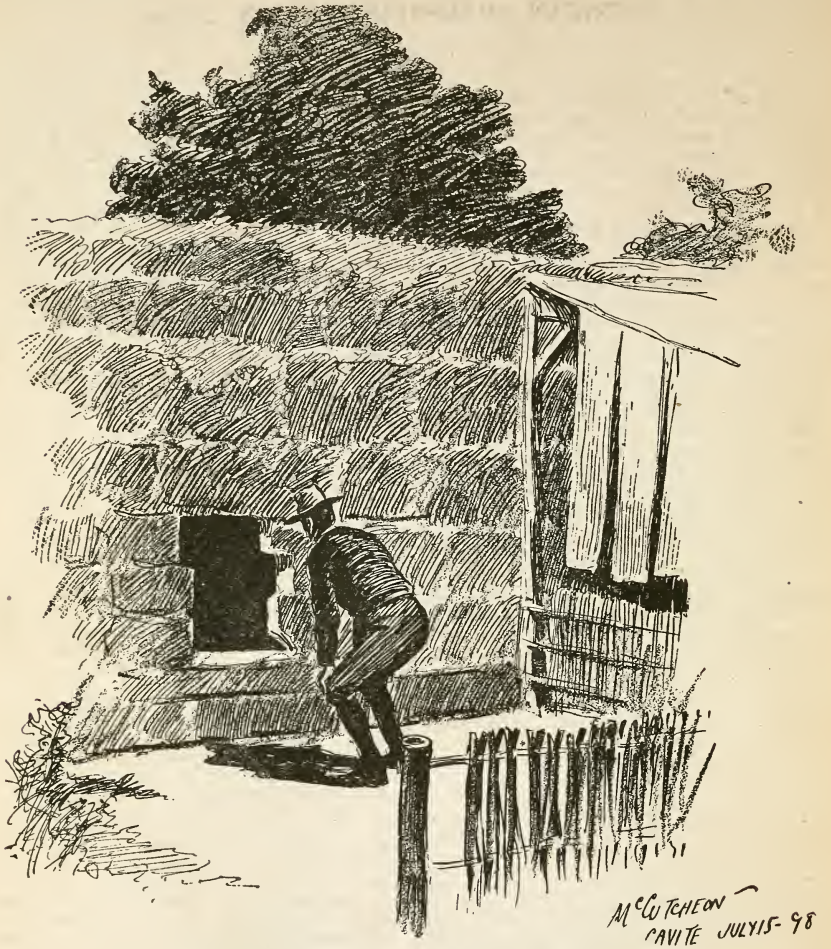
Gen. MacArthur's brigade was having a hot fight over in the Singalon district. The Spanish deserted their trenches at the advance of the Americans, but retreated to dense clumps of bamboos and ambuscaded the Americans as the latter advanced. It was in this ambuscade that August Thollen of the 23d infantry, Sergts. Cremins and Holmes of the Astor battery and Archie Patterson of the 13th Minnesota were killed and a great number wounded. The Minnesota men, the Astor battery and the 23d infantry did brilliant work in this section, and their record in the fight is the most brilliant of the day.

As MacArthur's brigade in regular order swept the Spaniards out of blockhouse No. 14 and the English cemetery, driving them back, the brigade fell in behind Gen. Greene's brigade and entered Malate from the east.

By 10 o'clock 10,000 soldiers were in the city. The 2d Oregon patrolled the walled city and guarded its nine entrances. Gen. Greene marched his brigade around the walled city into Binondo. The 1st California was sent east to the fashionable official residence district of Malacanay, the 1st Colorado was sent into Tondo and the 1st Nebraska was established on the north shore of the Pasig river. MacArthur's brigade patrolled Ermita and Malate.

In the walled city the Spaniards had surrendered their arms at the governor's palace. By nightfall over 7,000 rifles had been surrendered, and by the following evening nearly 1,000 more were turned in. The big American flag was hoisted by Lieut. Brumby, and as the Oregonians entered from the Kwonghoi the afternoon of the fight their band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." The women wept as the Spanish ensign went down, and the soldiers cheered as the American flag went up.

The night of the battle was quiet. Except for a few cases reported of the insurgents looting the houses of Spaniards, there was no disorder. The American soldiers at once began to fraternize with the Spanish soldiers. The Escolta is thronged to-day with Spanish,




HIDDEN CHAMBER IN A WALL, FORT ST. PHILIP, CAVITE.

American and insurgent soldiers, the latter without their arms. The Spanish also are disarmed, except the officers; but the Americans have their rifles ready for any emergency.

Former Gov.-Gen. Augusti, with his wife and children, left the city on the German steamer Kaiserin Augusta directly after the surrender of the city, with the permission of the American authorities. Gen. Merritt established himself in the governor's official palace in the walled city and made his home in the summer palace at Malacanay.

All during the night of the 13th the Spaniards were surrendering their arms. Ten thousand Mauser rifles were found stored in Malate and 20,000 in Manila, hardly any of which had ever been used. Several new modern field pieces were also found which had never been made use of. Three magazines full of ammunition were captured, and the four big 9.2-inch converted Hontorias and about twenty-five rifled cannon were taken.

# AMERICAN SHARPSHOOTERS IN CUBA.

BY WILLIAM SCHMEDTGEN.

After all that may be said about the modern rifle, arguments on smokeless powder, rapid-firing guns and their penetrating powers, the fact cannot be set aside that the man behind the gun, when he can get within rifle range of the enemy, is the man who wins or loses the battle.

While the statesmen of Europe, our possible future opponents, are counting our rifles, weighing our powder supply and measuring the thickness of our armor, the great factor will always remain prominent to those who know and who have to do the fighting that the American soldier is as a rule a good shot. The foreign attaches at Santiago will report this fact to their countries, and it will alone give to the United States a high rank among the nations which are constantly prepared for war.

The fighting in Cuba before Santiago and other places gave many instances of the accuracy of the shooting on both sides. There is no doubt that the Spaniards scored first and shot close and well in the fight with the rough riders at Guasimas, when they caught the boys where they wanted them—bunched in a little hollow on a narrow path, with no possible chance for a skirmish or a retreat. In this case the Spanish had the advantage. Their aim was for a certain place and height, through the thick growth of trees, and not at the individual men. Their machine guns were placed and aimed long before the rough riders came. Where the killing was done the small trees and twigs are cut to pieces about three feet from the ground, as though the work was performed by a hundred Gatling guns. The cactus back of where the rough riders lay also shows the effect of the hail of bullets. Trees of three inches in thickness had as many as twenty bullets holes in the space of eight inches up and down. Twigs half an inch in thickness were cut and broken in half a dozen places. This shows that the bullets must have come very fast. The shooting stopped when the rough riders advanced. The graves of many Spaniards who were in this engagement show that Col. Wood's men could shoot when they caught sight of the men they wanted to hit. The Spaniards shot where they thought a bunch of our men were, while our men shot at the Spaniards individually.

There is an iron door in the old stone fort at El Caney which measures 2½ feet by about 5 feet. This door was open at the time of the fight of July 1 and the attack on the hill. Spanish soldiers shot from behind this door. The return bullets which struck it show the accuracy of the shooting done by our men. The door shows marks where over 300 bullets struck. It would be hard to estimate the number of bullets which went through the opening. Most of these shots were fired while our men were running up the hill and when they were under heavy fire from the fort.

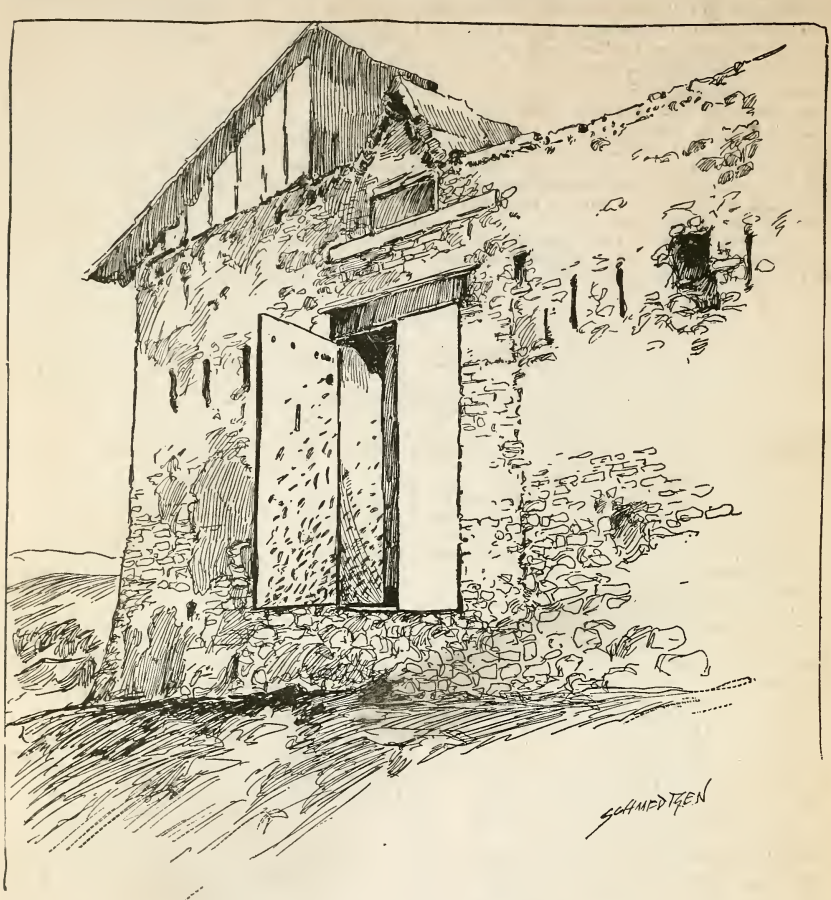
The ground around the rifle pits and the walls of the fort near where the Spanish soldiers were firing on the Americans show the marks of hundreds of bullets. The shots that marked the iron door and that crumbled the walls did not kill, but they prove the general accuracy of the shooting. If the enemy had come out and fought so that the boys had had something to shoot at, it would have taken a long time to count the dead Spaniards that would have resulted.

The Spanish blockhouses stand as other signs of the close shooting that caused their capture. The only opening through which the bullets could get at the Spaniards was a small slit around the houses under the eaves. Ten men could hold a blockhouse against 300 if they were able to shoot well.

When Spaniards in the rifle pits were the objects of attack the Americans had targets to shoot at that were only about eight inches square—only the head and part of the shoulder of an enemy which showed over the earthworks. The target frequently was concealed by brush and shrubbery. These difficulties had to be overcome mostly by running shots.

At San Juan hill on July 1 the Spanish had a hidden battery to the right of the blockhouse. This did some very accurate shooting before it was silenced by Grimes' battery stationed on the hilltop at El Poso. Almost the first shot from the Spanish battery struck the old mill back of the hill and killed a dozen Cubans. Another shell followed and struck the earthworks just in front of the first gun of Grimes' battery. It tore up the earth and then rose in the air over the gun, but did not explode. The shell was so well placed that had the range been a foot and a half higher it would have entered the muzzle of the American gun. Then came the shrapnel that burst over the second gun, killing two men and wounding several more. This was about the best battery which the Spaniards had at Santiago. However, the Spanish had the range and did not have to find it.

The blockhouse on San Juan hill shows the work done in return by the gunners of Grimes' battery. The battered roof and perforated wall show where many shells struck. All around the rifle pits and the side of the hill are broken pieces of shells thrown by Grimes and Capron over the heads of the advancing troops. These pieces of broken




IRON DOOR IN STONE FORT—EL CANEY.

iron will be picked up for years to come and will be held as souvenirs of the shooting at San Juan hill.

The Spanish sharpshooters at first had an easy time picking off our men. Every method was employed by them to conceal themselves, and all their methods were new to our men. They would wrap themselves in bark and lie in the thick growth of mango trees, which sometimes have masses of foliage forty to sixty feet in diameter. There a sharpshooter could pick off American soldiers for hours, using smokeless powder, before he could be found and brought down. The high palm trees also made splendid hiding places for the sharpshooters, who would wrap the long, green leaves around them, making it very difficult to distinguish them from the bunchy tops of the trees. They would shoot at everybody, sparing no one. Many a man who was helping a wounded comrade away from the firing line was picked off by these lurking Spaniards, as also were the wounded themselves while they lay in the roads waiting for death or to be taken to the field hospitals.

These sharpshooters did the shooting into the hospitals. There was no general shooting of this kind except by the sharpshooters, who were nearly all guerrillas.

Just outside of Gen. Shafter's headquarters, at a creek where the road sends out

branches to San Juan and Caney, an outpost had been placed. On the night of July 2 three sentries were shot and killed inside of half an hour by the sharpshooters. They simply stepped out into the moonlight and were shot down. Extra guards were placed to warn troops in passing. Men were sent to drive out the sharpshooters, but they could not be found. Gen. Shafter's camp was shot into many times, but the sharpshooters very likely did not know that the big man was the one they should shoot at.

At Guasimas one of the rough riders shot a sharpshooter in a tree and shot him again as he was falling to the ground.

During the time of the truce, while the white flag was on San Juan hill and over the defenses of Santiago, the Spanish sharpshooters kept up their work, shooting every time they had a chance.

On the road from Grimes' battery to San Juan hill, at the "Bloody bend," three of Gen. Wheeler's men were standing in the road with their carbines ready to shoot. They changed their position somewhat, going around a bunch of bushes. Then the crack of their rifles was heard. They had found the Spanish sharpshooter for whom they were looking. His cartridge belt now hangs in THE RECORD'S window, among other souvenirs of Santiago.

## HEROISM IN THE RANKS.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

The men of the rank and file will make this war notable. When it is over there will be critics who will point out unmistakable mismanagement and even flagrant incapacity, but no one will be able to detract from the superb record of heroism made by our men in the field. At least, no one could do so who has seen what I have seen, first in the bay before Santiago, then at Guantanamo, and more recently in the advance and attack upon the enemy's first line of defenses in front of Santiago. Possibly the errors and blunders of commanders will be left out of the final reckoning or palliated by plausible explanations, and yet it is sad beyond expression that the devotion of brave, patriotic men is so poorly merited by the officers given charge over them that these errors in management and strategy must be repeatedly corrected by individual sacrifice. The men who do these acts of magnificent heroism are the men who deserve all the praise for our victories.

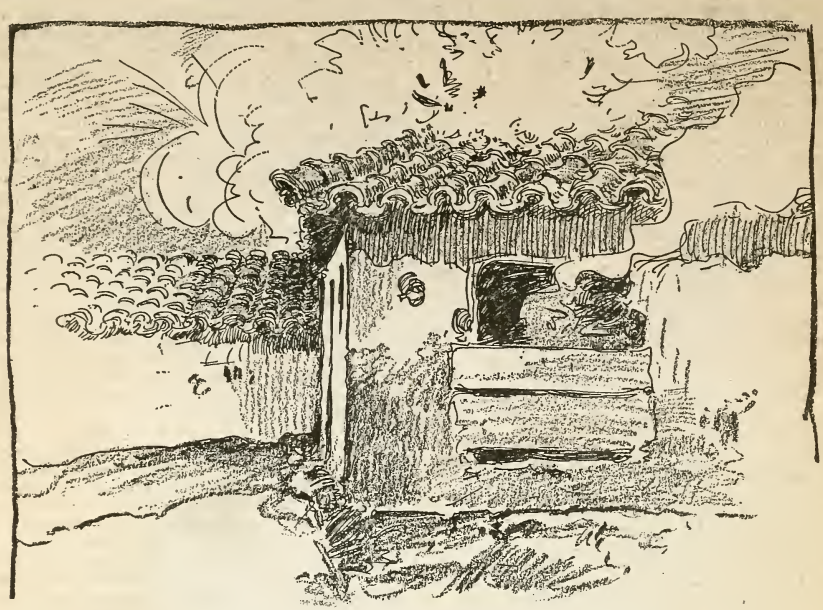
This is no time to criticise anything for which the government is responsible. Here lies the great issue of human welfare pending settlement. There are 16,000 men, the pick of our country people, lying in narrow intrenchments under a sun that makes them as uninhabitable as earthen ovens. They have been lying here since July 1, when the positions were taken by a display of almost superhuman courage and shattering all the rules of offensive warfare relative to attacking intrenched positions. All this time they have had nothing to eat but hard bread, bacon and coffee and most of the time but half-rations.

Gen. Kent is a hardy old fighter, who insists that his headquarters shall be in the intrenchments with his men. The night after the battle, when three regiments in his command were decimated in the attack on San Juan, he sent an orderly to a squad of soldiers bivouacked near him, and obtained three hardtacks for his supper.

Yesterday I learned that Col. Wood's brigade of Gen. Wheeler's cavalry division had been subsisting on one day's rations for three days. This brigade comprises Roosevelt's volunteer regiment, the 1st and the 10th cavalry, all dismounted. With only their carbines—and this means they were without that traditional weapon of the charge, the bayonet—they captured the blockhouse of El Poso, thus opening the way to San Juan and making it possible for our forces to gain their present advanced position.

Both of these commands, to which my attention has been especially drawn, are holding the center of our present line. Gen. Lawton's division, which holds the extreme right, extending far west of El Caney, was faring better day before yesterday. And yet even in this division, which is commanded by the best soldier in the field, there are frequent delays, and often the men have to satisfy themselves after a hard day in the trenches with a supper of stewed mangoes and hard bread. To be sure mangoes make a palatable dish; but they are not "filling," and the conscience is never quite easy when eating them, because of repeated warning from members of the hospital corps that they cause illness. The hospital corps has proved its contention; but hungry men, not otherwise provided for, have had something to eat.

Since the first soldier went ashore at Baiquiri there has never been a moment when there was not plenty of wholesome food to be had, either at Baiquiri or at Siboney. Both have been bases of supply, and from the latter it is only a distance of



WHERE SPANISH SHELLS STRUCK AT EL POSO.

eight miles. For three days after the army marched to the interior there was no single head and no headquarters except three independent division headquarters.

There may be armies in the world where the common soldier is not a thinking creature and where he is but an assimilated part of a machine and does not remark these things. This is not the American plan. Our soldiers are the sons of their revolutionary sires, men who know very well when a commander is plunging them in error, but who will use their own wits to fight it out until they have won a victory even for the man who blundered. I may not be speaking by the card, but this brief, costly campaign convinces me that such citizen soldiers deserve the best generals that systematic training can produce.

I have written about the fight of El Caney at the right of our lines on July 1, for I was able to witness it from first to last. But another battle equally severe was being fought and gloriously terminated in the meantime at the left and center of our position, and under circumstances more unfavorable to the men. These two assaults, conducted quite independently, drove the enemy back to his last line of intrenchments and were, perhaps, responsible for Cervera's desperate effort to escape from Sampson's blockading fleet and the consequent destruction of his ships. And yet San Juan was taken by the men of the 24th, 6th and 13th regiments without orders from the commanding general. The position into which he thrust them was untenable and they had the courage to drive the enemy rather than retreat from him.

The position of San Juan is almost as easily defensible as that of El Caney. Where the fort stood is an old one-story residence with heavy plaster walls. One side was extended in the form of a blockhouse, with portholes from which to fire. Intrenchments extended along the face of the ridge north and south from the fort. Men placed in these pits could command the entire valley and the main road extending off to the eastward, the only one available for reaching their positions.

Whether or not it is wise military tactics to throw two divisions under two generals of equal rank along a single road on the same attack is something that may perhaps be settled by common sense. Had Gen. Shafter been on hand to provide for emergencies as they arose the confusion might have been avoided. But the responsibility fell wholly upon brigade and regimental officers, and it is greatly to their credit that the outcome was so fortunate, though it was costly in precious lives.

At this point the first heavy loss of life fell upon Roosevelt's regiment, now wholly

his own since Col. Wood's promotion to the command of the 2d, or what was Col. Young's cavalry brigade. Moving along the road in the early morning the regiment first drew the fire of a small outpost blockhouse on a hill east of San Juan fort and commanding the ford of the San Juan river. Here Capt. O'Neill of troop A, one of the bravest and most generous men who ever lived, was killed as he stood in the road. A little later Col. Roosevelt, still riding his horse, started to lead a charge up the hill toward the blockhouse. On the way up a thoughtful sergeant took the horse's bridle and insisted that the colonel dismount. He went the rest of the way on foot. Men from the 10th cavalry separated from their command in the bushes fell in with him, and the enemy was driven from his position. In this brigade of the 1,043 men who entered the fight 233 were disabled.

While the cavalry division was advancing thus along the right of the road Gen. Kent was presumed to send his division along it, directly upon the San Juan fort. His three brigades were deployed in the road and to the left, under such shelter as the bushes in the low lands by the San Juan river afforded. But the fire here from the enemy's elevated position was furious. Volleys upon volleys were hurled down from the heights of the fort and to remain standing under such a fire was utterly impossible. Some of the commands got a temporary shelter by lying in the creek below its banks and the rest lay in the tall grass and among the bushes of the bottom.

This was scarcely a moment of rest, for the storm was increasing by the addition of two heavy batteries from distant hills opposite our left, which enfiladed our lines as soon as they appeared in the open ground at the foot of the slope to San Juan.

The first advance in the charge was made by Capt. Brereton of the 24th infantry. With a part of his company he came into the cleared ground about 200 yards south of the road. At first he moved forward slowly, meaning only to take shelter and wait for a more favorable opening. Fifty yards away from the brush he came upon a barbwire fence. By this time the fire about him was too hot to stand under and too deadly to retreat from. Rallying those of his men whom he could see he ordered the charge. No general was there to give the order and nothing else could save the day.

Once begun the charge grew by contagion. The rest of the dusky 24th swept out of the brush with a shout, the 6th filing on their left and the 13th on their right. The 13th had the main path and was first to reach the summit. Only two Spaniards were left in the trenches, but thirty-five dead were there. The flag was still flying. It was the 13th's prize and was torn up to make trophies for the men.

This was the charge that won the day at San Juan. The foreign representatives with the army say it was wonderful. They hardly understand how men could take so strong a position in the face of a well-directed fire from the modern magazine gun. "But," say they, "it is not justified in the books."

The loss suffered by the three regiments participating in this charge was very heavy. Capt. Brereton was shot in the shoulder as he started the charge. Along the slope Col. Liscum of the 24th was wounded. As he reached the crest Capt. Arthur Ducat fell with a bullet in his leg. Lieuts. Guerney and Augustin were killed. In all, fifty men of this single regiment were either killed or wounded. In the 13th the loss was correspondingly great. Col. Worth was wounded while he was in the bush; four other officers were wounded and two killed, and 109 men were either killed or wounded. According to these reports, the regiment was much worse than decimated.

This reminds me that a regiment is, according to "the books," unfit longer for service when it has lost 8 or 9 per cent of its officers and men. Yet our regiments were not disqualified by this loss; moreover, even in a case where every officer was disabled—there was an instance in the 10th cavalry—the company stood together, taking every opportunity to fight that was offered. This is the superb spirit inspiring our soldiery, and which is responsible for our victory July 1.

Gen. Ludlow, in command of the brigade of Lawton's division that holds our extreme right, and the man who was in the midst of the splendid fighting about El Caney on the same day, is enough of a soldier to recognize the valor responsible for most that we have accomplished. Yesterday he published the following general order to his brigade:

"Headquarters 1st Brigade, 2d Division, 5th Corps.—The brigadier-general commanding desires to congratulate the officers and men on the gallantry and fortitude displayed by them in the investment and capture of El Caney on Friday, July 1, in conjunction with the troops of the 3d brigade. Infantry attacks on fortified positions well defended are recognized as the most difficult of military undertakings, and are rarely successful. The defense was conducted with admirable skill behind an elaborate system of blockhouses, intrenchments and loopholes. Nevertheless, after a stubborn and bloody combat of nearly eight hours, the place was taken and its garrison practically annihilated. The exploit is the more notable that the affair was entered upon and carried through by men most of whom had never been under fire. The high percentage of casualities shows the severity of the work, viz.: Officers' loss, 14 per cent; enlisted loss, 8 per cent. The action, though of relatively minor importance, will take its place as one of the conspicuous events in military history, by reason of its success under conditions of great difficulty, and all who contributed to our success may congratulate themselves on having taken part therein.

"LUDLOW, Brigadier-General."

In the light of these sorrowful, if triumphant, facts it must not be forgotten that the

enemy has likewise suffered. In a fatuous sortie upon our position the night of July 2 Gen. Linares, commanding in Santiago, was wounded in the foot and shoulder and 500 of his soldiers are said to have fallen. Scarcely a man in our intrenchments was hurt. Of the Spanish 29th battalion defending El Caney not 100 men survive. Gen. Vara de Rey, its commander, was buried with military honors; his sword and spurs are in Gen. Ludlow's possession. What the total loss on the Spanish side has been will not be learned for weeks. It was terrible—of this there can be no doubt. Moreover, it has served to instill a wholesome dread of American bullets in the Spanish breast. This morning two conscripted companies comprising about 200 men deserted in a body and came into our lines.

## FEEDING HAVANA'S STARVING THOUSANDS.

BY DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.

Ringed round with Spanish warships, a target for hundreds of guns afloat and ashore, the American schooner Ellen Adams is discharging, as I write, the first cargo of food which has entered port since Admiral Sampson drew his iron line across the entrance all but four months ago. With the stars and stripes at the main peak, the Adams trailed up past the flagless fortresses of Morro and Cabanas at 10 o'clock this morning (Aug. 17) between banks of blue with cheering men and women, who saw in the schooner the herald of peace. Potatoes and onions—800 barrels of them—make up the lading of the Adams, but onions have been selling at 10 cents each and potatoes have commanded 50 cents a pound within the last fortnight.

In spite of the scarcity of food few persons have died of starvation in Havana. Fernando de Castro, the civil governor of the city, has fed 25,000 people daily at his soup kitchens, and the middle classes have mortgaged or pawned all their belongings for cornmeal and yams, which have been the chief food of the beleagured citizens.

"We have suffered, yes," said Capt. Perez, chief of the harbor police, before he went over the side after an official visit of inspection, "but we could have held out for two months more. We had no potatoes, no onions and very little rice or flour, but we should not have surrendered. The reconcentrados? Oh, yes, many of them died, but our brave people are still in good spirits and are ready to die in defense of the sacred flag of Spain."

I quote Capt. Perez because he was the only official except the customs officers with whom we had speech. From the moment the Adams slipped by Cabanas behind the snorting tug Blanco the whole city watched the tubby old schooner. The cutters from the cruiser Conde Vendida, each with three officers aboard, sailed back and forth around the schooner from the minute her anchor was dropped, and two police boats, one manned by officers of the palace guard, stormed through flights of shore boats which swarmed down upon the schooner, threatening vainly imprisonment and fines if they approached the Adams, while four customs officers flung maledictions at the heads of the boatmen who pushed through the crush and lay alongside. The wharves and docks about the bay from the custom house to Regla were outlined in the blue of army uniforms and the light frocks of women and children.

After the first whirlwind of cheers from the throng at the foot of San Los Oro street silence fell upon the watching men and women. Up past Morro, the carcel or prison, and the straggling pile of Cabanas the Adams drew after the tug without rousing more than a faint cheer or furtive wave of a handkerchief from the vine-hidden windows. Two wicked ten-inch rifles in the turret of the cruiser Alfonso XII., anchored up the bay, poked their black muzzles over the grassy emplacement at the inner angle of La Punta, the antique fort at the right of the entrance.

La Punta itself is a ludicrous fortress, with a dozen muzzle-loaders of vintage as antique as the stone pile itself. The water battery in the inner angle of Morro has eight fifteen-inch muzzle-loaders, which would do terrific execution on any vessel in the channel. On the right and left smaller batteries grin down from the sea wall and sand emplacements, and on the other bank Cabanas bristles with the short brass guns that you see in the picture of eighteenth-century sea fighters, while two or three red guns in the lofty side of Casa Blanca command the inner anchorage.

On the right side, where quays and custom houses are, there are three or four masked batteries of mounted and quick-fire guns. Just to the right of the custom house the Spaniards have mounted five fifteen-inch muzzle-loaders on the ground floor of an old stone house, the gaping muzzles showing from behind the curtains of ivy.

Once around the custom house the next masked battery emphasized the silence of the inner harbor. The rattling of the Adams' anchor chains broke the quiet, and the shore boats swept down upon the schooner, the occupants begging for bread and rice. The

cigar merchants stopped their trafficking over the schooner's rail to ask for biscuit, girls in torn frocks dropped their cigarettes overboard to ask in turn for bread, flour, rice or spare stores. They climbed over the rail before the customs officials boarded her and until the police boats drove them away with threats and blows the boats hung to the schooner's sides and waited for any scraps of bread that might fall to them.

The men, women and children showed few signs of the straits laid on them by the blockade. Their checks were plump, many of them came singing to the ship's side. Flour, potatoes and onions have been all but priceless for two months. A customs official tells me that the only flour in the city was in the hands of the authorities, who dole it out to the bakers once a fortnight, and the sign "Pan manana" (bread to-morrow) in the bakers' windows would collect sometimes a crowd of a thousand men, women and children, who waited through the night for a chance to buy a ten-ounce loaf for 2 pesetas in the morning. The bakers at first made a list of their customers and tried to divide the bread equally, but the crowds looted the shops and beat the owners into insensibility when denied admittance. Mangoes, pineapples and cabbages, which were long the mainstay of the poor, have altogether vanished from the gardens in the protected zone under Havana's guns.

Lifting the blockade has knocked the bottom out of prices, speculators throwing their reserve stores of rice and beans on the market, anticipating a rush or provisions to the city. Still prices are yet beyond the dreams of avarice. The Adams' potatoes will bring $20 a barrel, and the profit of the owner, William Barker, a young Tennesseean, will be counted in tens of thousands of dollars. The Adams brought only two-thirds of its Key West stock of potatoes.

The schooner Tilley, from Key West, which followed the Adams, carries 600 barrels of potatoes. The pilot boat Kate ran bow and bow with the Adams past Morro this morning, but the schooner won at the anchor buoy and was the first boarded by the customs officers. The English sloop Wary, which was picked up off Manzanillo by the Nashville six weeks ago and released by the Key West prize court, made port at 1 o'clock with the identical cargo she had started with for Manzanillo.

The British consul sent off a note to Capt. Adams advising against permitting any of the crew to go ashore. No mention was made of the passengers, but after consulting with Madrid, Capt.-Gen. Blanco decided to permit no one to land. For three hours before we had flown our ensign union down to attract the attention of the British consul, but the distress signal brought no response from shore and the pilot and clearance papers have just come aboard. The Tilley is already under way. The Kate has orders to hurry lightering.

Six Spanish warships swing about us as we lie—the Alfonso XIII., white and stripped of guns, on our starboard quarter; Cone Venadito on our starboard bow; two splendid, clean gunboats with two torpedo tubes in their bows. Farther inshore, between the Martin Hinzon, which Gen. Blanco has used for all his flag of truce conferences with his blockaders, and the Alfonso XIII., lie the armed tugs Aguilar and Mercedes. Abreast us, on our starboard broadside a tangled, woeful mass of riven ribs and beams, overtopped by the forlorn military mast, lies the sunken wreck of the battleship Maine.

## HOW PONCE RECEIVED AMERICANS.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

Rumors of peace are in the air. The story goes that fighting is to end, and enthusiastic Americanism is the sentiment of the people of this beautiful city of Puerto Rico. Since the day our troops entered Ponce in peaceful triumph, citizens of every class have vied with one another to make the welcome complete. The first ovation at the port of Ponce was emphasized here, and our own people have not shown greater reverence for the flag than the Puerto Ricans. Heads are uncovered when regiments march through the streets with colors flying, and at the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" the people give ceremonious attention. It is to them the melody of liberty, notice sufficient that the island is at last free after centuries of Spanish oppression and misrule.

Proclamations enjoining the acceptance of American domination as the greatest blessing granted by God to the inhabitants of the country are frequent, and emanate from the civil authorities, as well as political, social and commercial leaders. The citizens have gone fairly delirious with joy. Last Sunday night, when the band of the 3d Wisconsin infantry gave a concert in the plaza, 5,000 people cheered themselves hoarse as the strains of patriotic music were heard, and stood at attention when the soldiers shouted in thunderous chorus: "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue."

DOCKS AT PORT TAMPA WHERE THE 5TH ARMY CORPS EMBARKED.

But there is more than mere lip service. Earnestness of purpose marks the new era. Loyalty to the stars and stripes is evidencing itself in many ways. The civil authorities, directed to resume their functions by the military commanders, have recommenced their work with extraordinary vigor. The department of public works has set hundreds of laborers to the task of cleaning the thoroughfares, and the streets are in as good condition as are our boulevards in Chicago. Gas and electric-light companies have their plants in operation, the volunteer fire department, the pride of Ponce, is on duty, while everywhere is shown a disposition to do that which will prove by deeds the new spirit of American patriotism.

The policy of Gen. Miles not to interfere with the local institutions of Puerto Rico is most popular, and the people, who at first feared sudden innovations, are delighted. For the present the Spanish mediæval system of courts will continue as it has during a period of 400 years, provided no obstacle is placed in the way of American occupation of the land. All that is required is the oath of allegiance and the Puerto Rican may go about his business as usual. The Anglo-Saxon idea of putting men on their honor is a new one in this place, but it is immensely popular, and the Puerto Ricans themselves are its strongest advocates. Every man who subscribes to the simple oath at police headquarters seems to be imbued at once with a kind of enthusiastic Americanism which makes him urge all his friends to follow his example.

A systematic administration of the oath to all officials in the surrendered towns has been ordered, and to-day (Aug. 2) the three judges of the highest civil and criminal court of Ponce were sworn. For the first time in the history of the United States judges in a foreign and supposedly hostile country swore, with God's help, to support the constitution of the United States. The situation was novel. In all legal literature of our country no form of oath exactly fitted, so the judge advocate on Gen. Miles' staff, Lieut.-Col. Klous, extemporized this:

"I, ———, do declare upon oath that during the occupation of the island of Puerto Rico by the United States of America I renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly to the queen regent and king of Spain, and that I will support the constitution of the United States

against all enemies, foreign or domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; further, that I will faithfully support the government of the United States as established by the military authorities of the same on the island of Puerto Rico, and yield obedience to the same, and that I take this obligation freely, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help me God."

The ceremony this morning was an example of American simplicity. The native judges, accustomed to Spanish ceremonial, appeared at 10 o'clock. They found the judge-advocate in a small room with an interpreter. The judges were standing, and the colonel stared at them through his spectacles as the interpreter read the translated oath. "Raise your right hands," he said. The judges obeyed. "Do you swear?" he inquired. "Si!" came from the three men, and the ceremony was over.

The priests of the cathedral here are of the order of Vincent de Paul. One of them, Father Janices, speaks English fluently. He it was who delivered the sermon in New York on the occasion of the Spanish memorial services after the death of Canovas. Speaking to-day of the church in Puerto Rico he said:

"We are neither cowards nor liars! We do not deny that we have always been loyal Spaniards, but we realize that the chief duty of the church is to save souls, not mingle in international quarrels. With all our hearts we welcome the Americans. Your constitution protects all religions, and we ask only for our church that protection which it has ever enjoyed in the United States. The archbishop of Puerto Rico is now in Spain. The vicar-general at San Juan is now acting. We shall no longer look to him as the ecclesiastical head, but so soon as possible will communicate with Cardinal Gibbons and await his wishes. Should any American soldier desire the ministrations of a priest we shall always be at his disposal. We have determined to become loyal Americans."

Throughout the entire interview Father Janices never once referred to Puerto Rico in any other way than as irretrievably lost to Spain.

Gen. Wilson met the local newspaper editors at his headquarters this afternoon and told them that he would not interfere with publications so long as they contained nothing hostile to the United States. He assured them that our country would do all in its power to increase the commercial industry and agriculture of Puerto Rico.

In the streets to-day boys are distributing handbills containing the proclamation in Spanish of the commission recently returned from the United States.

The soldiers and people are most friendly. All shopkeepers are protected and a military patrol affords ample protection against misdoing. One of the significant signs of the times is the sale of Spanish-American lexicons to the natives. American rule is an accepted fact, and business men are preparing for the new order of things.

## GEN. BROOKE AT SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

BY TRUMBULL WHITE.

Spanish and American officials in this island have exchanged preliminary formalities and assurances of their distinguished consideration and regard. All that is left to do is to settle the arrangements for evacuation by the former for the place to become the property of the United States in fact. The new tenant is not disposed to ask the old one to move out too hurriedly, but the process will not be long delayed.

For the last few days I have been about the palace of the captain-general a good deal, on various personal and official errands, and it has been impossible not to feel the pathos of the situation as it affects many persons when one stops to consider the personal equation in it. This phase of the matter was brought most forcibly to mind yesterday (Sept. 6) when the first formal call was made, the victors seeking the vanquished in the halls that were so soon to be transferred. Not many were favored with a sight of this particular event in the progress of the history of reconstruction, and those who were present will not forget it.

Gen. Brooke arrived at Rio Piedras Monday afternoon and waited at that suburb after his trip across the island, not coming into the city that day. Early the next morning the Seneca steamed into the harbor with Admiral Schley and Gen. Gordon aboard, thus making the American membership of the commission complete. Before noon it was arranged that at 4 o'clock the Americans, with their staffs, would call upon Capt.-Gen. Macias at the palace to pay their respects. The latter sent word that he would be pleased to offer them a welcome at that time, and the affair was settled. All day salutes were being fired in honor of the various magnates, and crowds of the citizens gathered at the mole and at the sea wall of the town to see the American vessels firing heavy charges of gunpowder in honor of the governor whom they were about to supplant. Admiral Schley, Gens. Brooke and Gordon

and Capt.-Gen. Macias all had their turn at being honored with salutes from the New Orleans and from Morro castle, Macias getting the highest number of guns because his rank is highest of them all.

At 3:30 o'clock I went to the palace to have a cable message passed by the censor—a privilege which the Spanish officials still reserve. The official interpreter first reads the message when this form is to be gone through, and having familiarized himself with what is desired to be sent takes it to the secretary of the local island government, virtually a cabinet minister in local affairs, and reads it to him in Spanish, translating as he goes. Once approved, the message is stamped on the back of each sheet over which it extends, the last one is signed by the secretary, and the formality is over. The secretary is not exacting now and little is forbidden to be sent, but the labor of the journey to the palace and the delays of waiting there are sometimes annoying.

Yesterday the interpreter told me that the British consul was with the secretary and it would be necessary to wait. Meanwhile we talked of those things in the United States and those books in English which the interpreter knew from his travel and study, and we were having a very pleasant visit of our own when the rattle of carriage wheels was heard on the pavement outside. It was the arrival of the American commissioners.

Out of the office bolted the secretary, down the hall and up the stairs to reach the grand saloon above before the Americans should enter. The interpreter followed in haste. The clerks and the under secretaries lined up in the entrance hall to see the distinguished visitors, who were halting at the entrance until they should all be out of their carriages and arranged in proper order of precedence. The under secretary turned to me in haste.

"Do you know which is Admiral Schley?" he asked, hurriedly, anxious, like all the others here, to see the man who destroyed Cervera's fleet. I pointed out the admiral and then the other members of the commission and the distinguished officers who accompanied them. As the last of the score of Americans in uniform passed down the hall and turned up the stairs, the sentries closing in behind them to prevent the entrance of any one else to the palace, he turned to me again with a signal to advance, and we walked up the stairs behind them.

The suite of rooms in which the captain-general received the eminent callers consisted of three lofty chambers, connecting by wide, arched doorways and extending all the way across the west face of that wing of the palace. The first was an anteroom into which we were ushered, and from it the commissioners, with their staff officers and interpreters, passed into the middle one, where Capt.-Gen. Macias awaited them with his own staff. There was a significant circumstance visible at once. The moment the Spanish officers saw the throng of Americans crowding the anteroom, preparatory to entering the next apartment, they moved on into the next room, the third and last of the suite, nor did they again enter the chamber where the call was actually in progress.

Capt.-Gen. Macias waited alone with his interpreter in the middle room of the three for the Americans to advance. They were ushered toward him, the introductions were made formally but rapidly, and the crowd formed into groups for conversation. On the west wall of the chamber and between two windows hung a great portrait of the queen regent of Spain. Under this stood a sofa, with room for three to be seated on it, and this was the center of attraction. Maj.-Gen. Brooke sat in the center, with Capt.-Gen. Macias at his left and his own interpreter at the right. In a chair at the end of the sofa and next to the Spanish commander was Rear-Admiral Schley. Brig.-Gen. Michael Sheridan, Gen. Brooke's chief of staff, was next beyond, and beside him Senor Panyagua, the official interpreter. Brig.-Gen. Gordon was seated at the right of Gen. Brooke's interpreter, and with this crescent as a center of interest the other Americans were seated facing them.

During the fifteen minutes through which the call extended the anteroom was occupied by half a dozen Spanish officers, who surrounded me and sought information concerning the identity of the various Americans. Admiral Schley was the one of greatest interest to them, and he was studied so keenly that they will all know him the next time. There remained no doubt as to what they thought of the relative work of American ships in the destruction of the fleet of Cervera and where the credit belonged. They were exceedingly interested to know that Gen. Sheridan is the brother of the Gen. Phil Sheridan whose name they knew so well. They were generous in their compliments concerning the fine-looking men in the staff and were in every way civil and friendly. One of the officers said to me that he felt sorry for those who had withdrawn into the third room, because they had no one in reach who could name to them the different Americans in the party.

# IN HAVANA DURING THE ARMISTICE.

BY DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.

There is a deal of sickness in the Spanish army in Havana (Sept. 14). As nearly as I can discover there are 27,000 infirms in the hospital. There are at least 70,000 regulars and volunteers available for the defense of the city. Seaward Havana is all but impregnable, and the continuous line of breastworks, blockhouses and forts which girds the city on the land side would make an assault costly and hazardous, and were all the approaches taken 10,000 determined men could barricade the narrow streets with their cobblestones and defend it from any quarter of the city against all but siege guns.

The knowledge of all this makes the Spanish officers, who seem to be half the population of the city, very loath to talk of the terms of evacuation. I have chatted with majors and colonels who still hope that the Paris negotiations will fall through and that the dispute will come again to a settlement by the sword. I know of others who cabled to Madrid, when the protocol was signed, that they would not be bound by any treaty of peace and that they would leave Cuba only as prisoners of war.

Many of the line officers will resign rather than return to the narrow stage of the mother country and the pittance pay of soldiers serving at home. Scores of captains and lieutenants are ready to offer their swords to the United States if they are assured of acceptance and a corresponding rank in our army.

"Spain's sword is broken," one of them said to me the other day, his voice choking with emotion, "and nothing we can do will save her. The double blight of age and poverty has fallen on her, and the treason of her sons has put her beyond hope. Spain cannot recover her ancient position as a great power in our lifetime. What use has she of soldiers, her credit gone with her colonies and the money to buy military stores and build a new navy lacking? We would embarrass her by our return, and I for one will cast in my lot with Cuba, whether Cubans or Americans rule."

The general officers are more conservative, but the root and branch of the Spanish army in Cuba is smarting under what they believe to be a disgraceful peace. The abuse which has been heaped upon them in the Spanish cortes has not soothed their wounded honor and it is quite within the range of possibility that Havana will know the clash of arms before the blood and gold ensign flutters down from Morro's staff.

The few common soldiers with whom I have spoken knew nothing of the terms of the peace protocol and believed that the American commission had come down to negotiate the surrender of the island at some enormous price, including their eight months' pay now in arrears. The Spanish army is disposed to exact that eight months' pay as a bribe for the peaceful evacuation of Havana. Disappointment may mean mutiny and all that comes after it.

The insurgents are another disturbing factor in the game the American commission must play. The hand of Blanco is as heavy upon them as it was before the signing of the protocol, and they grow restive under its weight. They are destitute and hungry, for the armistice has stopped foraging, and the Cubans of Havana are quite unable to feed them. The United States transport Comal, with 1,000,000 rations in her black hull, has lain three weeks over near Regla waiting for the Spanish government's permission to give away her bread and meat and beans.

Clara Barton sought vainly for a fortnight to land milk and medicine for the starving thousands of Havana, but the pride of Fernandez de Catro, the civil governor of the city, stood in the way, and the multitudes are still hungry.

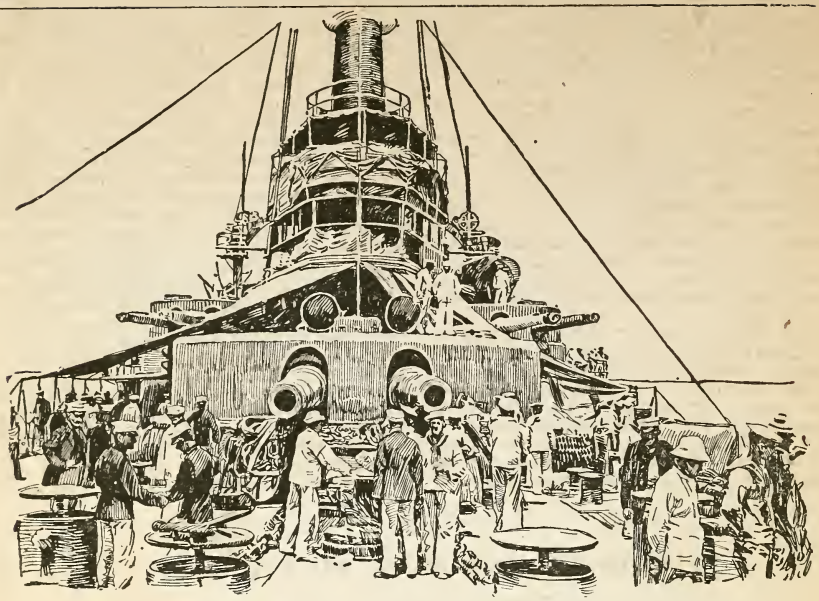
For the Cubans the armistice does not exist. Cabanas still has its political prisoners and four women who schemed and suffered to free Cuba have cells in the Recojidos. The suspects of the city are still under surveillance, and only yesterday a meeting of the Havana junta was postponed because the police got wind of it and sent a detachment of the civil guard to arrest the whole party.

Cuban demonstrations have been checked summarily. Since the establishment of the insurgent hospital at Mariano there have been one or two outbreaks of Cuban enthusiasm on Sundays, the regular visiting days. Last Thursday, which was a great feast day, Gen. Arolas, military governor of Havana province, rode out to Mariano at the head of four troops of cavalry, and the order of the day was to fire into any crowd that shouted "Viva Cuba Libre" or "Viva Los Estados Unidos."

There were no cheers and no bloodshed, but on Sunday seventeen young men were arrested because the "vivas" rang out. They were released, however, on Monday.

It was the menace of the shotted guns of Havana's garrison that was responsible for the city's quiet greeting of the American commission.

For two days before the Resolute trailed up and passed Cabanas with a white flag at her forepeak every soldiers or volunteer was under arms, and a hurrah when the commis-



FORWARD DECK OF THE UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP OREGON.

sion really did appear might have meant a massacre, but there was none. In silence absolute and profound the ungraceful transport lumbered up the bay and bumped her nose on an anchor buoy. There were no salutes, no dipping of flags, and it required twenty-four hours and the softening influence of that breakfast at the insular camara to unlock the breeches of the Resolute's guns. The American has not yet been saluted, but the Princess d'Asturias, sister of Alfonso XII., got the royal round of fifteen guns at noon last Sunday, which was her birthday.

Three thousand insurgents are encamped within a day's march of Havana, and hunger may drive them to some overt act which may embarrass the American commission. They have no stores, and foraging is forbidden, but starving men with arms in their hands cannot always be expected to be patriotic and philosophic. Some arrangement should be made by which the Comal's cargo can be landed, if not for Havana's 40,000 hungry men and women, at least for Roderiguez' forces and the gathering army of Gomez. Maj. Lanistern, who has charge of the Comal's stores, has reported to Gen. Wade, but nothing has yet been done toward landing the rations.

Clara Barton gave up in despair ten days ago and sailed back to Tampa with the Clinton, though she had promised Gomez half a million rations for his tattered troops. But much as the insurgents need food and medicines, the cry of Havana's starving multitudes is louder and more insistent. There is no escaping these hunger-tortured thousands. You meet them at every stride, whether it be in the swagger Prado, with its carefully swept parades and modish gowns, or in any of the nameless streets that toil zigzag over the slopes below. Brown, misbegotten shapes of rags and woe, they start out from the shadows of every pillar and lurk in every doorway, it seems, as you pass. They huddle in weary groups at the entrances of the theaters, watching for a face that promises pity. They push themselves in and out between the shifting ranks of the promenaders in the parks, themselves a tenth of the throng.

They storm the grilles that shut in the cafes, clamorous for the crumbs from your table. Your hackman pulls his horse sharply up at every alternate crossing to avoid running down a woman hunger-deaf and pain-blind. You wake at night trembling at the horror of a shriek beneath your window. Lucky you if you do not see the black litter of death go by, borne by four men, when two would find a light load in the skeleton corpse beneath the pall.

But Fernando de Castro, a Cuban and a blood brother to these starving ones—for nine of every ten are Cubans—shuts out the Red Cross and the succor the Red Cross can bring. The delicate foods and medicines these Cubans must have in order to live are

not to be had in Cuba. Clara Barton had 400 tons aboard the Clinton to fill the first need. It would take ten times as much to help these women and children to a new grip on life.

The Comal's 1,500 tons of hardtack, salt pork and beans are next to worthless at the present stage. It was a mistake to load the Comal with army rations. It was a greater mistake to send transports to Havana without more than a casual notice to the Spanish authorities. Blanco, De Castro and Montero are but human, and Washington's calm assumption that they were ready to receive whatever Washington chose to send them touched every official of the insular government, Spaniard or autonomist, to the quick.

It is hard to sit still under such tactless bungling as the dispatching of the Comal showed. The transport lumbered down from Tampa without invoice, manifest or clearance papers of any sort. The administration did not even ask Havana's consent to land provisions after she arrived, though the Spanish officials are in charge of the customs here and the complexion of the city government is perhaps more intensely Spanish than it has ever been before.

Nominally the government's vessel, the Comal is in effect a merchantman, and it is an open question, according to Spanish ideas, whether the usual fines imposed on merchantmen neglecting their clearances cannot be lawfully imposed upon her. That contention was waived by Secretary Montero, but the fine was imposed on the Clinton, Miss Barton's ship, which was also ordered to Havana by Secretary Alger without formally warning Havana.

The customs officers insist upon their pound of flesh, however, and as one way out of the difficulty the autonomist cabinet two weeks ago subscribed a sum sufficient to pay the duties on the Comal's cargo. The excuse offered was that the civil government should have the distribution of the stores. If any proof were needed that horrible want prevails in Havana the action of the cabinet would be convincing. The Comal has wounded their feelings by her unceremonious appearance, but the cry of the hungry in Havana cannot be drowned by official phrases.

## FORTS OF SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

Awaiting the word to enter the harbor of San Juan, the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Frolic are anchored close in-shore this afternoon, less than a mile from the Morro, and in such a position as to enable those aboard to obtain a splendid view of the capital city of Puerto Rico. The Cincinnati, flying the blue pennant of Capt. Colby M. Chester, senior officer of the station, arrived last night, Aug. 14, accompanied by the dispatch boat Frolic, and joined the New Orleans, which has been continually on blockade duty here of late, except for a few days, when, owing to an error in assignments, no ships were cruising along this coast.

When the Cincinnati came Capt. Chester was not aware that hostilities had been suspended, and was both surprised and suspicious when the Spaniards signaled from the Morro that he might anchor close to shore. After a long conversation by means of the international code, however, he was convinced that all was well, and so the three ships cast anchor near the shoal to the northeast of the Morro and just east of the harbor entrance. A white flag was set on the fortifications and the Cincinnati replied by sending a similar signal to the foretop. Soon afterward a small boat put off from shore, bearing messages from Capt.-Gen. Macias to Capt. Chester. In a very courteous note the Spanish commander assured the captain that he was prepared to extend every privilege within his power to grant. He suggested that cable communication between San Juan and the outside world was uninterrupted and offered to send such messages as the squadron commander might wish to forward to his government or friends. The proffer was accepted and cables were exchanged between Capt. Chester, the navy department at Washington and Admiral Sampson. Capt.-Gen. Macias went even further, and said that he would be glad to have the Americans use the land telegraphs in order to communicate with their friends at Ponce, provided they so wished; and as a result our forces at all points on the island are in easy touch with one another.

At present it will not be possible for the ships to enter the harbor. In the channel several ships have been sunk by the Spanish, and the place is, according to the captain-general, well studded with mines. These he expects to remove as soon as definite instructions are received from Madrid, at which time he says he will be glad to furnish pilots and welcome the sailors ashore. In the meantime the best of feeling appears to prevail, and both parties are comfortably awaiting the end of the negotiations. Not to be outdone in politeness, Capt. Chester sent word that he would be glad to place the Frolic at the disposal of the captain-general if the lat-

ter wished to send for mail or supplies to St. Thomas. He also intimated that he would gladly send for the families of Spanish officers, at present refugees in the Danish West Indies, in order that they might return to begin the work of packing preparatory to the change of abode which is to follow the signing of a treaty of peace. This brought forth the profuse thanks of the Spanish commander, who declined the use of the Frolic, but asked that the Spanish steamer Ibo Bosh be permitted to visit St. Thomas, get mail and supplies and communicate with the Spanish consul there. This request was immediately granted, and this morning, under the flag of Spain, provided with a safe-conduct, the Ibo Bosh steamed out of the harbor and eastward along the coast, the first craft to fly the flag of Spain in these waters for some time. She is expected to return within three days, and her papers require all American vessels to facilitate her voyage to the utmost of their ability.

From the upper deck of the Cincinnati this afternoon almost every nook and corner of San Juan may be seen under the glass. Citizens and soldiers are watching the ships with interest, Red Cross flags are flying from all the hospitals and public buildings, while only from the big fort to the east is to be seen the Spanish flag. Very picturesque and beautiful appears this city, built on a long and narrow island, separated from the mainland at one end by a shallow arm of the sea, over which is the San Antonio bridge. At this point on the north coast is a sandspit, about nine miles in length, running apparently to join the small islets and keys, while at the other end the island ends in a rugged bluff more than 100 feet high and nearly a mile distant from the main island.

The principal fortification of the city crowns this promontory, the form of the castle being that of an obtuse angle, with three tiers of batteries, placed one above the other, toward the sea, their fires crossing one another. Toward the city it has a wall flanked by two bastions of heavy artillery, which dominate all the intermediate space, covering the city thoroughly and indicating an intent to prepare for trouble from the land side, as if danger was to be feared from the people who professed allegiance to the flag which floated from its staff. The usual barracks are here, large water tanks may be seen and several warehouses. The cross on the spire of a small chapel shimmers in the sunlight. A mine descends from the castle to the seashore through the entrance of the port, its issue being defended by a battery. Troops may enter and leave the works by this means, protected from the fire of an enemy.

The site of this fortification has always been regarded with preference by officers detailed to construct defenses for the city. Originally it was but a single battery, although as far back as 1584 the plan of the fortress was drawn and gradually developed until reaching its present state of perfection. When remodeled and armed with modern rifles, behind which are stationed American artillerymen, it will be impregnable. On the top of this castle is a revolving light rising to a height of 170 feet above the level of the sea and sending its rays eighteen miles across the waves of the Atlantic.

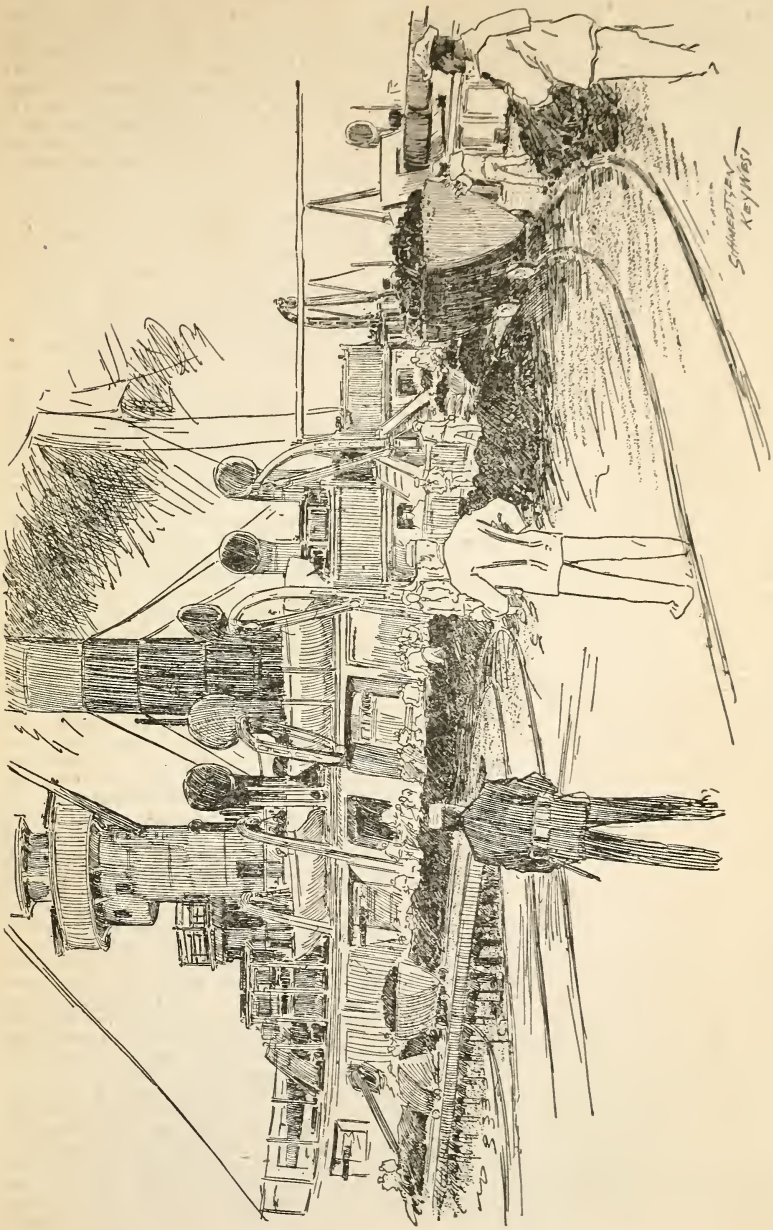
San Juan harbor is at the western end of the island on which the city is built. On the right bank in San Juan de la Cruz castle, erected on the Cenedo shoal, very dangerous during a north wind. The channel is narrow, with a rocky bottom, so close under the headland that two vessels may not pass. In some places the water is thirty feet deep, but owing to obstructions placed when war was declared navigation is impossible for the present.

Facing the ocean and northeast of the city is the castle of San Cristobal. It defends San Juan on the land side, occupying the entire width of the islet from the bay to the outer sea. It has two large bomb-proof barracks upon which is the Caballero fort, with twenty-two cannon, more imposing than useful in this day of rapid-fire guns. Below the castle is the drill ground, and a number of Spanish soldiers could be seen to-day going through military evolutions.

Three large ravelins follow the scheme of defense: San Carlos, occupying the hilltop; Principe, on the slope of the Ceusta, and Principal, where is the drawbridge of the second fosse, giving issue to counter trenches, the covered way and the field reached through the gate of Santiago. For the most part all these fortifications are cut from solid rock, and the tiers of batteries as viewed from the sea give the impression of immense power, although we know that they are inadequate in modern warfare.

Starting from the southern part of San Cristobal castle and following the edge of the bay a line of bulwarks is encountered, being those of Santiago and San Pedro, the curtain being interrupted by the Espana gate, after which follow the bulwark of San Justo and a gate of the same name, which forms an arch under the curtain. Then comes the half-bulwarks of San Justo, the bulwark of La Palma or San Jose, the platform of Concepcion, to the half-bulwark and fortress of Santa Catalina. From here to the half-bulwark of San Agustin to the west is the gate of San Juan and then the platform of Santa Elena.

These fortifications were begun in 1630 and finished in 1641, but not until 1771 were the castle of San Cristobal and the outworks built. There are many minor works, but the majority of them need not be considered as adequate defenses, their value being more artistic than military. On the extreme east of the islet and near the San Antonio bridge



UNITED STATES GUNBOAT HELENA TAKING ON COAL AT KEY WEST.

is the small fort of San Jeronimo, which defends the passage. Between Morro castle and the north coast near Palo Seco, and in the middle of the entrance to the bay, is a small fort called Cannelo.

The bay, entered after rounding the bluff, is broad and beautiful, landlocked and with a good depth of water. It is said to be the best harbor in Puerto Rico, although during the winter months the northerly winds make it impossible for sailing vessels to clear, and they frequently detain steamers.

San Juan island is shaped much like an arm and hand. It is two and one-half miles long and averages less than one-quarter of a mile in width. The greatest width is half a mile, and here the larger part of the city is located.

With its portcullis, moat, gates and battlements San Juan is a perfect specimen of a walled town, while the mountains of Bayomon, commanding the city to the southwest, lend grandeur to a scene of great beauty as viewed from the sea. It is of especial interest to those who have lived their lives in a prairie country.

## SOME ROUGH RIDERS STORIES.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

"I looked around an' there was Jim, about the color of a chiny nest egg, an' his jawbone stickin' out below his ear like he'd dislocated a chew of tobacker, he was setting his teeth down so hard to keep 'em from rattlin'. I seen him snap his gun twicet before he noticed the magazine was empty, an' his hair had lifted his hat plum off'n his head. I notice he hasn't found it yet."

"You're a liar," retorted the person referred to, calmly. "You never was anything else but a liar an' you never will be. You was too busy makin' up what does you for a mind whether you had sand enough to dodge the bullets an' run to notice me; but you've accidentally got in shoutin' distance of the truth this time. I was good an' scared."

A group of rough riders of troop G were discussing the events of the fight at La Guasinas as they were camped on the plateau they had so dearly won. It was bright moonlight, but there was already a slight chill in the air, and the handfuls of fires dotted here and there among the shelter tents looked cheerful. Most of the men were sleeping soundly, and their deep breathing sounded curiously distinct in the pauses in the conversation. One could hear, too, the tread of the sentry on the gravel in the road below and the rattle of the thickly lying cartridge shells as he kicked them aside in his walks.

"I'd have given six months' pay and a pound of smokin' tobacker to have been in the milk cellar on my ranch," said a third. "George Roland was near me when he was hit, an' I thought my time had come, sure. Then we passed that L troop trumpeter the next rush. Who's seen Heffner? Some one said he was wounded."

"Killed," said the first speaker, and there was silence for a minute.

"I was never scared so bad but once before," remarked a slightly built, boyish-looking young fellow. "That was when I was working for the Turkey Tracks two years ago last September. I'd been huntin' horses over in Peabody's canyon, an' hadn't found a hoof, an' along about sundown I come to a little 'dobe house with a slab corral. I didn't reckon there was any one in, for I hadn't seen no smoke as I come along. So I put my cayuse in the corral an' shook down a forkful of hay for him to bite on, an' then opened the door an' walked in.

"I made for the flour barrel first thing an' I found it was empty, all but a couple of stale biscuits. There was some coffee on the stove, though, an' it smelt tol'able fresh, so I built a little fire in the stove an' warmed it up. That made me a supper, an' when that was done I prospected around some more an' found a bundle of illustrated papers an' the best part of a candle. That was a puddin'. I d'no when I'd seen so much readin' matter before. Well, befor I turned in to read 'em I started to look for a lantern so'd I could go out an' look after the cayuse, but I couldn't find one high ner low. Then it occurs to me that the feller that owned the ranch might have put it under the bed, an' I took hole of the foot an' hoisted it around, an' there under that bed was a man lyin' with his throat cut.

"No use talkin', I was stampeded. I didn't stop to open the door—I went straight at it an' busted it off the hinges. I hadn't time to get my pony. I lit out on the keen run an' never stopped till I got to Santa Clara.

"Then I began to feel that I had acted like a locoed hen, an' I reckoned at first that I wouldn't take no one into my confidence, but when I got into Henry Marty's place I seen Charley Simmons, the sheriff, an' I took him outside an' told him. He thought the best thing to do was to go out to the ranch an' investigate, an' invited the crowd to go with him. All their horses was tied outside, an' I never thought for a moment, but started to hunt for mine. Then I remembered. 'Where's your pony?' says Charley. 'I left him in the

corral at the ranch,' I says. 'He was tuckered out,' an' there wasn't no hurry, so I concluded I'd walk in."

"Charley didn't say nothin', but he commenced to holler an' laff, an' the rest of them joined in an' I just had to take it.

"Well, I got another horse an' we started out, but when we got up to the top of the hill we saw a red light in the sky over by the ranch.

" 'The kid's set the place afire," says Charley. Well, sir, that's just what I'd done. I'd thrown the candle over on the bed or somewheres, an' when we got there there wasn't nothin' but the four 'dobe walls left. There wasn't enough of that dead man left to hold an inquest on. Maybe they didn't amuse themselves with me good an' plenty. They got out a story that I'd killed the man an' then burned the house to cover up my crime, and a darned fool prosecuting attorney they had in that county wanted to take it up. I had my troubles over that."

"It was a good joke on you," said Trooper Jim. "Who's got any water in his canteen?"

"There's a good cold spring about a quarter of a mile down the road," observed the "kid." "You can't miss it; there's a dead Spaniard a rod above an' the walkin's good."

Around headquarters there was no story-telling that night. Everybody was thinking about the battle and of those who had fallen. Forgetfulness had not yet come. Allyn Capron's death seemed a personal loss to each one of his brother officers. Each one had something to say that showed his admiration and affection for the gallant young soldier. Church broke down as he told of his last moments. "I'm done for," he had said, when they raised him up. "You can't help me. Old man"—to Dr. Church—"won't—you—please write to my wife?" Then, as he was suffering intense pain, the surgeon administered cocaine, and he became mercifully unconscious.

"It was the death he would have chosen," said one. "He was a soldier through and through."

But a few days later the dead appeared to be forgotten. I say "appeared." They were held no less in affectionate remembrance in one sense, but amid such scenes as are enacted in war one lives years in a few days. The events of a week ago seem wonderfully remote, and one's sensibilities become dulled. It is well that it is so.

I believe that there is more story-telling around a soldier's campfire than in any other place in the world. I am sure that I have heard more told since I have been in Cuba than ever in my life before. Perhaps it is owing to the soldier's desire to divert his mind from his present surroundings and by recalling the past to convince himself that he really was at one time—to use his own expression—"on earth." Perhaps it is because it is about the only form of amusement. Col. Roosevelt is a good story-teller, and whether he is talking of his little Missouri ranch experiences or of the humors of a New York police court he always has a large and interested audience. One night he was speaking of the Marquis de Mores. "It was like living with a cotton-mouthed adder to be with him," he said—"exciting and interesting, but not pleasant. An intensely spectacular man—dramatic. He would receive an anonymous note warning him not to go by a certain butte, where he could never by any possibility have had any intention of going; that assassins were concealed there waiting for him. Forthwith he would festoon himself with pistols and knives, mount his coal-black horse and ride round that butte, glaring into the darkness. People fleeced him and humbugged him right and left. He wanted to join the Apaches at one time. They appealed to him as a noble and oppressed race. They would have eaten him."

Describing one of his western neighbors, Col. Roosevelt said: "He was a man of large and liberal views. He had no foolish and puerile prejudices against virtue. 'Some people didn't believe in arson,' he would reason. 'Well, that was entirely their own affair. No reason why I should quarrel with them on that account or hold myself above them.' "

An anecdote he told me with keen relish was of two "bad men" who "shot it out" with Winchester rifles in the main street of Medora. One of them fell with a bullet in his hip, his rifle dropping out of reach. His antagonist was aiming for the coup de grace when he felt a touch on his arm. Looking round, he saw a meek and venerable old person called "Uncle Billy," who gained his livelihood by sweeping out a saloon, cleaning the cuspidors and serving an occasional drink.

"Jake," said the old man, imploringly, "let me finish him; I never killed a man yit."

Beyond a few shots exchanged between outposts and one or two unimportant skirmishes between Cuban scouting parties and Spanish guerrillas there has been no fighting since the engagement of Friday (June 24). The army is still encamped along the Santiago road west of the Rio Guama, with Gen. Lawton's brigade in advance. It is practically in column, though strong outposts occupy the country for two or three miles on either flank, in order that the advance can be made at an instant's notice, when everything is in readiness. Just now there is delay, two of the reasons for which are the arrivals of unexpected re-enforcements and the difficulty of getting provisions and ammunition to the front. Gen. Lawton is unwilling to continue the advance on Santiago while fresh troops are coming in, reasoning that he can operate more effectively with a larger force and with less loss, and so long as the means of transportation are only sufficient to get one day's rations at a time to the troops a forward movement is manifestly impossible. This is the condition at present.

GEN. WHEELER RECONNOITERING FROM A TREE BEFORE SANTIAGO.

The department of transportation and the commissariat have been in unavoidable confusion. There have not been enough boats to get the provisions to the shore, some of the mule trains are without pack saddles, the road has been almost impassable and a hundred other things have added to the difficulty. The men have been taking the inaction philosophically and have been consistently violating every known hygienic rule, apparently without the least ill effect. They have slept in wet clothing, drunk unboiled water and eaten unripe fruit continually, but nobody seems to get sick. The confinement to camp is of course irksome when an uninviting country is spread out before them, but then there is outpost duty to look forward to, and this gives them plenty of opportunity to range the woods and morass and to gather mangoes and limes to their heart's content.

Then there is the pleasant excitement of watching occasional blurs of white, which may be Spaniards or may be Cubans, skulking along the summit of some distant hill, or of running upon some interesting evidence of Spanish occupation. One of these was a rusty pair of fetters and a five-foot chain found stapled to a tree near one of the blockhouses. Inside one of the massive iron rings was the bleached remnant of a human leg bone. An old machete, the horn handle almost disintegrated by the action of the weather, was lying in the rank grass close by.

Scouting at night is less agreeable. There are mountains to climb and dense thickets of Spanish bayonet and fish-hooked brambles to scramble through. The tall grass and underbrush is dripping with the heavy dew and drenches you to the skin. You almost hold your breath to preserve the strict silence demanded and then stumble on a dead branch that snaps like a pistol shot. There is a white object ahead—something that moves and looks like a Spanish uniform. Then if you are a prudent and soldierly scout you conceal yourself behind a tree, pull the lever of your carbine back noiselessly and after a moment's pause peer carefully round. Now it is still. Now the wind sweeps through the trees and it moves again. You have a horrible suspicion now, and advance, though still cautiously, to find a dead drooping palm branch swaying in the breeze. Several of the sentries have alarmed their camps by halting the red and black land crabs that swarm through the woods. These grotesque, goggle-eyed crustaceans have a nerve-shattering way of scuttling backward through the brush and dry leaves at night, and the sentries are certainly excusable.

Gen. Wheeler is particularly addicted to scouting. Yesterday this kindly, mild-looking little veteran, who swung his hat and jumped like a boy when the first Hotchkiss shell struck the Spanish breastworks, went out on a reconnoissance that took him within four miles of Santiago. There happened to be a handy palm tree at this point, and up the trunk the general swarmed, perching in the branches and calmly surveying the outworks of the enemy through his field glasses.

Gen. Shafter reached Gen. Wheeler's quarters last evening and dropped breathless into a hammock, which creaked so alarmingly under his weight that he quickly abandoned it for the ground. In the course of the conversation that followed the venerable ex-confederate officer alluded to the tree-climbing incident.

"You climb a tree!" exclaimed Gen. Shafter.

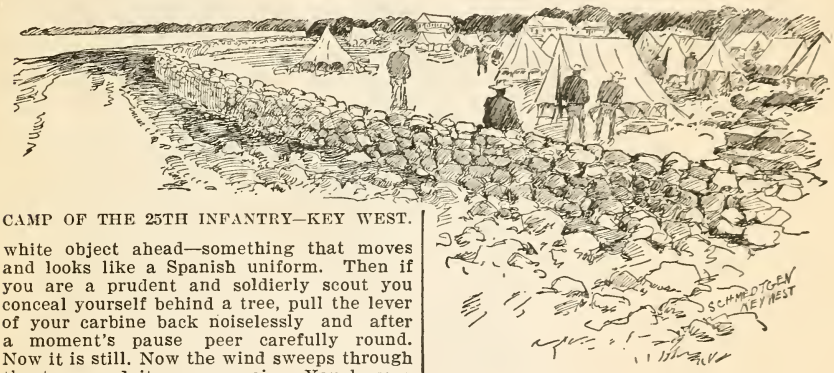
"Certainly; why not?" replied Gen. Wheeler.

"How old are you, general?" inquired the portly commander of the invading forces.

"Sixty-one, but I don't feel it," said Gen. Wheeler.

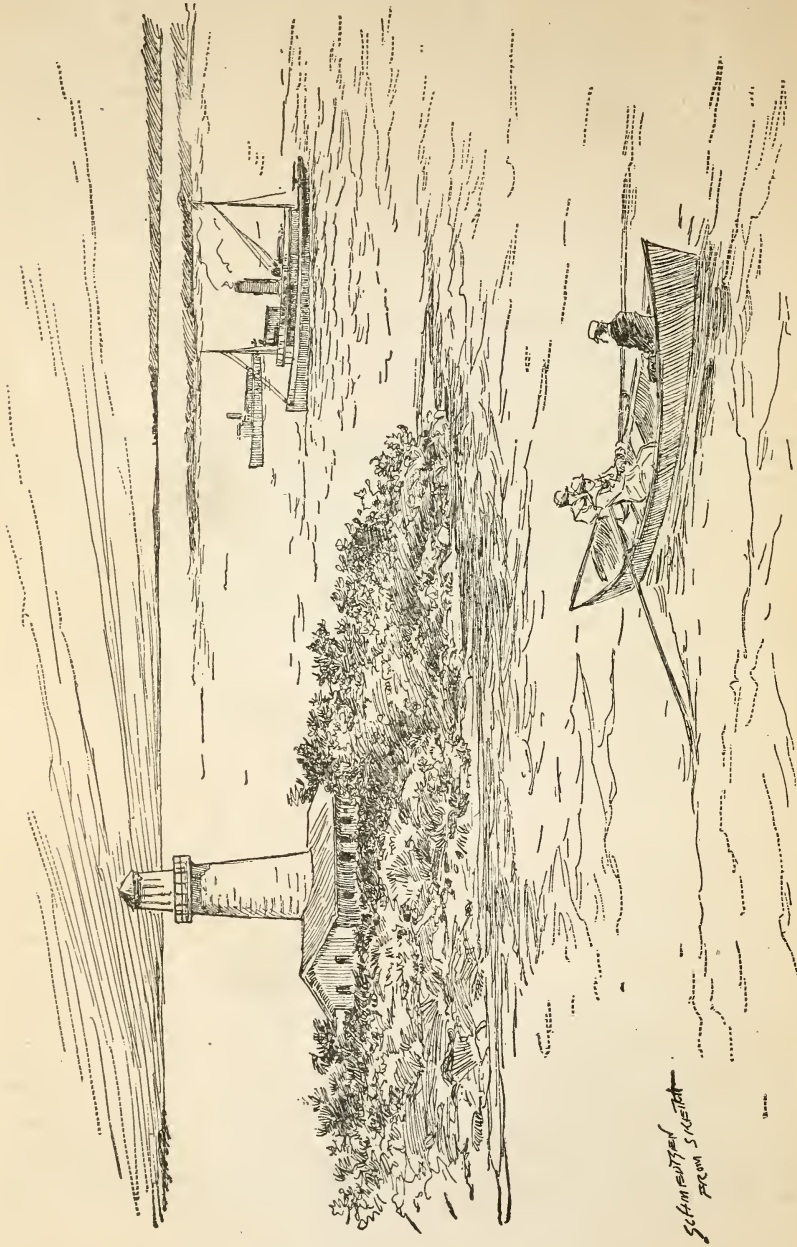
Gen. Shafter eyed the spare figure before him silently and enviously for a moment and then he said: "Well, I wish I could do that."

This morning the Santiago road was in fairly good condition. Parties of brawny soldiers have been at work for the last two days plying picks and shovels unceasingly, while detachments of Cubans went ahead and




CAMP OF THE 25TH INFANTRY—KEY WEST.

mowed down the bushes with keen-edged machetes. Last night it was possible to wheel the field and Gatling guns to the front, and wagons loaded down with provisions supplemented the mule trains. But this afternoon conditions are again changed. The second rain of the season, with a crackle and crash of thunder and a flashing of jagged spears of lightning across the low-hanging sky, burst over the encamped army a little after 12 o'clock. In a minute, it seemed, torrents of yellow water were rushing along the road, washing deep gullies in the soft earth, swelling the little Rio Guama to a veritable river and driving the laden mules in a stampede for the higher ground. The sheets of water beat down on the shelters with a force that drove it through the heavy canvas as though it had been mere cheese-cloth. There was no escaping it, and everything and everybody is wet to-night. The storm did not last long, but the dark, heavy



LIGHTHOUSE NORTH OF CARDENAS USED BY AMERICAN BLOCKADE SQUADRON AS A BEACON.

clouds and the white mist wreathed about the mountains gave promise of more rain to-morrow. Moreover, the roads are already in a state that will greatly impede the progress of the army and its equipment.

Gen. Young called at the rough riders' headquarters this afternoon and complimented Capt. W. O. O'Neill on his gallantry in attempting, at the imminent risk of his own life, the rescue of two drowning soldiers at Baiquiri. It is more than probable that Capt. O'Neill will receive a medal of honor for his bravery, a recommendation to that effect having been made. He is now acting major of the 1st squadron of the rough riders in place of Maj. Brodie, who was wounded in Friday's fight.

The siege guns brought from Tampa have not yet been unloaded from the transports, and it will take nearly ten days to get them to the front and mount them. It has therefore been decided to attempt the capture of the city without them, using the field and Gatling and dynamite guns alone. This will make the assault possible within two days. If the resistance offered is too stubborn the army will settle down for a regular siege and the big guns will be brought up.

## IN CUBAN HOSPITALS.

BY KATHERINE WHITE.

When the Red Cross nurses landed through the surf yesterday morning to offer their services to the United States army hospital corps at this base they found ample opportunity for work. The first battle had been fought on Friday, three days before, and the list of wounded and sick was a long one. As fast as possible they were being brought down from the hills and placed in the available buildings in this village which afforded shelter. No hospital had been established on land in advance, and the Olivette, which had been hurriedly fitted up as an ambulance ship at the last moment, when the transports were sailing from Port Tampa, was the only place equipped for caring for disabled soldiers. The most seriously wounded were taken out to the ship, and when that was full one of the transports was also given for their use. But there still remained on shore nearly a hundred unprovided for. They were taken to an old warehouse and deposited on the bare floor, with only their blankets for a bed.

The Red Cross physicians first went to that place and offered the services of the Red Cross. The surgeon in charge declined to accept them, saying that the army hospital corps was thoroughly organized and did not require any extra assistance. The Red Cross then went to the Cuban hospital, where they were received with the warmest gratitude. But the physicians in charge said: "We can't let the sisters come here now; it is no fit place for ladies. Wait until to-morrow, when we have put things in a little better order, and then we shall be glad to have them come and nurse these poor fellows."

Dr. Egan hastened to assure him that the Red Cross sisters did not come to Cuba for a holiday, adding, jocularly: "They belong to the help-yourself society."

"Oh, well," the physician then said, "if that is the case they may come in. We have belonged to that society for three years."

They did go in, and in a very short time those unhappy Cuban insurgents learned that real friends had come to them. Some were shockingly ill. There were two cases verging on pneumonia, one of pernicious fever, and all were more or less suffering.

The hospital is one which the Spanish soldiers had used before their departure for safer parts. It was supplied with cots, so that the patients were not obliged to lie on the floor. But the house, a little, vine-covered shanty, and the men themselves were in a pitiful condition of uncleanliness.

The sisters of the Red Cross needed only permission to go to work, and soon the clean white aprons were pinned back and sleeves rolled up, and they were in the midst of a very palpable relief occupation. As soon as a room was put in order the men were moved into it and bathed, put into clean nightshirts and given gruel. The Spaniards evidently had pretty well equipped hospitals, for the sisters found chests containing blankets, linen, nightshirts and medical supplies. With those and the bed linen brought from the State of Texas the men were soon enjoying all the comforts of civilization. Their gratitude was sincere. One poor fellow, after he had been comfortably established in his bed, reached up his hand affectionately, patted little Sister Minnie's cheek and said: "I love you so much." It was the best way he knew of expressing his appreciation.

When I called there again at 4 o'clock I found a neat, clean hospital and most of the men quietly sleeping.

On the veranda I met Maj. B. J. Bueno, a major of artillery on Gen. Rabi's staff. One of the gentlemen of the Red Cross had known Maj. Bueno in happier days in Cuba, and very pertinently described him as one

THE NEW YORK'S WHALEBOAT AND ITS CREW.

of the young Cubans who used to part his hair in the middle. The major good-naturedly protested. "No, no," he said, "I never was a dude; but now"—he glanced ruefully at his dress; it consisted of a soiled white linen coat and trousers, with an undershirt peeping out at the neck, top boots and a battered Panama sombrero; at his side dangled a long machete—"my own mother wouldn't know me." He looked up with a laugh. "I am engaged to be married to a young lady in New York," he continued. "I am afraid if she saw me she would say this was not what she contracted for. I have not had on a shirt for two years and I am afraid my evening dress suit wouldn't fit." His eye twinkled as he went on: "I wonder how I would look." Then he dropped his head and repeated in an absent way: "I wonder how I would look."

I asked him if they were glad to see the Red Cross sisters. His face beamed. "Glad to see them?" he said. "We were never so glad to see any one. When men have tramped for three years, starving, sick and wounded, with no hope of help, with not one grain of medicine, with no place to stop in safety, we know how to appreciate such friendship as this. Now they will have some courage to go on. When they know there is some

one back here ready to care for them if they fall wounded, ready to give them food and medicine, they can fight with a new strength. Oh, it is wonderful!"

He told us that he had been wounded four times—three times with Mauser bullets, and they were not so bad, he said, as they go in smooth and clean and the wound heals rapidly. But the last time he was struck in the leg with a piece of shell, and that was bad. He was taken to a hut and the negroes dressed his wound and treated it with herbs, and after a long time it got well; but he had a serious illness and came near losing his leg. Maj. Bueno has lived the greater part of his life in New York and Paris. He enlisted as a private when the Cuban rebellion first broke out and he has been in the field ever since, except for a short time two years ago when he was sent to New York with dispatches and narrowly escaped arrest.

He was asked if he enjoyed the adventure of the army life. "No, no," he said, quickly; "we have had enough. It is fearful. We have lived like savages. For months at a time we have had nothing to eat but mangoes. We have gone barefooted and in rags. Our bodies have become so accustomed to hardship that civilization does not agree with us. Believe me," he went on, "I was invited to a supper by one of your naval officers and it made me ill. The ice actually hurt my teeth. But wait till we get to Santiago." His eyes took an expression that boded ill to his enemies. "Oh, we have suffered! The Spanish are savages—it will be a hot day when we capture that town. And the Cubans who have not come to fight with us, but have lived there, friends with the Spanish and paying taxes to their government—we shall treat them as if they were traitors."

Some one said to him: "And you have no fear of the Spanish fleet? What if they shell you?"

"We will fight," he said, earnestly; "we have our guns and we have our strong will—we will fight." As he turned to go he hesitated and said: "I wish I had a card to give you, but we are not using cards just now." Then he went down the steps with his machete clanking behind him.

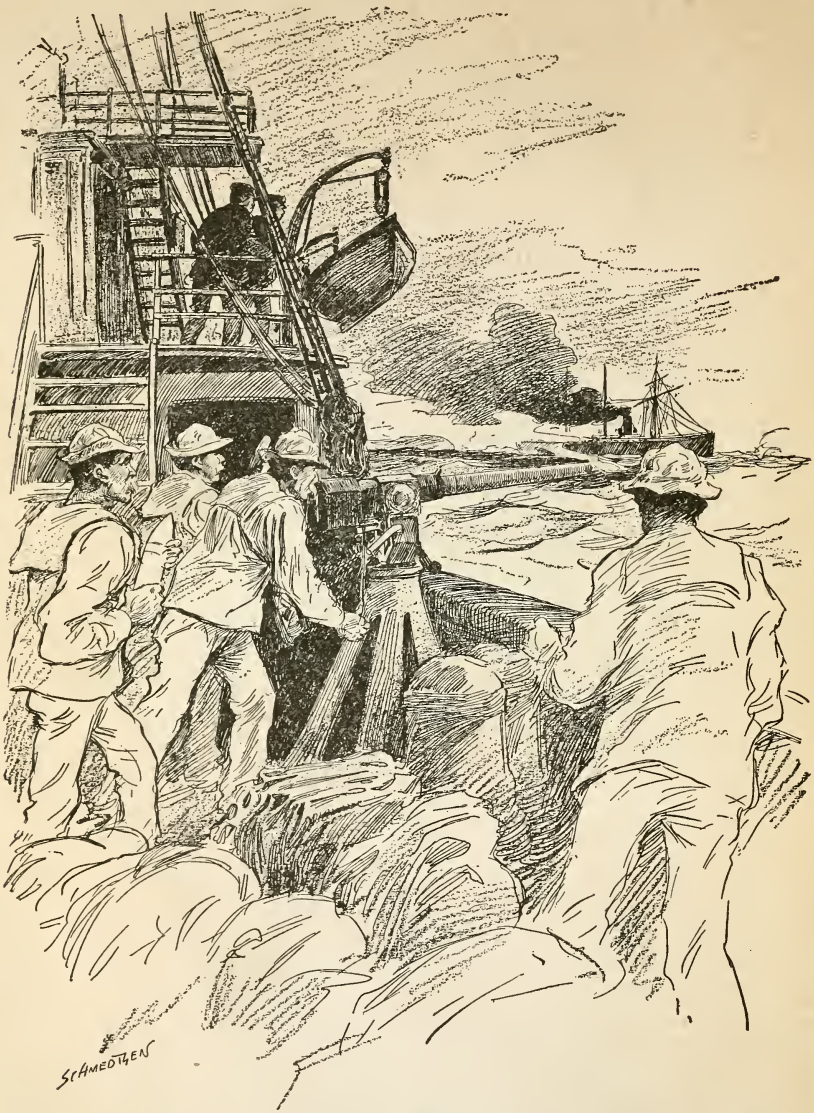
I saw a troop of insurgents starting to the front. A picturesque company it might have looked viewed from a distance or through a picture. But at such close quarters it was simply heart-sickening. If one could lose sight of the awful reality of it all they would look grotesque and absurd. It was a strange panorama as they marched along in all their filthy tatters, emaciated, limping and bending under the burden of their packs. There were no warwhoops such as our boys gave as they started on the march—there was not the slightest indication of mirth. I did not even hear a word spoken. They just tramped along in silent, miserable apathy. Many of them looked so pitifully young. There were boys scarcely taller than the long machetes dangling at their sides.

We found Gen. Garcia sitting on the veranda of one of the most substantial houses in the village. He is a fine-looking old warrior. A deep bullet wound in the center of his forehead gives him a rather fierce look, but when he spoke his voice was very kind and his manner most cordial. He was very enthusiastic over the prospects of the campaign. "But it is a pity," he said, "that the government of the United States did not recognize us sooner and let us do our own fighting. We are sorry to sacrifice your soldiers. It is a great pity."

It indeed seemed a great pity to us who went to call on our soldiers in the warehouse called by courtesy a hospital. It was then 5 o'clock Monday afternoon and they had been brought there on Friday after the battle. The warehouse is a miserable shakedown old building with one long room in front and two smaller ones in the back. There were sixty-four men lying on the floor. All were sick or wounded. Some had only their blankets between them and the bare floor and some had not even that comfort. In all the place there was just one cot. A number of the men looked painfully ill. It would be impossible to convey a correct idea of the appearance of the place. The building was reeking with filth and vermin. The floors were broken and rough. The heat was intense. The head nurse, with whom I talked, said he had only four nurses to look after the men and they were overwhelmed with work. The most serious cases had been sent to the hospital ships, but there were not accommodations for all. In another building there were twenty cases of measles. In all they had eighty sick on shore and they could not get around to attend to them. Some of the soldiers with whom we talked complained bitterly of the treatment. One who had been in the regular army thirteen years said: "It is hard to be sick in this place and be so sore from contact with the hard boards that we can scarcely move."

They have had no food but army rations, no change of clothing, no baths and no beds, and they are lying in the midst of flies, vermin and dirt. It is a discouraging blow to patriotism. As long as they are well they are willing to take any hardship that comes and bear it like men and soldiers, but when they fall sick and wounded and find no provision made for their relief it will not take long to dampen their enthusiasm.

I was told by the surgeon in charge that the army was adequately equipped with hospital supplies, but that they had been unable to land them. But a consignment of blankets and pillows had been sent by the Red Cross early in the morning and they had lain piled in the corner all day waiting for some one to give the order to distribute them. No order had come and the men were suffering for the want of them. From what I was able to




THE U. S. S. MANGROVE CAPTURING THE SPANISH AUXILIARY CRUISER PANAMA.

learn it would appear that the army has not neglected to provide hospital comforts for its men, but there seems to be a woeful lack of management.

The landing from the transports was still in progress, and it was being done under the most trying difficulties. A heavy surf was running and the boats were almost swamped

at every trip. Many of the men landed wet to their waists. Inspector-General Breckinridge said: "I am sorry to say that in war this is the first thing we land," and he pointed to a huge stack of ammunition boxes. "We have not enough boats to attend to the landing of the hospital supplies at the same time, consequently they must wait."

When the Red Cross sisters came from their first day's labor in the field it was with the satisfaction that they had been able to accomplish so much. "We have made twenty men comfortable to-day," they said, "and our one regret is that our first work could not have been given to our own boys instead of to the Cubans." The four sisters with Sister Bettina—Mrs. Lesser—at the head have the distinction of being the first Red Cross nurses to give their services with the army of the United States in Cuba.

## FIGHTING AT MALATE.

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.

In company with Gen. Mariana Noriel and some other insurgent officers, I visited the trenches near Malate yesterday, where fierce fighting is going on between the Spaniards and Filipinos. The insurgents at this place have advanced their trenches to within 1,000 yards of the fort at Malate and within 200 yards of the Spanish intrenchments protecting the road leading to the fort. There is constant firing from the two opposing forces intrenched there, almost within hailing distance from each other, but in the daytime it is the scattering and desultory work of the sharpshooters. At night the firing is in volleys.

Early in the morning of July 6 I went by boat to Paranaque, where the insurgent headquarters for that district are situated. The town is on the shore of the bay and about half way between Bakor and Malate. The American fleet, with reference to the position of Paranaque, is about four miles to the west, just off Cavite. Gen. Marian Noriel's headquarters are in an old church near the landing, and it is from there that he directs the movements of his forces farther to the front. A little river runs into the bay at this point and an old bamboo bridge crosses it near the center of the town. Several days ago a barge with three old cannon which Admiral Dewey permitted the insurgents to take from the Cavite navy yard was towed to Paranaque and the guns removed. These have been dragged along the muddy roads until they are now within 600 yards of the most advanced trench. This work drew a constant and fearful fire from the Spaniards and the road over which the guns were dragged was swept with shells and rifle volleys, but the insurgents finally got them safely to their present position.

The trip from Paranaque to Pineda, the last little village within the rebel lines, was made in caromattas over roads that showed the effects of the fearful rains that have fallen in the last ten days. At Pineda there is a garrison of soldiers which relieves the men in the trenches a mile farther on. The road from Pineda on is lined with natives going and coming, every one with his rifle, either on his way to take his turn in the trench or else returning to the village to rest. In the soldiers' barracks at Pineda there was great activity in preparing ammunition and repairing damaged firearms. A rapid-fire gun which had been captured from the Spaniards was ready for removal to the front. Big piles of grape shot in bags and stacks of ammunition and iron balls for the newly mounted guns were being arranged for immediate forwarding as soon as the big, old-fashioned Cavite cannons were mounted. The Spaniards are only a comparatively short distance from Pineda, and the sound of their cannon farther up the road toward Manila came at frequent intervals. The Spaniards at this time were shelling Pineda, but with no visible effect.

When I expressed a desire to go to the trenches Gen. Mariana took great pains to discourage the project. He said that in making the trip it would be necessary to pass over exposed portions of the road, where the Spaniards would be easily able to see a person and could pick him off. At this time a young boy came in with his hand bleeding. He had been hit by a stray bullet while coming down the road from the trenches. The bullet had struck him on the back of the left hand, and was still buried in the fleshy part of one of his fingers. It was evidently fired from some distance and was nearly spent when it struck him. The general agreed to go to the front, but would not be responsible for our safety. It was very dangerous, he said, and the trip would have to be made at our own risk.

With this understanding a fresh start was made, through the drenching rain, toward the first trench, about three-quarters of a mile farther on. The roadway was lined on either side with dripping mango and bamboo trees, and there was a string of pools standing in the roadway. An occasional shot was heard either up the road or else to our left. After a ride of half a mile we reached the

DECK WATCH ON A VESSEL OF DEWEY'S FLEET HAILING SMALL BOAT AT NIGHT.

first line of trenches. A heavy barricade had been built in the roadway, and a long trench about four feet deep, with dirt banked up on the enemy's side, ran at right angles from this barricade. A few native Nipa huts were clustered along the road, and about fifty or sixty soldiers were lounging behind the barricade or scattered along under the eaves of the huts. As the general approached the insurgents presented arms. Here were two of the guns that had come from Cavite, and the trees above the trenches and barricade were mowed down by the shells that had swept through them during the preceding three or four nights. Nearly every one of the huts showed signs of the enemy's fire, but there was nothing to indicate that it had damaged anything besides the trees and houses. It had been reported in Cavite that forty men had been killed along this road three nights before, while they were moving forward the two guns, but the insurgents denied this and said that only one had been killed. At intervals along the trench there were little shelters, like lean-tos, propped up against the embankment of the trench. Whenever the rain becomes too severe the men take refuge in these rickety shelters. A few mats and blankets and several sleeping soldiers showed how they improved every moment when the fighting was not too severe for repose.

The last trench is about 200 or 300 yards farther on, and it is necessary to walk along

the road approaching Malate to reach that defense. This is considered the most dangerous stretch, for it is in easy range of the Spaniards, and, although a fringe of trees partially hides a man walking, the Spanish fire either a shell or a volley every half-hour or so down this road, in the hope of catching some insurgents who are exposed. When we started down this road the general called us back and advised that no attempt be made to approach any nearer the Spanish trenches than we were.

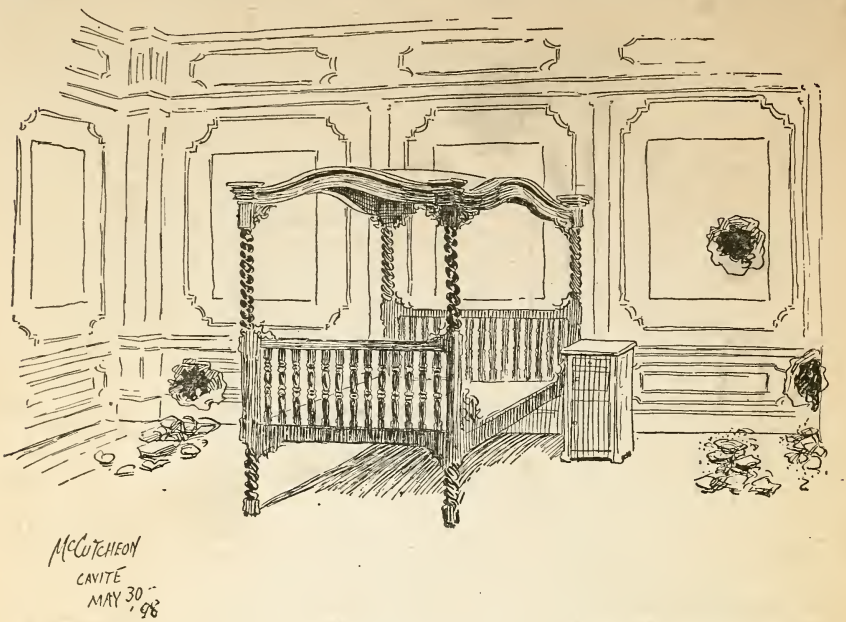
At this time there was no firing except an occasional shot from the trench where we then were, but nearer the water's edge. Two or three soldiers started down the road to the farther trench, and it could be seen that they did not draw any shots toward them, and it was assumed that Gen. Mariana, in his desire to prevent the possibility of our being shot, had exaggerated the danger. So we started down the road and reached the second and last barricade safely. The general had remained behind. The roadway here was barricaded in a similar way as it was in the trench we had just left. A few soldiers, hardly more than 100, were behind the barricade and in one or two shelters that were in the trench off to the left. As we approached they lined up and presented arms and saluted the general's aid, Capt. Guzman, who had come with us. Among the trees and almost hidden on the side facing the Spanish position was a crib or fortification about twenty-five feet long, made of bamboo poles and packed in with dirt. There were two or three open spaces left for the cannon, which were to be brought on and placed in position the following day. This rudely constructed but effective protection is about nine feet high and eight feet thick. By standing on it and looking through the screen of foliage the fort and guns of Malate are distictly visible. The Spanish trenches could also be seen, 200 yards away and partially hidden by a row of trees. According to the statement of a Spanish soldier who deserted and joined the rebels the night before there are 240 Spaniards intrenched in this ditch. When the insurgents have mounted their guns at the point where they have built their earthwork shield it will be possible to pour a fearful weight of metal against the fort at Malate, for the Spanish fort is only 1,000 yards away.

During the day there is only a scattering fire between the two forces, and the Filipinos move heedlessly about from one part of the trenches to another, absolutely exposing themselves. As the trench is half filled with water they frequently walk boldly from one shelter along the side of the trench to the next shelter. The constant presence of danger and a contempt for Spanish marksmanship have made them indifferent to the peril of showing themselves. From the fort to the shelter at the trench is a distance of fifty feet, and to get down to the edge of the bay it is necessary to walk either in the half-filled trench or along the exposed edge of it. There were several insurgents walking along in apparent unconcern, and so we struck out from the friendly protection of the barricade, walked across the open field and wondered just when the shooting would begin. The soldiers behind the barricaded shelter, which was first reached, arose and saluted, and then dropped down again. Up to this time there had not been a shot fired from the Spanish trench, and we walked along the edge of the ditch down toward where the trees fringe the beach. When we reached here it was noticed that there was a good deal more caution. The insurgents were careful not to expose themselves and advised us to take off the white hats which we wore. By stooping low the water's edge was reached, and a clear view of the end of the Spanish trench could be obtained.

It is probable that a glimpse of our movements was had by the Spaniards, for there was a rifle shot from their position and a bullet struck a bamboo tree just a few feet from where we were crouching. This was the only shot that came in our direction, but there were several fired by the insurgents intrenched behind us in the first ditch. These shots were fired over our heads and along the stretch of beach. Just back of the trench where we were is the house formerly occupied by an Englishman named McCloud, now entirely empty, except for a piano. The walls are simply peppered with bullet holes and it is no exaggeration to say that there is not a square yard of the entire building that has not been penetrated by a Mauser bullet. The piano is full of holes. As the walls are thin the bullets have passed clean through the four walls of the house, with hardly any decrease of velocity or force. This house has come in direct range of most of the furious volley firing of the Spanish, and the balls, passing over the trench, have struck the house, showing more than any other evidence what an enormous number of shots have been fired by the Spaniards.

Over beyond the insurgent trench is a house formerly occupied by an order of Capuchin padres. It is now deserted, the priests having fled to a safer place. When we left the English house there was again that nerve-trying walk across the open field. Gen. Mariana was at the gun barricade to meet us, he having come up in the meantime from the second line of trenches. There were several shots fired from heavy guns over farther to the southeast and we were told that these were the cannon firing on Pineda. The trees around the insurgent barricades were slashed by shells, and the foliage showed where many a shot had ripped through, cutting swaths of leaves away and breaking down the bamboo stems.

When we arrived at the second line on our




SLEEPING ROOM IN SPANISH COMMANDER'S HOUSE, CAVITE, SHOWING EFFECTS OF DEWEY'S SHELLS.

way back the insurgents were engaged in preparing to move the heavy guns down that fearful strip of road to the barricade built at the advanced trench.

The insurgents claim to have 1,300 troops near Malate, but there were hardly more than 200 in or near the trenches. In Pineda there were probably 100. While we were there two companies of about 100 each arrived from Santa Cruz, where they had been fighting. A number of soldiers were seen in the roads and houses along the way, but, taken as a whole, I do not think the total number more than 600. It is probable that many of them go to their homes for rest in the daytime and go to the front at night. Assuming this to be true, it may be that the insurgent force available numbers 1,000. Very few of them are drilled or disciplined, but they seem to love to fight and in their way of fighting are effective soldiers. There is no order in their work. Every man fires when he feels like it and it is probable he may fire often when there isn't a Spaniard showing above the trench, just for the moral effect and to hear his rifle go off.

In the evening Gen. Mariana entertained us here at his house in Paranaque. The simple people of the town are immensely fond of Americans just now and there are throngs who greet us at every side with "Vive Americanos" and friendly smiles.

The news has just come this morning that an insurgent was shot and killed at the farthermost trench. He showed himself beyond the trench on the beach and was instantly killed. Another insurgent, in attempting to drag in the body, was wounded, and had to get back to the protection of the trench without the body. The insurgents opened fire at once on the Spanish trench, and claimed to have killed five Spaniards. The work of moving the two guns was completed last night, and they are now safely placed in their positions near the last trenches.

What seemed most apparent to me when at the trenches was that the Spaniards could easily storm the insurgents out of their positions, although at a cost of a good many lives. As it is, however, the Spaniards are acting on the defensive. They have no object except to prevent a further advance of the insurgents toward Manila. Malate is the last position standing between Manila and the rebels. When that falls the rebels can mount their own guns in the fort and shell the city. The Spaniards are in bad condition and have no heart in the fight, but their pride stands in the way of their surrendering the last outpost to Aguinaldo's

A ROOM IN THE COMMANDANTE'S HOUSE, CAVITE, WHERE ONE OF DEWEY'S SHELLS STRUCK.

men unless there ceases to be any hope of holding it.

In the insurgent headquarters at Pineda there was a Spanish soldier who had deserted from Malate to join the rebels. He had just come in the night before. According to his story, which was unreserved to the extent of being garrulous, there were a great number of the Spanish privates who had been so brutally treated by the officers that they were constantly looking for a chance to escape. He himself had been struck by an officer and reduced from the rank of corporal to that of private. He gave his name as Manuel Rodiroso Bages, and said he belonged to the 13th infantry. He wore the Spanish uniform, but his chevrons had been torn away. He did not want to join the insurgents, because he didn't wish to fight against his fellow-soldiers, but he expressed an eagerness to kill as many Spanish officers as he could.

He said that in the Spanish ranks there was a general expectation that the Filipinos and the Americans would be at war before long, and there was also a belief that Germany would help out the Spaniards. He made the remarkable statement that the Germans had brought into Manila two rapid-fire guns and 250 bags of flour. The guns came in packed with pieces of furniture and were given over to the Spanish authorities. The flour was brought in a little at a time, so that the attention of the other warships would not be drawn to it. It was generally believed among the Spanish soldiers, he said, that Germany would fly her flag in various parts of Manila and forbid a bombardment. The Spanish force in Manila, as he gave it, is 10,000. Of these 5,000 are Spanish regulars, 1,500 are on the sick list, 1,500 are native volunteers, and 3,000 are Spanish volunteers. This statement corresponds so closely to other reports that have come from authentic sources that it is believed he was telling the truth in this particular at least. The soldiers are expecting a Spanish fleet here soon and there was a supposition that it was coming around Cape Horn. He substantiated the report that Capt.-Gen. Augusti had been displaced in military command by the second in rank, Col. Fermin Guadenez, who was in favor of fighting it out to the bitter end. It has been posted in the soldiers' quarters that five battalions were on their way to Manila, these being from Madrid, Vittoria, Barcelona, Valencia and Burgos, respectively.

In reply to a question regarding German officers having been paying visits to the Spanish trenches and fortifications, he replied that the story was true. Officers from the German warships had been frequently seen in the fort at Malate and had even been in the intrenchments. This story is now believed to be true, as it has come in the same form from three different sources.

# A TRIP TO MORRO CASTLE.

BY HOWBERT BILLMAN.

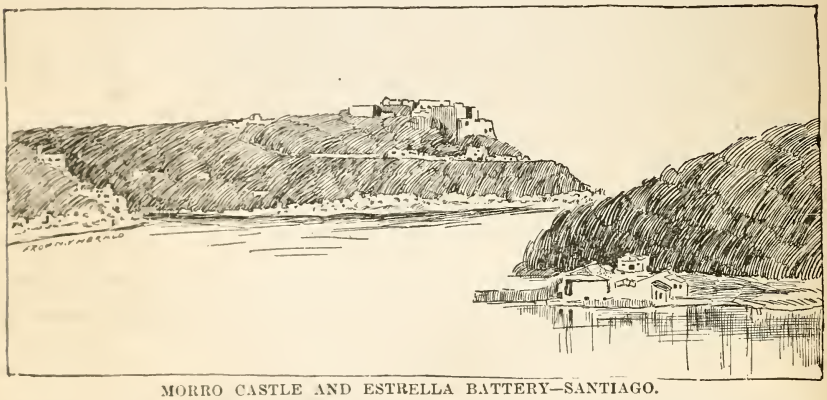
At Santiago, as at Havana, it is about the old ruins of Morro castle that the imagination of the Americans has been most active. They have stood for the gloomy mystery of the inquisition and torture and typified the centuries of oppression for which we persuade ourselves we are making Spain pay the penalty. In short, Morro represents all the crimes of which we are pleased to believe our enemy stands accused before the world, and to the romantically inclined is symbolical of that nation's departed glory.

Bearing these things in mind, I used the first opportunity after the city of Santiago was opened to make a visit to Morro. It is a long ride along a mountainous trail that climbs over the hills at the east side of the harbor, but the view extends to the right and left and behind far away to the dim, blue background of the Sierra Madras mountains. Every object in the landscape I had marked before from another viewpoint. The blockhouses upon the tops of the hills, the abandoned lookouts and signal stations, even the little villas left alone among groves of cocoanut palms, looked familiar; but the pictures were none the less interesting.

The road to Morro leaves Santiago on the water front at the foot of a boulevard about 300 feet wide, and the only thoroughfare in the whole place entitled to a name better than alley. Rows of trees divide driveways and paths for pedestrians, and at either end is a pavilion for a band of musicians. Here the wealth and beauty of Santiago show themselves on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, the time when fashion decrees Santiago may come out in its best gowns.

But the promenade was always deserted when we passed. Only a few sailors from the docks a few yards away walked about idly, and when we spoke to them they returned our "bueno dios" with broad grins. They were the few lucky fellows who survived the destruction of Cervera's fleet.

Leaving the city behind in the hollow of the hills by the seashore, we pushed on up the first ascent toward the blockhouse that guarded the entrance to the town by the Morro road. It stands at the summit of a barren hill many feet above the highest point in the city. Possibly this is the site of that first fort that Columbus built and garrisoned with thirteen men "famous for valor and probity," and whose graves he found green upon his return.



MORRO CASTLE AND ESTRELLA BATTERY—SANTIAGO.

Beyond this hill the road dips toward the valley in which the Juragua Iron company, an institution owned by Pennsylvania capital, has its docks, warehouses and the terminus of its railroad from Siboney. The Yankees were not slow in asserting their ownership and are already operating the line. However, their pretty little cottages on the hills above, formerly built for their employes, are now occupied by vagabond Cubans.

From this point on the road winds over hills that are barren of any but rugged mountain vegetation. As it advances it becomes rougher, and in places my mule, a faithful and surefooted native of the island, had to pick his way through the rocky washouts with painful care.

At length we reached the hill above the historic castle. Oddly enough, one comes to Morro by way of the roof. But the road,

which is here a broad level way hewn from the rock, leads around it on the north, winding downward close to the western side on the steep declivity that forms the eastern shore of the narrow entrance and arrives at the castle gateway through a dismantled lodge that seems to nestle in the face of the rock like a swallow's nest.

Leaving the mule outside, I crawled through this dismantled gateway and reached a broad winding stairway that rises here along the outer face of the promontory toward the main portions of the castle above. These stairs may have been once a fine specimen of masonry, but how long ago I have been unable to learn. They are crumbled now under the weight and wear of the elements, and only a few stones here and there along the ascent remain of what was a great winding balustrade. Where it bends from the lodge below, and again above where it turns into the main entrance to the castle, it spreads out into a broad promenade overlooking the sea. Towering above are the blank walls, with only small grated windows at irregular intervals to interrupt the gray, prison-like monotony. Where they break the skyline they are straight and flat. At the seaward exposure a tower once stood, but this fell to dust when struck by a small shot from the Brooklyn. One of the lower walls is ornamented by two round sentry towers, now in ruins, and upon the highest point of the main wall are two embrasures for cannon. One old brass piece of the last century still points its muzzle skyward from a battered parapet like a blind eye.

The interior of the castle would, I doubt not, be very interesting if one had a tutor in the history chronicled in its scarred and battered stones. I am not even informed how many years old this structure is. And yet there are in these damp, cell-like chambers the possibilities of centuries of human suffering. Some go down into the jaws of the sea, where are slimy lizards and all the foul excretion of darkened water. From above they seem like black pits out of which comes an unearthly roar, the drumming of subterranean waves upon the hollow walls.

The chambers above were only less inviting, though most of them were dry, in spite of the fact that sunlight had never entered them except for the few seconds that the sun's slanting rays fell into the little windows. One of the highest and most sanitary was occupied by the crew of the Merrimac. They might have been worse accommodated. And yet these were narrow quarters for nine men, and no wonder if the hardy, active fellows of the sea grew thin and pale for want of air and exercise.

But one chamber within the castle is a counterpart of all. They differ only in degrees of filth and loathsomeness. The fresh air from the sea is much more wholesome, and as for myself, having suffered severely from short rations and protracted labor in field and camp, a very short visit sufficed. A tedious ride through the heavy, tropical damp of the early night brought me back to our little camp, where beans boiled in onions after a manner much praised by our Cuban man-of-all-work awaits us, the best reward available for tired and hungry men.

## TYPES OF SPANISH PRISONERS.

BY KENNETT F. HARRIS.

Judged by Mr. Lillyvick's standard, Spanish is not "a cheerful language." Its accents as spoken by the prisoners at Siboney are to the full as doleful and despondent as those of the French captives at Spithead sounded in the ears of Mrs. Kenwig's uncle, the collector. It is only by a strong effort of the imagination that one can associate the tongue with love and chivalry and bacchanalian ditties after standing for ten minutes by the prison pen. It seems rather fitted for funeral orations and translations of Schopenhauer.

There are 150 at least of the late defenders of Santiago huddled up within a four-strand barb-wire inclosure a few hundred yards from the hospital, and the number is increasing hourly. They are beginning to come in voluntarily now, some who were taken in the attacks on El Caney and who were exchanged escaping from their own lines and seeking captivity as other men might seek freedom. Captivity means to them safety and three meals a day, whereas within the city or in its defensive trenches they might get one meal and they might not; while, if they take to the woods, there the Cubans await them, cheerfully anxious to carve them into little pieces. If their generals choose to conduct themselves like triple pigs and mules that reason not, they say, it is well for them. It is not hard to be defiant with champagne and flesh to drink and eat daily, as these gold-lace ones have, but with two ounces of those accursed lentils and four ounces of the rice bread it is different.

They are little men and lithe for the most part, these Spanish prisoners, with closely cropped hair and skins varying from a light olive tint to a jet black, for there are many negroes among them. Their hats are of

ADMIRAL CERVERA, COMMANDING THE SPANISH FLEET IN WEST INDIAN WATERS.

coarse straw ornamented by a dingy cockade of red and yellow, and their uniform consists of a blue and white striped blouse and trousers of light cotton material. Many of them are without shoes, and their uniforms are generally ragged and dirty. A company of the 33d Michigan is keeping watch and ward over them, but their task seems to be an easy one, and the sentries yawn drowsily as they pace to and fro. There may be some in the lounging, hopeless-looking crowd who would like to make a bold dash for liberty, but it is doubtful if there are. They seem to regard the stalwart proportions of the Michigan men with simple wonder. "It is no marvel that you succeed," they tell them; "you are so big." So, too, they compare the American horses with the little fox-terriers their own cavalry bestride, and again they find justification for their position.

Generally the prisoners seem content to lie basking in the sun, though that is hardly a matter of choice, for there is no shade in their 100 feet square of space for them to lie in. Some of them are stretched out on their backs, their hats tilted over their eyes, sleeping so soundly that the long-bodied, agile ants, scurrying and dodging about over

RUINS OF ANCIENT SPANISH FORT—SIBONEY, CUBA.

their faces, hardly make the muscles twitch. One or two groups have packs of cards—quaint, gayly painted pasteboards of unrecognizable suits, with full-length figures in baggy breeches and flowing gowns for the "pictures." They play for coffee beans, and some of the lucky gamblers have won enough for a brewing—veritable "pots"—but there are apparently no funny situations in the game and no exaltation over a winning. There are little circles standing or lounging about as they talk, and their conversations or discussions are usually animated—fiercely so at times—and there is abundance of vehement gesticulation, but there is never a laugh.

Near the gate a sturdy, dark-skinned Basque is washing a shirt, which he pulls dripping from the old gunpowder can that serves him for a washtub and surveys with a bitterly vindictive expression as a shirt responsible for all his misfortunes. Then he grasps the garment with sudden and savage energy and wrings it as though it were a neck. Close by him is a lad of 19 or 20 years of age, who sits with his chin buried in his hands, gazing vacantly and miserably before him. His features are pinched with famine or weakness, or both, and he shivers from time to time, though in the full glare of the sun. The Basque shakes out his shirt and sprinkles him with water, but he does not notice it. His eyes still stare blankly over the white line of breakers and into the blue of sea and sky beyond.

Moodiness, melancholy, despair or anger is on every face. Four strands of barb wire surely never fenced in so much gloom before.

Not all of the prisoners can pass the time as they please within the inclosure. Woe to the vanquished! They must work. Fifty of them, divided into sullen squads of ten, each squad guarded by two vigilant privates with loaded rifles, are policing the village. With rakes and shovels they are gathering up the decaying refuse that the livid land crabs have proved unequal to, raking and scraping the foul accumulation of years of Cuban neglect into loathsome heaps, presently to be burned, with a stench indescribable and abominable. The Cubans, when requested to perform some light and agreeable task for the accommodation or assistance of their American saviors, often respond with more or less hauteur that they are not servants, porters or hospital attendants, as the case may be, but fighters. It is generally admitted by our men that the Spaniards are fighters—in their poor, weak way—so that it is quite likely that they object to becoming scavengers, Spanish pride being no less than Cuban pride. This may account for the gloom.

However, the work is a necessity, and if the Spanish prisoners were not available it is certain that the Cuban "fighter" could not be induced to undertake it—he would sooner have yellow fever—so that the task would devolve upon Private Thomas Americanus. Moreover, it is more disagreeable than ardu-

ous, and though it may hurt Castilian pride a little it raises no blisters.

Then there is the all-compensating ration —the full ration as issued to the American soldier—corned beef, bacon, hardtack, sugar and coffee to repletion or to something very near it. Small wonder that the half-starved wretches declined to be exchanged.

The presence of the Spanish in this particular situation is evidently a source of high gratification to the insurgent soldiery, though it is evident that they do not approve of the consideration with which the prisoners are treated. They are not allowed by the guards to approach the inclosure or to annoy their former oppressers in any way that can be prevented, but they make the most of their privilege of gazing from afar. It is a huge joke for these black men. It is good to see the Spaniards work, they tell each other. Still, there might be better things. A black Hercules, his polished shoulders and brawny arms glistening through the wide meshes of his undershirt, pokes a Michigan boy in the ribs, jerks his thumbs over in the direction of the pen, grins, and makes believe to sever his jugular in eloquent pantomime. He seems rather astonished when the Michigan boy walks on with no further response than a look of profound disgust.

Back of the inclosure and half way up the hillside a blockhouse has been converted into a hospital for the Spanish wounded. There are seven of them in there now under the personal charge of Dr. Lesser, who pours carbolized balm and sterilized oil into their hurts with an unsparing hand. It is touching to witness the expression of surprise and gratitude on their wasted and pain-drawn faces when they realize for the first time that they are not going to be slaughtered, but cared for with skill and kindness. On the whole they are more cheerful in the blockhouse than in the inclosure below—which is to say they are occasionally cheerful.

## HEROES WHO SHOVELED COAL.

BY RICHARD LEE FEARN.

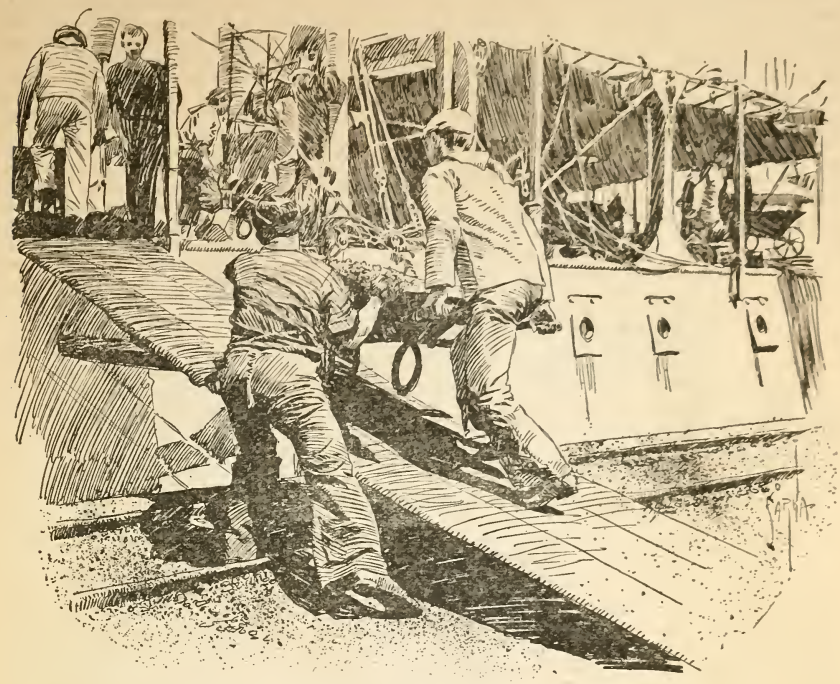
That a man's enemies are sometimes "they of his own household" finds apt illustration in the severe conditions which surround, in their own vessels, the gallant defenders of our flag on southern seas, in blockade duty off Cuba, at Puerto Rico and even in the Philippines. To the flood of heat poured down by tropic sun there are added the temperatures, almost beyond belief and seemingly beyond human endurance, produced by the roaring furnaces in the firerooms. One of our war poets, in describing the fierce rigor of the stoker's toil, has written:

"While the fighting fierce is waging
And the cannon overhead
With their screaming shells the enemy surround,
To the stoker down below
Not a word is ever said;
To his ear is borne no echo of the sound,
When they open wide his door
Down below;
And they cry, 'Your work is o'er,
Down below!'
There they find him weakly lying
On a pile of coal and crying
Out in madness, for he's dying
Down below."

Poetic license has made the description somewhat strong, and yet its story seems not wholly romance when we read the following extract from a naval officer's letter home with regard to one of our monitors:

"The scene in the fireroom that morning was not of this earth and far beyond description. The heat was almost destructive to life; tools, ladders, doors and all fittings were too hot to touch, and the place was dense with smoke escaping from furnace doors, for there was absolutely no draft. The men collected to build up the fires were the best of those remaining fit for duty, but they were worn out physically, were nervous, apprehensive and dispirited. Rough, tough Irish firemen, who would stand in a fair fight until killed in their tracks were crying like children and begging to be allowed to go on deck, so completely were they unnerved and unmanned by the cruel ordeal they had endured so long. 'Hell afloat' is a nautical figure of speech often idly used, but then we saw it."

It is both just and pleasant to announce that before this ironclad, the Amphitrite, began her service in the existing war changes were made in her ventilating system which gave a marked improvement in the temperature below. Her latest reports give the almost frigid temperatures for her of 120 degrees Fahrenheit in the engine room and 148 degrees in the fireroom. The monitors especially are sinners with regard to excessive heat, which may be regarded as almost an element of their being and of service upon these low-lying bulldogs of the sea. The figures for the Amphitrite have been quoted. The latest temperatures reported from her sister, the Terror, are 155 degrees in the fireroom and 140 degrees in the engine room, while on the Miantonomoh these temperatures are, respectively, 149 degrees and 138 degrees. A bare recital of these facts gives but scant idea of the steadfast fortitude of our men "under the tropic," of the heroic resistance with which Anglo-Saxon and American human nature is opposing in this war



COALING A WARSHIP.
[From a photograph by William Schmedtgen.]

to the adverse conditions which environ it.

It is, however, not only the men behind the furnace fire who suffer. The "man behind the gun" toils also in the sweat of his brow, bathed in the tropic heat, with reckless courage and in "sunburnt mirth," to prove, in this war for humanity's sake, that "Our country is the world; our countrymen are all mankind."

The commander of one of our monitors, who, it is sad to say, was later stricken by apoplexy, arising doubtless from his arduous service, reported some months since that his ship was almost unbearable for her crew; that there was no place on her for weary men to rest. With the sun's rays from above and the roaring fires beneath, her deck was but an oven plate, which, it is true, supported her crew, but only in the ever-changing attitudes of the traditional "hen on a hot griddle." Without a superstructure to interpose a blanket of air between them and the baking deck, their suffering was something which the layman in naval matters cannot measure. The conductivity of the hull carries the heat into the living quarters of the officers as well. It is reported that the chief engineer of the Terror was able but twice in fifteen months to sleep in his berth, owing to the unendurable temperature of his room.

On our battleships life is more worth living. They have greater freeboard, are loftier between decks, have a superstructure between the turrets, and, finally, the mistaken policy which has restricted their speed has limited also their engine power and the number and volume of their furnace fires. As a result there is, relatively speaking, less heat to be conducted through a greater mass, with, as a consequence, a lower temperature throughout. Even in these ships, however, the spectacle is daily presented of the blowers pumping "cooling" air at a temperature of 100 degrees into the firerooms.

The greatest terror of our navy, calorically speaking, is the cruiser Cincinnati. In his report for the year 1895 the surgeon-general of the navy referred to this ship as follows:

"In the firerooms the average temperature under the above conditions [badly arranged and closed ships] may range from 124 degrees in ships, with only one set of fires in each fireroom, like the Charleston, to 189 degrees [within 23 degrees of the boiling point of

water], when the fireroom is between two sets of fires, like the Cincinnati and Amphitrite. In the case of the Cincinnati, when only one set of fires is used in each fireroom, the average temperature is reduced from 189 degrees to 159 degrees."

These, it should be noted, were the temperatures of "ordinary cruising conditions," with all possible done to reduce them. Since the balmy days of peace have passed, this ship has shown what she is capable of, in registering a temperature of 205 degrees, or seven degrees from the boiling point, in the fireroom—a fact easily explainable when one notes that she has 10,000 horse power on a displacement of 3,213 tons, was at full speed in a tropic sea and is inadequately ventilated. She is now undergoing repairs at Norfolk, and it is hoped that before her prow again cleaves blue water means of lowering her excessive temperatures will be found.

In reviewing not only the dangers in action, but the absolute suffering in the long days between, which our seamen, both of the fireroom and turret, endure, the nation may well be proud of the stern and steadfast men who drive to victory our floating fortresses of the sea.

## LOG OF THE DISPATCH BOAT HERCULES.

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN.

After a cruise of 110 days, during which has been witnessed the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet, the bombardment and capitulation of Santiago and the capture of Puerto Rico, the Hercules is again safe in the harbor of original clearance. Since starting on her mission of news gathering THE RECORD'S dispatch boat has traveled 35,000 miles, has entered twenty-one ports, circumnavigating the West Indies, entering harbors in Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Haiti, St.Thomas and Santa Cruz. The routes of Columbus during his first and second voyages of discovery have been sailed over, two hurricanes have been weathered, and a more extended view of the war, afloat and ashore, has been obtained than has fallen to the lot of any sailor or soldier in the service of the United States.

From beginning to end the cruise of the Hercules has teemed with interest. She was the one fortunate newspaper boat to be "mixed up" in the great sea fight of July 3, at which time she was the first boat fired upon by the Spanish flagship Infanta Maria Teresa when Admiral Cervera emerged from the harbor of Santiago. She remained in the fight from first to last. She had the honor of being saluted for bravery by three cruisers and five battleships of the United States navy. She had the distinction of being first to meet the truceboat Colon when it came from Santiago harbor with word from Admiral Cervera to Admiral Sampson that Hobson and the heroes of the Merrimac were safe. She was the first to meet Gen. Shafter's transports arriving off the Cuban coast and to send the news of the arrival to the United States. She was the first to file the story of the first bombardment of Santiago. She was the first newspaper boat to carry official dispatches of Admiral Sampson and file them for transmission to the secretary of the navy. Perhaps more important than all, she was the first to cruise close to the mouth of Santiago harbor after the Spanish squadron had entered and before Commodore (now Rear-Admiral) Schley arrived with his blockading fleet.

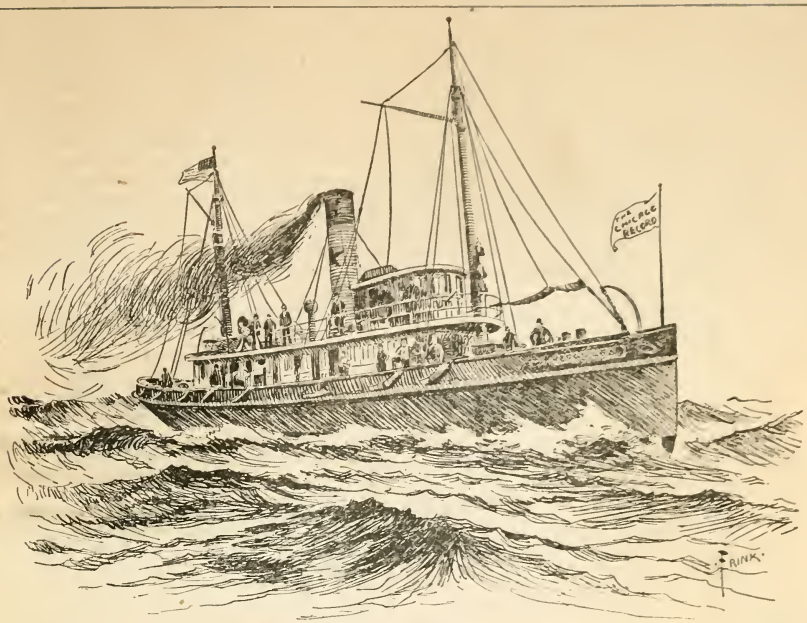
The Hercules took Gen. Miles' first dispatches from Ponce, Puerto Rico, and filed them at St. Thomas for transmission to the secretary of war. She also brought the first cable operators from St. Thomas and Santa Cruz to Ponce and word was sent over the restored line to THE CHICAGO RECORD in advance of any government business.

When the cruiser Columbia went aground in the harbor of Ponce, the Hercules, in company with the cruiser Cincinnati, assisted the big vessel from her dangerous position. She was also instrumental in saving several barges of ammunition which had got adrift and were being swept into the breakers that surged against the little island guarding the entrance to the harbor.

Not only has the Hercules performed its functions as a newspaper dispatch boat, but she has added her mite in many other ways toward the success of the American arms. She has assisted in the landing of soldiers in Cuba and Puerto Rico. She has carried food to the starving Cubans. She has brought information of the movements of the enemy to naval and army officers and has carried dispatches and provisions to the vessels of the fleet at times when it was inexpedient for armed craft flying the stars and stripes to enter neutral ports.

The Hercules has also created a precedent in international law and established the status of newspaper dispatch boats in time of war. She first entered the harbor of Port Antonio, Jamaica, being held there three days for a ruling as to her privileges, the question raised being of sufficient importance for reference to her majesty's government at London before a decision was reached.

With the exception of the lifeboat shot to pieces by a shell from the Spanish cruiser Al-




THE CHICAGO RECORD'S DISPATCH BOAT HERCULES.

mirante Oquendo, the loss of a foremast caused by fouling with a transport, and the carrying away of a bit of rail during a slight collision with a warship at sea, when all lights were extinguished, the boat has suffered no material damage. The health of the crew has been remarkable, the most serious accident being a fractured limb sustained by a deck hand. Despite the hard service required on war assignment, the discipline has been good, and, while other newspaper boats have lost their crews and been "tied up" for days at a time, the Hercules has kept her engagements with remarkable regularity. One desertion is recorded in the log and one mutiny by a few men who objected to hard service in the tropics. These difficulties were quickly overcome, however, and the boat kept available for duty at a time when dispatch boats were being incapacitated and two had gone ashore as hopeless wrecks.

The log of the Hercules begins with the entry of Wednesday, May 11, and ends today, and tells the story of the cruise in sailor fashion. It was kept according to the requirements of the United States marine law by First Officer Robert P. B. Moon, whose nautical entry on the day of the fight of the American and Spanish fleets off Santiago is as follows:

"Sunday, July 3, 1898, came in fine and clear, with fresh wind from the southeast. Arrived at Guantanamo at 1:30 a. m. and left again for fleet off Santiago at 2 a. m., arriving there at 4:45 a. m. Spoke battleship Oregon at 7:15 a. m. At 9 a. m. we saw the Spanish fleet coming out of Santiago harbor. The Gloucester, with us, was lying close in and discovered them about the same time. She opened fire on the cruisers amid a shower of shells from the Spanish fleet and land batteries. The cruisers ran away from her to the westward and she turned her guns on the two remaining torpedo boats. The Spanish cruisers were overtaken by our ships, consisting of the flagship Brooklyn, battleships Iowa, Texas, Oregon and Indiana, which engaged them in battle, while the Gloucester took on the torpedo boats. She got a position between the two and in thirty minutes had them destroyed, driving one ashore and the other surrendering, this blowing up about 10:30 a. m. The Spaniards were steaming to the westward at full speed, firing all the time, with our ships in full pursuit, they firing broadsides at short range. The retreating enemy was cut off by the Iowa, hemmed in on all sides by our ships and destroyed by heavy firing. Endeavoring to escape and keep from sinking, the Spaniards ran their ships ashore, boilers and magazines exploding from the fierce fire

SHIP'S COMPANY, THE CHICAGO RECORD'S DISPATCH BOAT HERCULES.

which was raging in the after quarters. At 11:30 a. m. the Vizcaya exploded. At 12 m. the Oquendo did the same. At 12:30 the Cristobal Colon was out of it, and thus ended a glorious victory for Commodore Schley. The New York did not take part in the fight until after the Spaniards had surrendered. She only fired two shells during the time, and they were at the torpedo boats which the Gloucester had conquered. We lay close in and saw the whole fight, being the only newspaper boat on the firing line. We were threatened by shells from the battery west of Santiago and had several narrow escapes. At 12:45 p. m. we were signaled by the ammunition boat Resolute, saying we should follow her, as there was a Spanish ship after the transports. We did so and came up with the Indiana, which proceeded to investigate, and found that it was an Austrian battleship. We could not make out her name. We started for Guantanamo to file our dispatches of the battle, arriving at 4:50 p. m. Could not file, so left for Port Antonio, arriving at 5:30 a. m."

The log of the Hercules is not intended as a story, but is kept merely for the purpose ot informing boarding officers of its whereabouts, so that they may judge whether or not it is entitled to entry and clearance privileges. The quotations given are for the purpose of showing a sailorman's matter-of-fact idea of the fight which startled the world. In the log are suggestions for many stories, some heroic, some pathetic, some humorous, among the latter being the first visit to Mole St. Nicholas, Haiti, when the comic-opera standing army of the queer black republic turned out to welcome THE RECORD'S correspondent as he went ashore to file dispatches and returned the courtesy extended by the governor-general through the presentation, after an elaborate speech, which was not understood, of twenty-five pounds of salt pork, two pounds of beans and some canned fruits.

But the side lights only serve to bring into bolder relief the terrible picture of war, with the destruction of a great fleet in the center of the canvas, the Caribbean sea receiving the dead bodies of hundreds of men slaughtered, while ashore a thousand graves tell the story of the cost of liberty.

# LIFE ON THE YALE.

BY JAMES TAFT HATFIELD.

The Yale has had a place right at the front during the descent upon Puerto Rico, particularly because she has had on board the major-general of the army. She also carried the 6th Massachusetts regiment and some Illinois troops.

It was like being set free from prison to leave the harbor of Guantanamo, where we had lain for four hot, monotonous, trying days, not being allowed to visit the shore, and only partly relieved by the view of the beautiful bay itself, with its unsurpassed assembly of fighting ships—including the squadron fitting out for the cruise to Spain—the Cuban camp, flying the single star of the revolutionists, at the water's edge and the fort of the marines on a hilltop near by. What the wearing effect of waiting day after day in this way must be upon men who have had only this as their share of "glorious war" I could well imagine, though I must say it contained possibilities which we had only begun to exploit. To endure this cheerfully month after month, with no view of military operations going on; to see rows of buildings on shore being set fire to because infected with yellow fever, and to feel that one is exposed to its ravages; to experience one's nerve and spirits being gradually "pulled down" under the blazing sun of midday and the unrefreshing airs of night—this shows to my mind that real heroism which is worth more, under the conditions of modern warfare, than dashing charges or single heroic exploits.

The best mitigation to this daily depression was the gloriously refreshing swim in the sea which was allowed us each night. A volunteer crew had charge of the ship's boat, which circled about to prevent any accident or desertion. Nobody seemed to fear sharks. The sapphire waters were as clear as crystal and unusually briny in this bay, I suppose on account of the greater evaporation under the tropical sun. It was entirely practicable to lie flat and be floated up and down, the most lulling of all movements. I suppose that 300 sailors and soldiers were in the water on the same side of the ship at a time, and they made a curious swarm in it, while swimming about or struggling for a landing in the rather high waves at the foot of the gangway; still more striking was the sight of the ship as seen from the water as it listed over toward us, fairly bristling with the brown-clad troops who were crowding upon that side to watch the sport.

There were few other things to break the monotony. One evening the chief petty officers were allowed to take the whaleboat after swimming was over and pull about among the men-of-war in the harbor. We went from one to another and visited, especially with the Oregon and the Newark, where there were old shipmates of some of our number, who exchanged experiences since they had separated. Another evening a group of Illinois boys got permission to come over to the Yale from the Oregon and came on board for awhile to visit. I had the pleasure of being looked up by one of them and of getting acquainted with Ward Collins, whose interesting letters I had already read with interest, and who impressed me very pleasantly as a modest young fellow who understands the dignity and meaning of the service in which he is and respects both it and himself.

Finally, the last evening we spent at Guantanamo there came sailing into the harbor five fine modern-looking steamers, all flying the Spanish flag, and having been taken with the capture of Santiago. There was some subdued cheering, as though even in the moment of victory there was still a feeling of consideration for the conquered, but when the band upon the transport Rita—itself a Spanish vessel which had been taken by the Yale on an earlier cruise—began to play "The Star-Spangled Banner" there was one of those rare moments in actual warfare in which the poetic and picturesque outweigh the uncompromising hard fact.

When on the afternoon of July 21 the Puerto Rican expedition set out it made a stately and impressive procession and its orderly formation was kept up during the entire voyage. At the head moved the mighty floating fortress, the Massachusetts, with Capt. Higginson as senior officer of the expedition. It is the only vessel in the fleet bearing a conspicuous work of art, and its noble bronze "Victory" on the forward turret, between the great guns, seemed, like an avenging angel, to be leading the way for the oncoming host. At the side of the Massachusetts, a little in the rear, came the Gloucester, once Pierpont Morgan's yacht, the Corsair, and the trim, thoroughbred, speedy little clipper acted as scout for the expedition, running ahead or to the rear as needed, or turning aside from the procession to overhaul distant ships. Four hundred yards behind the Massachusetts and 800 yards from each other moved, side by side, the Yale, and the Columbia, heading the left and right columns, respectively. Behind us came in single line the transports Neuces, Lampasas and Comanche; behind the Columbia were the Specialist, Unionist, Rita and City of Macon, keeping 400 yards apart.

Finally, at the very end of the procession, directly behind the Massachusetts but more than a mile from it, the cruiser Dixie formed the rear guard. We passed slowly along the northern coast of Haiti, running at night without lights so as to make our coming entirely unexpected, and on the early morning of July 25, a serene, beautiful day, we made directly for the port of Guanica, in the southwest corner of the island.

Not knowing just what might be ahead,

JACKIES OF THE YALE.

we went in fighting shape, the crews standing at their stations by their guns, which were trained, loaded and ready to fire. The saucy Gloucester ran ahead of us into the little harbor, flying an enormous American flag at her topmast, without stopping to inquire about batteries or torpedoes. As soon as she had gotten in she blazed away at the neighboring woods with shell after shell in quick succession, driving away what cavalry there was lurking about and making a clear landing for the troops, for the inhabitants of the place had long since taken to the mountains.

The troops were landed rapidly and the same night were attacked by the Spaniards, whose coming was betrayed by the bright light of the moon. One Illinois boy, whose place on deck had been just outside my office door, was killed and several were wounded, but the enemy were driven back with heavy loss. The next day we put off the sick soldiers who had crowded our hospital, there being fifty-seven of them, nearly all sick with typhoid or typhus fever, of which also had died the soldier whom we buried at sea with all the solemnity that attends a military funeral. It was a great comfort to see the sick transported to the Lampasas, which, with its twenty-four trained nurses in the neatest of costumes, and with its general appearance of spick-and-span cleanness, must have been a haven of rest to the men who had undergone the passage with us.

If ever the discipline of a voluntary military organization seemed to break down, it was in the problem of keeping our ship decently clean while on the way to these fever-stricken coasts. I do not know what efforts were made, but I do know that the failure was complete and also that I am coming to have more and more respect for the high professional spirit and morale of the regular service as compared with all popular and amateur attempts to do a thing by intuition and under the inspiration of the occasion. Incidentally, I know of nothing more depressingly amateur than the vulgar criticism which is now being heaped upon that distinguished gentleman, Admiral Sampson, to whom, by all the facts of navy organization, is due the credit for the splendid success of the American campaign at sea. Suffice it to say that the troops—who had, it must be frankly conceded, hardships enough to contend with—gave up every ordinary effort to maintain a certain degree of decency and that the ship became daily more and more a sty. The troops had hardly room in which to sleep; they were poorly fed and the only fresh water to be had must be drunk at the spot out of a chained tin cup, and came literally hot from the condensers. It is not so hard to endure inevitable privations, but the general feeling of the army men was that the generous purposes of a liberally disposed government were being frustrated by stupidity and mismanagement somewhere and this sort of thing is always exasperating.

There is always a "bright side of Libby prison," however, and amid the dirt and obscenity with which we were surrounded it was a pleasure to come to know some of the best types which the old commonwealth produces, many of them serving in the ranks as privates. The various personal histories lying back of the men in that regiment offer a picture of social institutions which could be reproduced in no foreign country.

Our office was shared with Mr. Butler Ames, the adjutant of the regiment, whose courtesy was always gratifying. There were men of high talent, culture and wealth. I enjoyed as much as anything, perhaps, the excellent part music which could be heard at night from different quarters of the deck, with, at times, some which was not so strictly classic. I am free to confess that I think I can cheerfully go to my grave without hearing "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night" again, and "The Banks of the Wabash" must always hereafter impress me as trite.

I need hardly add more than to say that we had a slow and very sultry voyage to New York and that we are now lying off Staten island, expecting to be sent to Santiago with troops, perhaps to-night. I have had a little shore leave, though the keeping of the books upon the subject has not allowed me much free time. There is every reason to believe that the war is about over and that home-coming is not to be very long delayed.

## FEVER DAYS IN SANTIAGO.

BY MALCOLM McDOWELL.

"Unless the 5th army corps is sent out of this place before long several thousand men never will leave it." These words were spoken by a "major-doctor," whose duty takes him to all parts of the lines. An officer who is one of Gen. Shafter's military family overheard the remark. He said: "You never spoke truer words in your life. If Gen. Shafter had his way he would begin shipping the army north at once. But the people in Washington seem to think we are immunes, so far as yellow fever, jungle fever, thermal fever, breakbone fever, malaria, dysentery, cholera, dengue fever and homesickness are concerned. An immune regiment is on its way to Santiago from New Orleans, other regiments are coming, and as soon as we ship the Spanish prisoners the 5th army corps, with the exception of one or two regular regiments, will leave for some point in the United States."

This little bit of conversation is given because the health, or rather the sickness, of the army is the center of military interest just now. The "boys are crowding the hospitals," the doctors are working overtime and the commanding officers are anxious. The fever which is running through the corps at present does not kill, but it leaves the men weak, dispirited and open to attack from diseases which will kill. The sickly season is rapidly approaching. It will be here in two weeks, and it will find most of this army of victors just recovering from the dengue, breakbone and jungle fevers, which are epidemic.

While there seems to be some yellow fever, I have been unable to find it to any alarming extent. There is no doubt that most of the men who it is claimed had yellow fever either had dengue or aggravated malaria. Yellow-fever experts here do not agree at all on the yellow-fever proposition. Some of them declare yellow fever is increasing and becoming more virulent; others as emphatically declare there have been but few cases of yellow fever, and those were of such a light, delicate lemon hue that it was a pleasure to have it. And there you are. While experts and doctors argue, discuss and quarrel over "yellow fever or no yellow fever," the men who took Santiago treat the scare with silent contempt. They are not worrying over the prospect of a yellow-fever epidemic, for the fever which has almost half the army in its grasp is of the moment. It is here on the spot, and is gathering in its victims by the wholesale. The fever runs from four to seven days, and when it lets go of a man he is weak, thin-faced and unfit for duty. I am writing this in a freight shed on the docks and all around me are men down with the fever. Yesterday three of them were removed from the lot, put in a boat and carried over to the west side of the bay, where a yellow-fever camp has been established, and so skeptical are the soldiers that several bets of plug tobacco that these "suspects" will be back ready for duty in less than five days were offered and no takers.

The 1st Illinois is in good shape; that is the health of the command is better than that of other regiments. It is in camp on the crest of a hill which is above the mist line of the valleys, and near the camp is a spring of good water. The Chicago boys came in time to escape the trench-digging period and are in better physical condition to withstand the fever attack than are those regiments that dug trenches under a tropical sun. But the 1st Illinois will not escape the fever; that happy exception is too much to be expected. There is nothing in this statement, however, to alarm the mothers, wives, sweethearts and sisters of the Chicago soldiers, for the regiment is actually in better physical condition than any other regiment in the corps. It is above the yellow-fever line, and in a few days will be quarantined. That is, none will be per-

"WATERING" A UNITED STATES MAN-OF-WAR.

mitted to come to Santiago, and no one from Santiago will be permitted to pass the line.

Many of the Chicago boys have frankly confessed they are homesick. It is the monotony of camp life which is bearing them down. There is little variety in the food; none whatever in duties. To-day is the same as yesterday, and to-morrow will copy to-day. There is the same burning sun from 10 to 4 o'clock; the same November chill in the early morning hours; the same suffocating humidity in the afternoon; the same thunderstorms before evening; the same round of duties—always the same. The very sameness is enough to make any man sigh for 'home and mother," and the Chicago boys are manly enough to wish from their hearts they could feel Lake Michigan's cool afternoon wind bringing life to them; could mount bicycles and take a moonlight spin over the boulevards or go out to Lincoln park, sprawl on the grass of the hill near the Grant monument, and drink in great, invigorating, lung-filling breaths of cool air.

Here is one example which shows the effect the fever has on commands: Guarding the docks and freighthouses are companies A and E of the 9th infantry, with an aggregate strength of 110 men. Yet only twenty-nine are able to perform guard duty and half the twenty-nine "well men" are so weak they are permitted to sit down at their posts. Over 30 per cent of the cavalry division is on the sick list, and it is estimated that over 55 per cent of the entire 5th army corps is sick, getting sick or just getting well. Men are walking posts as sentinels with temperatures as high as 103½, 104, and in one case, to my personal knowledge, 105.

Talk about the pluck, dash and courage

which sent our men into the Spanish intrenchments; it is nothing to the grit, bulldog tenacity and American "sand" which have characterized our boys since the fighting ended. It takes grit and will power and nerve to mount guard and walk your post with a burning fever which sends your temperature up to 105, while every bone in your body feels as though it were breaking and your head seems to be a lump of burning coal.

Last night two men came off post and fainted as soon as they reached the freight-house. Both men had the fever last week and were reported "recovered," but they are down with the fever again and are in for a hard time of it.

The fever does not salute and make way for shoulder straps. It takes officers of the line and of the staff, as well as privates and "non-coms." One regiment has its colonel two majors, four captains and seven lieutenants on the sick returns this morning, and 215 privates and non-commissioned officers.

## WORK OF THE CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

BY DANIEL VINCENT CASEY.

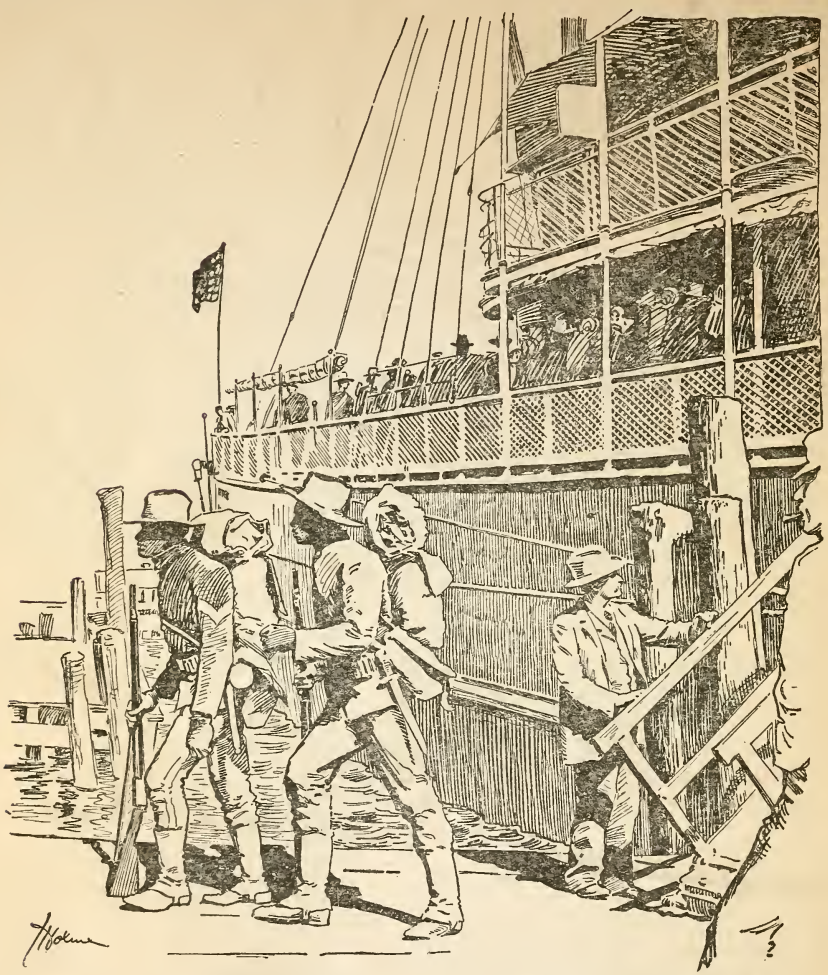
The navy as well as the army has its Christian commission. A big, square, lightsome room, set over a grocery shop cheek by jowl with Commodore Remey's naval stores, facing the foulest barroom in America—that is the commission's headquarters in Key West. Sailors, soldiers, marines, drift up and down its stairs from early morning, lounge the long afternoons away over the books, the magazines, the newspapers and writing pads that hide its long tables, go out reluctantly into the darkness when the electric lights wink good-night at 11 o'clock. It is their one place of refuge in Key West—all the town seems always on tiptoe to plunder and degrade them.

It is little more than a month since the army Christian commission discovered the navy, but already every jacky in Admiral Sampson's fleet knows of it, has felt its interest in his welfare. No dispatch boat plowing down to Santiago with mail for the fleet but takes a ton or more of newspapers and magazines to the cr of our battleships. There are tracts, too, if one can call Dwight L. Moody's books tracts, testaments by the score and an unfailing supply of hymnbooks, which have our national anthems sandwiched in between the sacred songs. The Rev. R. E. Steele, the commission's representative at Key West, has a testament and an "army and navy" hymnbook for every man in the fleet. He takes many ways of distributing them. Sometimes they are tucked away in a workbag full of needles and thread, buttons and knickknacks. More often—for the "housewives" come far more slowly than the demands for them—they go out to Sampson's men undisguised, simply wrapped and stamped with the commission's name and the legend "For the crew." The commission is trying to get into touch especially with the sailors aboard the smaller warships and auxiliary cruisers, which are without chaplains.

It was Mr. Steele who brought jacky's wants to the attention of the army Christian commission and induced it to widen the scope of its work and add "navy" to its official title. He was director of the Sailors' Bethel in New Orleans when Sampson donned warpaint. He had spent the better part of his life looking after sailors ashore, and when Key West bobbed up as the naval base of the north Atlantic squadron he determined to come down here and do missionary

JOHN D. LONG.
Secretary of the navy.

work among the men-o'-war's men. He did not realize how badly they needed a friend in Key West, but he turned his New Orleans charge over to an understudy and started, backed by the promise of limited aid from his Bethel association. The Christian commission heard of his intention, adopted his plans for its own and gave him free hand in the spending of money.



ARRIVAL AT KEY WEST OF THE 25TH U. S. INFANTRY—THE COLORED REGIMENT.

When Mr. Steele reached Key West a sober sailor ashore was something of an exception. There are twenty low dives within rifle shot of the government dock, where the ships' launches land the men who have shore leave. These places are foul beyond description—dirtier, blacker than the vilest "cellar joint" below Van Buren street, Chicago. The stench of stale beer smites across the street—the walls, the swinging screens, the bar rails, are deep-layered with the filth of greasy hands. In any other city than Key West the worst of them would be closed as menaces to public health. Here they were permitted to keep ever-open doors if they chose. A month ago, when riots were of nightly occurrence, Commodore Remey instituted a night patrol and closed their doors at midnight. One May morning I counted forty-seven drunken sailors stretched on the sidewalks, tumbled over in gutters, doubled over lumber piles on the docks, sleeping away the fumes of the vile whisky they had drunk the night before. Half of them had

MAP OF GUANTANAMO BAY.

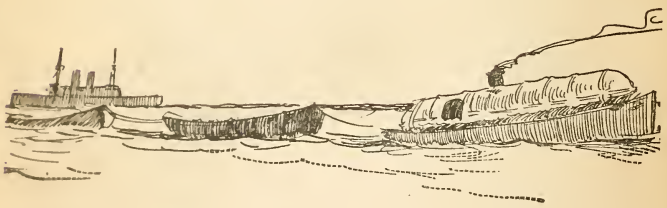
their pockets turned out—the wages of a year, perhaps, gone in a night. I might have found a hundred more, I believe, had I looked for them.

The situation was not quite so bad when Mr. Steele appeared. Sampson and Schley were before Santiago, and the patrol of the marines locked up all the intoxicated sailors whom they found in the streets. But every day 200 or more sailors were given shore liberty, and because no house was open to them they sought the saloons. Mr. Steele set about to provide a place for them. He leased a vacant clubroom in Front street, just next the naval warehouses and opposite the vilest of the Key West barrooms. He hung out flaring signs on linen sheets: "Naval Headquarters, Christian Commission —Soldiers and Sailors Welcome," "Free Reading and Writing Room," and half a dozen more. Posters on the government dock carried the same message. Only one announced a semi-weekly song service. Mr. Steele sought to catch his sailor and win his confidence before talking to him of his soul and his sins.

The first week his success was mild, and the blue jackets clung to their old path that lay on the opposite side of the street. Then singly and in pairs they climbed the

stairs to Mr. Steele's pine-ceiled room, and now the tide sets strongly toward his door.

Three-fourths of our warships are unprovided with chaplains, and every time a vessel comes to Key West Mr. Steele gets out his little folding organ, an armload of hymn books and a bundle of papers and boards her to conduct divine service. It is all very simple. The officer of the deck shakes hands with him and asks for the latest bulletin, while a messenger carries his request for permission to the captain. Then the little box of an organ is moved forward to the forecastle, unfolded, while the barefooted men draw round it and Mr. Steele gives out the song. He begins always with one of the national hymns, passes round the songbooks, and before his clear tenor has swung half through the first stanza there is an uncertain accompaniment from the throats of the sailors. With the second verse the group grows, the slowest catch the melody and there is a full chorus when the organ pumps into the second prelude. "America" may have been the first song, "Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner" are sure of a place, while "Rock of Ages" and "Pull for the Shore, Sailor," give a religious color to the chorus. There may be a brief talk after the singing, if Mr. Steele thinks talking will do good, or he may end the service with his last song. It all depends on the temper of the men, and this tall man with the student's eyes and firm chin knows the ways of your sailor man so well that he never makes a mistake. His second visit to a ship is always in answer to an invitation.



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